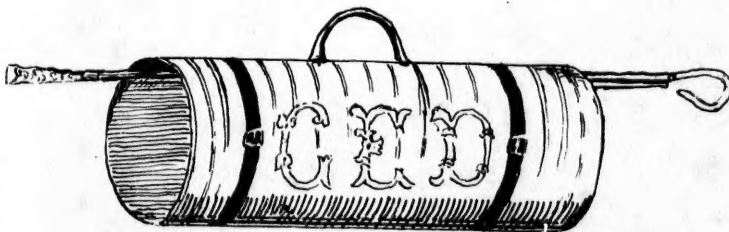


A Happy Holiday

—BY—

Grace E. Denison.

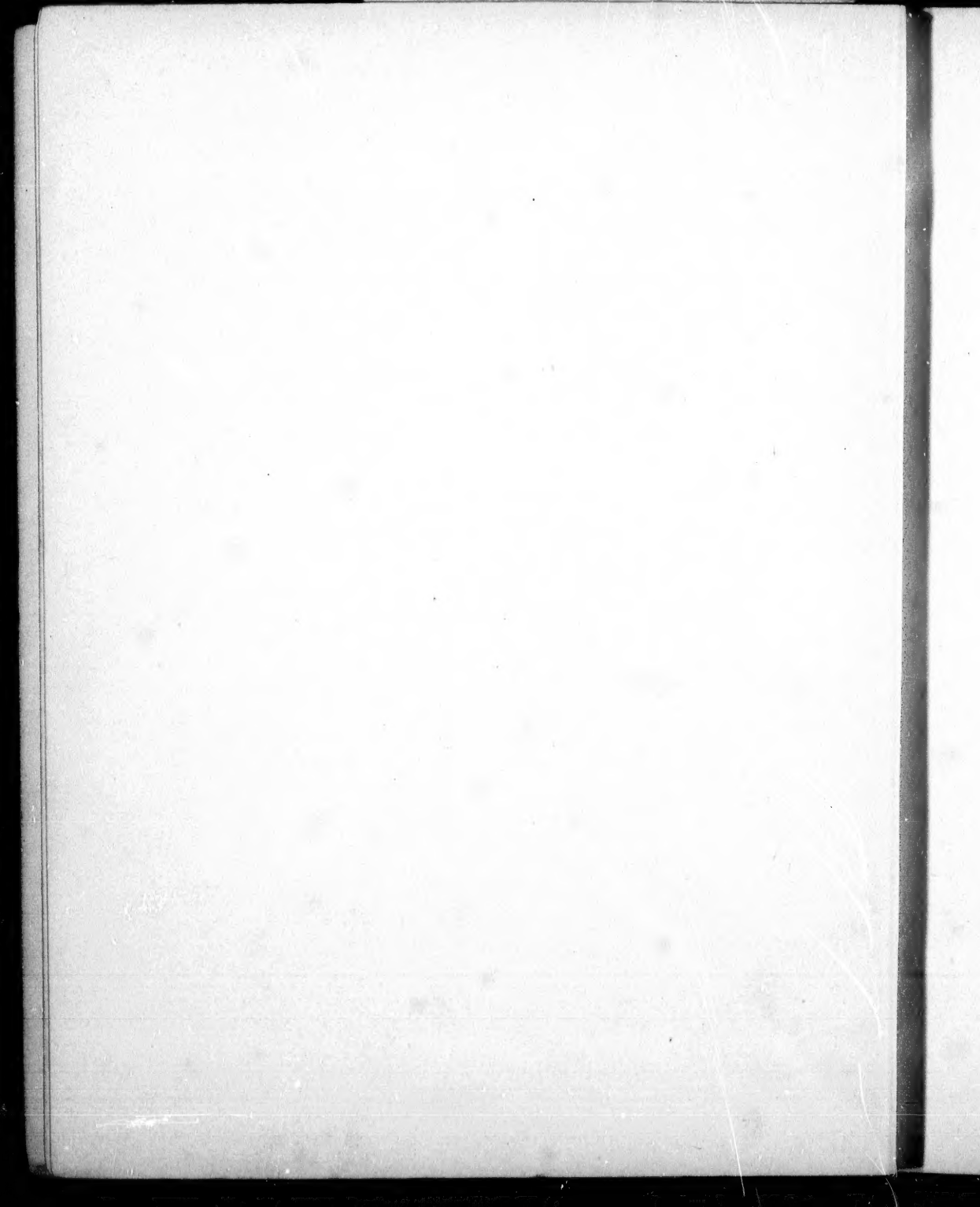


TORONTO
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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1890, by GRACE E. DENISON,
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A Happy Holiday.

"WHAT *is* happiness?" asks the awful question album.

And underneath the query some great-souled mortal has written, "Health, Wealth, and Freedom."

With a sufficiency of these three requisites, I set forth on my Holiday, backed by the authority of the question album—I call it "happy," and as such present it to the dear five hundred friends who shall read my first edition.

The incidents *are* common-place, but is not the common-place too near to every one of us to be despised?

And should the reading of their happenings give one hundredth part of the pleasure the living of them did, my temerity in laying them before you will be forgiven.

GRACE E. DENISON.

The Carryall

YOU won't have much time to get ready, if you are going in a week, said my dear familiar friend, doubtfully, when for the twentieth time she had asked, "*Where* are you going?" and for the twentieth time I had answered airily, "Oh, I don't know yet."

And then in fear and trembling, I confided to her that I was not going to get ready at all.

"I shall not take any trunk, nor any valise, nor basket, box or bundle, said I, solemnly. "Just only this thing I am making now," and further remark was silenced by the hum of the sewing machine over the gaily striped satteen I was fashioning into that device of some inspired "*voyageure*" called a carryall.

"But that won't ^{DREA} hold *anything*," she expostulated, as I snipped off the last end of binding braid, and rose from my seat with the queer shaped bolster hanging over my arm.

"Just wait and see," I retorted confidently. It held three gowns, a black silk, a cashmere, and a lace dinner gown, four changes of clothing, boots and slippers, extra flannels, a dressing gown, toilet articles. But why enumerate further? I never quite gauged its capacity, so I don't really know what one *could* stow away in it. It was as elastic as a Congressman's conscience, and as neat as a Quaker's bonnet, and when the umbrella and parasol were slipped into their pockets, the carryall rolled and buttoned, and a handsome shawlstrap buckled securely round over all, I felt that my baggage would cause me not a fear nor a frown the long summer through, and ejaculated fervently, "It ought to be patented!" and my pretty friend being convinced by the evidence of her eyes, remarked suddenly, "I must work your initials on it," which she proceeded to do, and then pronounced me "ready to travel."

So the deck chair, the steamer trunk and the rug, for the sea voyage, were

checked to the wharf in New York, and I and my carryall set forth, nothing doubting our joint ability to return, safe and sound.

The early morning awakening in Jersey City, the hurried breakfast, the filthy streets, the clamour and the crowding, the weeping and wailing, the chaffing and chiding, the sudden rush of the porters with trunks and vast crates of fresh vegetables, "*garden sass*" of every procurable sort, the final good-byes, the saloon odorous with breath of roses and carnations, floral tributes to some society darlings who sail with us, all the well-known bustle and confusion and discomfort, and at last the seesawing of the freighted vessel from the docks, and we are off.

I am located in a nice airy room, and after one little heartless thought, "How nice not to have anyone here to say good-bye to, or cry over!" I proceed to locate my belongings to the best advantage for myself and my fellow travellers, two of whom demand my consideration as we room together. Who does not feel a little excitement, be he or she ever so *blase* a traveller, as the good ship steals away from the familiar shores, and takes her way bravely out into the wide Atlantic? And the islands slip into a haze of distance, and the city fades into a blurred line, and the crisp sea breeze comes chilly at first, but gradually bracing and full of health and strength, and the sun goes down on us, a little moving speck on the waste of water, and one's evening prayer means more than usual.

When you can firmly plant your foot
Upon some well-secured land,
Do not forget the fun we've had
Aboard the good ship Noordland.

This exhortation in doggerel verse comes into my head whenever I think of our voyage out. It was scribbled in a pretty girl's album just before we landed at Antwerp, and contains a whole world of suggestive miseries and delightful larks. "Well-secured land" is very good, after thirteen days of sinking and swelling and all the attendant phenomena; but that sort of thing doesn't make a happy holiday, so we did not give way to it. Our little Belgian doctor, with his funny little crooked smile over his little crooked teeth, says: "When the ship go up, Madame must go up; when the ship come down, Madame must not stay up—no, no, come down with the ship; then, no '*mal de mer*!'" But it took some of his patients all their time to learn that simple recipe. We had many a "*parlez-vous*"

about the unknown beauties of Antwerp, and he gave me lots of useful information in his quaint precise way, for which I had reason to remember him kindly.

To those dear people who stay at home while the other people roam, I would like to tell about how time flies on an ocean steamer. Fancy to yourselves the long handsome dining-room, or saloon, as they call it; the good ship treading her mysterious way steadily, the electric lights burning brightly, the piano going merrily, and every now and then a peal of laughter from the young people who cluster round it, practising a "cantata" (save the mark!) about a "grasshopper who sat on a green potato vine." They are all musicians, these young people, some rich and off for a halcyon season in the beauty spots of Europe, some far from rich, bound for the music schools of Leipsic or Dresden, or the painting schools of Rome; they sing in tune and with fervour, the various choruses of the beetles and bugs and flies who figure in this ridiculous composition. I believe they intended to produce it some evening, but you never do what you intend to do on board ship. It must be the sea air.

Down here, in the illumination and the music and the laughter, grow those friendships which every voyage brings forth, springing up, in constant intercourse, like unto Jonah's gourd, and unfortunately withering, nearly always, as soon. While up on the quiet moonlit deck, more lasting and more delightful, liking twines itself deeper and closer around those waifs of travel who need not the doggerel in the pretty girl's album to awaken in stay-at-home days to come gentle and regretful memories and kind thoughts of one another. There were all sorts and conditions of men, and women too, round the red-clothed tables, playing round games of cards, or square games, as the case might be, writing letters, telling stories, exchanging addresses, having a "good time." I grew very fond of some of them (let me whisper) before the good ship Noordland stood still at the Antwerp dock. There was a charming New York mother, with her grown up son and daughter—mademoiselle, a slight, plain, quaint looking girl, with a genius in her fingers that impaled some of us in absurd sketches in her jealously-kept sketch book; monsieur, just the ideal boy, with his laughing brown eyes and serious mouth, a scamp, but such a charming scamp! I can see him, as I write, drawling out his nonsensical ditty of that grasshopper, and pretending to be earnestly impressed by his misfortunes, or dancing on the deck with our "belle," or carry-

ing on a desperate flirtation with two small girls of ten who worshipped him in an unjealous devotion.

He was that most charming specimen of young manhood, a really nice American, and the very soul of his mother was bound up in him. Then there was the "Colonel," as every one soon called him. Can I give you a pen picture of him? Kind, shrewd, blue eyes, that twinkle with humour, and a wonderful smile that wrinkles and creases his cheeks and eye corners in a slow network of fun, white haired and moustached, and tall and broad and square-shouldered, with a very gentle manner, and a slow Southern drawl; such a tender hearted, chivalrous, manly old man.

Don't say I go into too many ecstasies. There weren't many more of my fellow passengers who suited me as well as these. The Colonel had drained deep of life and its sorrows, of war and peace, of happiness and of grief, and now in his more than middle age he has a new experience.

For the soul that quailed not before the iron rain of the Federal bullets, the heart that fainted not over a country conquered or a home bereft, turns craven coward before the tortures of "*mal de mer!*" The dear old man was awfully seasick, with an abject wretchedness and rueful surrender that made me ashamed of my uncontrollable risibility. But then, all the world might laugh at a seasick man, Colonel or otherwise, without adding one jot to his already complete misery. Our "Colonel" is in charge of a young doctor, who orders his goings, and exacts unquestioning obedience in a very amusing way. It is too funny to see the big man dutifully obeying his small friend, though I must confess the doctor knows what he is about. He is very fond of an argument, and used to preface his remarks with, "as Ingersoll says," until he roused the ire and the tongue of a Puritan dame, and we never heard again the name of his apostle.

The Doctor is very entertaining and bright, and helps us to be happy, as also does another, a Chicago Divine, with the appearance of a granger, and the most ludicrous little voice. I wondered when I heard that he was a Chicago clergyman, for I've known several of that ilk, and must say they were the properest looking specimens of the ideal parson. Not so the Doctor, in his tweed suit and fedora and aft cap, his thick shoes and flannel shirts, his quaint sayings and

uproariously funny anecdotes, his quiet pranks and jokes on the unwary, and his round, rosy, laughing face.

He could preach a good sermon and tell a first-class ghost story. I remember his effort in the former direction on the two little words, "Launch out," as one of the most touching and telling discourses I ever listened to. I never heard a text more fitly and quaintly applied. And he told us one evening a ghost story, so ridiculous and so impossible that I never could master its marvelous details. We had a "candy pull" that evening, thanks to the amiability of our ship's cook, and when we paused in our hot work and surveyed the cream-colored result of our labors, and gazed ruefully on our buttered and burnt fingers, the Doctor laid aside his book, and, rising in his quiet corner, said, in his funny, small, apologetic voice, "If you—like—I will—tell you a—ghost story."

There was one passenger of a terribly matter-of-fact turn of mind, who carped and cavilled at the Doctor's effort. "How could the ghost do that?" and "Didn't you say the *other* ghost was married?" until the Doctor paused, and was on the verge of anger, when a woman of tact spoke sharply up, "No more interruptions, please," and the puzzled and unbelieving carper subsided.

Another evening we had a ball on deck. The captain ordered the men to drape the deck with flags and hang colored lamps about, which they proceeded to do with that absorbed and abstracted air I have noticed in sailors. Then the German band came up from the steerage, and played some funny old asthmatic waltzes and polkas, and we danced as best we could, though sometimes the performance partook of the alternate nature of a climb and a slide. But we enjoyed it as only the lighthearted and lightfooted can.

We had an experience meeting, when each one had ten minutes to relate the adventures of one voyage he or she had taken. I think the funniest was the confession of a young husband as to a jaunt in a democrat wagon on a Sunday morning, in company with his nice little wife, and an amateur photographing outfit. The picnic developed into a runaway, and though the history only took ten minutes, it was very rich. Of course, they always have a concert on every voyage, but a concert on board ship is even worse than a concert on shore, the only fun about it being the comical introductions by the Chicago divine, who made an excruciating

chairman. Then we had bets on the rate of speed each day, on the hour we should land, on the number of the pilot boat, even which foot the pilot would first put on the ladder, when he came to pilot us safely into the muddy Scheldt.

We crowded to the side to look at his burly figure, clad in a great nor'-wester and long boots, and watched with interest until he began to climb like a great sprawling beetle up the rope ladder that hung alongside.

I found it very interesting to have so many different new people about me (I mean foreign people) as are on these Belgian steamers. We have a Belgian stewardess, a Danish bed steward, a Flemish night watch, English and German table stewards, a Scotch head steward, and our captain is from Heligoland, one of those great muscular descendants of the ancient sea kings, who are only happy on the bosom of their mother ocean; don't understand the idea of a "mother *Earth*," and in short look with calm and happy superiority on the whole great multitude of "land-lubbers." A little painting of a pretty child hangs over the big sea captain's berth, and I am told of how the loud roar of this old sea lion sinks to gentlest whisper when he speaks of that little maid, now singing her baby songs in Paradise.

For her sweet memory, perhaps, he is so kind and tender with one of our party, a bonny boy of two years, or perhaps it is the sailor spirit in him, that charming patience and goodness to all children and animals which shows the best traits of Jack's many sided and bewildering character.

From whatever gracious spring his goodness flows, our captain encircles us all with it, and nothing delights him more than to see our pranks, and, I must confess, incite us by word and deed to further mischief. His face was as long as to-morrow, and his voice as stern as the day after, when he heard about somebody putting a long string of taffy, sticky and sweet, in the priest's bed; and he said such things must never occur again, or no more candy pulls would be allowed; but some of us saw the irrepressible smile steal over his weather-beaten face whenever he met the meek and long-coated priest for days afterwards, and the school boys who had played the prank breathed more freely, and sought for fresh mischief to do.

It was after a long dreamy Sunday, that, just as the sun was setting, the long

dykes and red tiled houses began to close in around us, and we steamed slowly into the Scheldt, gazing delightedly at the strange, quaint land, the tiny churches and forts, the solemn peasants, who waved their hands and hats to us from the walls, the forest of masts, seemingly growing out of the fields inland, but really snugly anchored in some hidden inlet behind the green walls of the Hollandish breastworks, a strange and charming picture to American eyes, and when the Sabbath evening closed in moonless and dark, we gathered for the last time in the saloon for one more chat, the inevitable autograph album made its last appeal for contributions, addresses were noted down, plans were discussed and matured, two by two, sundry young couples disappeared up the companion way for a last walk round the deck, lent books were inquired for, wine bills were paid, fees began to lie heavy in the steward's pockets, and over all was the bustle and unrest that spoke of to-morrow's fitting. I think one can hardly regret leaving the steamer at the end of the outward passage, especially when one is landing on the continent for the first time, though I have been sorry enough when the hours grew few on the homeward trip, for it is then the last link in the happy chain of adventure and novelty and interest, and the very risk and uncertainty of the sea defers that tame flattening out which is inevitable to nine out of ten tourists at the end of their journey.

"Speak well of the ship that carries you safely," said one of the officers to me, when a word of delight at landing caught his ear. And so will I. The Noordland is clean and airy, and well equipped; her officers are real sailors, her servants attentive and willing. She goes cannily and carefully, and, though she doesn't own a record for speed, she "gets there just the same," as the boys say, and she is *very* steady. Under certain circumstances the fast boats are a blessing, but for one who is fond of the sea, can "go with the ship," and can spare the time, it's a thousand fold pleasanter to go on a good, well equipped, roomy vessel, that takes twelve days from shore to shore, than to be whisked across by an over-heated, over-crowded, double-engined "Greyhound" in little more than half that time. On those fine fast boats, with their crowds of passengers, one has not the solid comfort nor the time to make much fun. It is generally three or four days before one knows one's neighbors, and I was nearly a week on a steamer once before I exchanged a word with the nicest and the firmest of my friends in the days that followed. Then, the servants are over-worked, and one must fee liberally for

good attendance (I speak whereof I know), and sometimes a great deal of discomfort is endured in silence, because one reflects, "It's only for a day or two more."

But not everyone looks forward to the sea voyage with the delight that makes it never too long, and thousands only dread it as the most grievous thorn on the sweet roses of a summer abroad.

The last evening, however, spun out by friends loath to part, was ended, and we were wakened next morning by the music of an infernal tom-tom, beaten vigorously by an agile ship steward, at about half past four, and in answer to indignant enquiries our stewardess informed us that we should land at six, and that for those who wished it breakfast would be ready at five.

We straggled in, a demoralized set of voyagers, and had our coffee, and in due time sidled up to the wharf at Antwerp. My trunk, rug, and chair were in the company's care until my return, and I felt the first blessing of my carryall when, in obedience to the captain's hearty hand shake and kind "Well, here we are in Antwerp, all safe, good-bye, go ashore and enjoy yourself," I picked up my baggage, threaded my way through the medley of passengers, deck chairs, valises and sailors, and stepped down the dock without a second's delay.

Someone had recommended us to a hotel just beside the Cathedral, and our party unpremeditatedly found themselves all in search of the omnibus bearing its name. The Colonel gets in and takes my carryall on his knees; the others crowd after him, and we go rattling off to our temporary home.

"Got your baggage on top?" asks the Colonel, looking up at the roof, where sundry trunks and satchels had come crashing as if they would surely come through on our heads. "This is my baggage," I say meekly, indicating the Carryall. "Oh, I know, but your trunks, you aren't going all the way to Hungary with this thing?" That was the first time of several score times that this question met me. But I bravely stood up for my despised "gepack," and offered to go even to St. Petersburg if I had time.

"Well," said the ex-member of General Lee's staff with a quiet smile, "if ever I did bet, I'd put a ten dollar bill on it that you buy a trunk before you go back." I scouted the idea and joined in the laugh that our conversation raised; but the

Colonel was right, I did buy a trunk before I returned to Antwerp, but not until the very day before, when the charming shops in Paris had so loaded me with "extras" that even my wonderful Carryall gave me warning not to drive a willing steed to death.



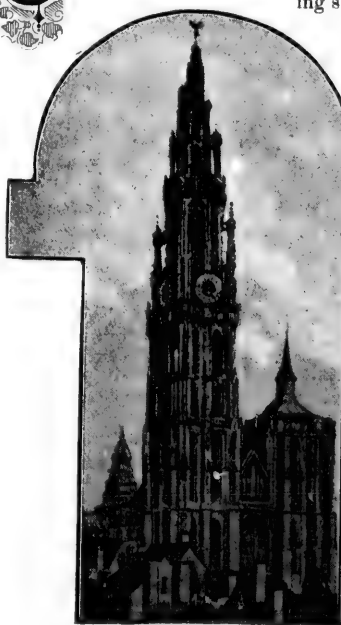
Antwerp Cathedral.



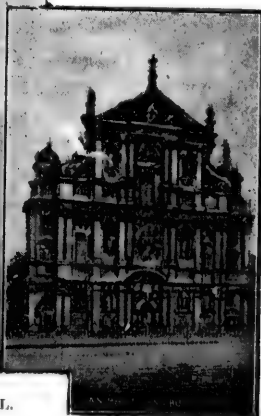
THE big black 'bus that is horribly suggestive of "thirty days," and very regular habits during that time, rattled us through narrow, queer looking streets, and across paved squares, past groups of porters and workmen, standing in the corners, making up their minds to another day of toil, until it entered a sort of little open park, known as the "green place," or Place Verte, in the vernacular. There

is a band stand and a great many unhappy looking linden trees, whose

dusty foliage is the only green thing to account for the name of the "place," and there is a statue of Antwerp's pride and darling, Peter the Great, and presently there comes a jar and a pause, and



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.



JESUIT CHURCH.

we are at our hotel, a few yards from the door of the Cathedral. Our boat party has divided into several groups, each of which have their favorite abiding place, or perhaps are in haste to reach some point inland, and have decided to leave Antwerp and its interesting sights until their return.

The Doctor, the Colonel, the Chicago divine, a Spanish mother and two daughters, and a young German dentist, who has been studying in Boston for the past three years, are in the omnibus with me, and we are met and welcomed by the landlord of the hotel, a hideous little man with only one eyelid, who informs us that there are only four rooms left, and *they* are up four flights of stairs.

"But you have an elevator?" The little man draws down a green patch over his lidless eye, and informs us in a meek voice that he has not. At the same moment his clerk interrupts "*mon oncle*," and in very pretty French assures me that the rooms are most comfortable, and that we shall soon get accustomed to the stairs. (Then I discover that while we were gazing over our vessel's side at monsieur the Pilot at Flushing, older heads than ours were sending telegrams back by the small boat, and engaging the best rooms at the Antwerp hotels. Next time we shall know better.) I booked for one of the sky parlors on his recommendation, and was assigned to the care of such a pretty chamber maid, who picked up my heavy carryall and capered up the long stairs, with her little feet in great felt slippers, and her head crowned with a large frilled cap. She was *so* pretty, with great round eyes and rosy cheeks and a very sweet smile, and her voice was so soft and musical, and her round little figure buttoned so neatly into her trim print gown that I fell a victim to her charms. She ushered me in with a timid little welcome and then bustled about with that peculiarly motherly solicitude and friendly care for you, that charmed my travel-tired womanhood long ago, when just such a bonny *feirale* was my *femme de chambre* in a grand hotel in Dublin. "A Dublin chamber maid" used to embody my idea of a comfortable servant, but my Antwerp Katerina was even a gem of higher price.

I sat and watched her quick flittings while she unstrapped my carryall and took off my boots, and posted my letters, and made me climb up three steps and look out of my dormer window, and chattered sweetly all the time about how sorry she was that madame must have so small a room, but it was neat and clean truly, and she hoped madame would content herself, and then she lingered about while I took out my wrapper, and told me I should sleep so well now that I am ashore, and finally after she had seen every possible thing done that she could do, she asked me "Does the bed please madame?"

It was a white nest, draped from the high ceiling with white lace-edged muslin,

that fell full and soft over head and foot to the carpet. A solid little red bedstead, big square frilled pillows, the very picture of cleanliness and quaintness and comfort. I expressed all this to my Katerina, and she laughed a little pleased happy laugh and escorted me to the breakfast room, both of us in the highest state of friendliness and contentment. It was so good, this first continental breakfast, delicious bread and butter, and coffee and omelette and fried sole.

The parson and I had a little table together, and as we talked and ate, came suddenly a delicious jingle, jangle, and we heard the Cathedral chimes, so close and so silver-sweet that as soon as the last bite was swallowed we kidnapped the Colonel and the Doctor, and stepped across to view the interior of the grand old Church, under whose shadow we should rest for several days to come. "Why, yes, we'll stop—Antwerp has got to be seen, I suppose," said the Colonel, in his comical way; and so we all "stopped."

The chief objects of interest in the Cathedral are the Rubens' paintings, the stained windows, the carved pulpit, and the choir stalls. We found the pictures covered with green screens, and were told that in due time the screens would be rolled up and the paintings explained by a guide, but that if we had not already done so, we must purchase a ticket from the concierge at the door for the sum of twenty cents (a franc) or leave the Church until after the exhibition. Anything more apologetically polite than the manner of the young guide who explained this to me, I cannot imagine, but one of the first things that delights an American on the continent is this universal politeness. In the hotels it meets one on the threshold, and never varies until the final fee is slipped into the porter's hand at the door of the railway station.

Of course, the patience of even a hotel concierge may wear out under the continual rasping of discontented or perverse travellers, but to the ordinarily considerate patron every man and boy in the house is a willing and cheerful slave. It isn't only among the upper ten thousand that one can learn the polish supposed to be the result of continental association. Down to the blue bloused porter who carries your traps for two pence, or the pretty madchen who cheerfully marches off with your laundry parcel after every one is in bed, and waves aside your remorse for having gone to the theatre, and forgotten to leave it for her in early evening, all these good creatures were a continual pleasure to me.

In the shops, where no suspicion of mercenary or selfish motives can prompt this charming service, I particularly noticed it, with many a rueful recollection of the "manners" of our saleswomen in the larger cities.

The very continental mode of address is so pretty, and it is a pity that in our downright English we have no equivalent for the third person, which is invariably used in Europe. "Madame wishes," "Die Dame," or in Austria and Hungary "the gracious lady" takes the place of the familiar "What do *you* want?" "What can *I* do for *you*?" which is about as high a degree of politeness as the most favored need expect or hope for here. I saw a funny little turn given to the "American style" the other day in one of the busiest of our Toronto shops, where a frizzled Duchess stood languidly surveying her customers. A busy little shopper came to her counter and was greeted by a long stare and the monosyllable, "WELL?" "Thank you, yes! I *am* well," answered the little housewife briskly, "will you have the goodness to show me some gloves?" Not a suspicion of *arriere pensee* lurked in her innocent tones, but the girl's eyes fell, she turned about, and when she re-appeared her complexion was several tones brighter. Ridicule, ever so innocent, could quell her, but I did so wish she could study her sister clerks abroad so neat, so winning, so interested even to American tourists, who can speak usually only the most fractured patois of her language, and who have frequently mistrust of foreigners and their ways plainly printed on their faces. I have often admired the perfect courtesy and patience of a German or Bavarian and Bohemian girl, as she tried to come at the meaning conveyed by a brother or sister "Jonathan's" unique phrasing and pronunciation, and still more at their self control, when they half guessed, half understood the caution given in audible tones, "Now you watch out, or she'll cheat you!" Invariably comes the gentle, calm voice, *s'il vous plait, monsieur*, or the funny little German *Bit-te*, and the courteous hearty *merci* or *danke sehr*, which gilds the edges of their daily conversation. But all this time the pictures in Antwerp Cathedral waited to be seen, and we stood with our tickets in our hands before the green screen of the "Elevation of the Cross."

They call it a triptych (which means three leaved, the dictionary says), and the story of the painting is as follows: Rubens was asked to paint something for the church or convent or society of Saint Christopher, naturally something to illustrate the wonderful experience of the Saint in carrying the Saviour across the stream, which is too familiar to repeat in these pages. The great painter dis-

carded the Christopherean legend altogether, and illustrated three parts of the Saviour's earthly career in the three paintings of the triptych, idealizing the "bearing" of Christ, as follows: In the left hand leaf the virgin comes to the house of Elizabeth, and the elder woman, in the shadow of her portal, holds out wondering hands of welcome to the "mother of her Lord." The sweet, fair face of the girl, and the gentle dignity of her attitude, full of the awe and mystery of coming motherhood, touched a spot in my heart so tender as to bring tears to my eyes.

On the right leaf stands the good old Simeon, with the most cunning of sweet naked babies in his arms; from the background looks out the interested, kindly face of Anna, with a little smile on her lips, just such as we have seen a score of times on the face of some dear old grandmother, as she watched a wee baby. The virgin mother, in her blue robe, stands holding out her arms for her precious burden.

Dare I say that the centre picture did not please me? It is a Hercules bound on the cross, and being lifted on high by Gladiators, and one low, degraded type of humanity lays desecrating hands on the racked body, and a cunning Jewish priest cannot conceal the eager hatred and triumph in his glittering eyes. I did not look very long at it.

The guide, after calling our attention to several small paintings, showed us the "Assumption," a very complacent looking virgin surrounded by soft featherbeds of clouds and adored by numerous little cherubs of the roly-poly order.

"Fat Mrs. Rubens," said our parson, slightly, which remark was explained further on, as will, perhaps, be discovered.

The last painting shown was the "Descent from the Cross," and it took my senses by storm and completely fascinated me.

In the centre picture droops the body of the dead Saviour, received into the outstretched arms of the three faithful women. St. John and Joseph of Arimathea support it from below, while St. Peter has climbed up and lowers one nerveless arm, while he holds in his teeth the corner of the linen shroud which clings about the corpse. On all the grief-stricken faces, in every feature of the dead Christ, pale and worn, and infinitely sad and mournful, even with Death's seal of peace

upon them, rests the awful shadow of the great tragedy. No hope of that speedy resurrection beams upon this pitiful scene. "We thought this *was* He that should have redeemed Israel." All the love and all the tenderness in the various attitudes gives only this heartbroken refrain. I thought of Dore's masterpiece, and my memories of that fair presence, spotlessly robed in white, coming forth to die from the hall of judgment, seemed nearly akin to this drooping and piteous dead. A guide escorted us about the Cathedral, and explained this picture to us in the following words: "Dees, m'sieurs et m'dame, is Rubens' (de fameux painter Rubens) descen' from de cross. De lady at de foot is de Virgeen Marie. She was Rubens' first-a vife. De old man on de lef' is Joseph of Ar-ma-tee-ah, Rubens' vater-in-law. De young lady by de Virgeen is Rubens' daughter. De young man at de right, St.-a John, is Rubens' fav'rite pupeel, VanDyke," and so on, in this and other pictures the same extraordinary statements led us to imagine that Rubens' expense for models was comparatively slight.

Even when the poor "first-a-vife" died he kept up his economical practices for "de Virgeen in de Assomption, m'dame et m'sieurs, is Rubens' *secon'* vife!" said our matter of fact guide. I gave him a look and he grinned and pulled his fair moustache, and after a moment began again, "Here in de Elevation is Rubens' dog introduce in de painting by Rubens' fav'rite pupeel," he paused; another look overcame his risibles and he openly giggled, giving me an appealing and reproachful glance as he turned away. It was delightfully funny. Presently he recovered his gravity and said to me, "M'dame will come wis me and I show M'dame "old man Gladstone." I stared at him partly in surprise at the sudden departure, and partly at the familiarity with which this Belgian named the ex-Premier. However, I followed him to the chancel, and there, upon one of the choir stalls, he pointed me out a rakish looking little carved devil, whose face was an excellent likeness of the "Grand Old Man." "See you, M'dame," said he earnestly, "so said to me an Englishman when he see dis diable, "'There—old man Gladstone!"

Directly across the chancel on the back of another stall, stands a carved Monk, whose features greatly resemble the late Lord Beaconsfield. I wonder is this a coincidence or a ponderous Belgian joke? These choir stalls are wonderfully beautiful, the carvings are very elaborate and each is unique, being adorned with a figure of a saint, an angel, a monk or a devil. The first day I visited the Cathedral, the caretakers were draping them in rich black silk hangings, with heavy

chenille fringe and gold braid, and presently they set up a hideous black screen behind the high altar, completely covering up "fat Mrs. Rubens," on which screen were cross bones, skulls and other cheerful designs in white, and the guide told me the gruesome layout was in preparation for a grand funeral, to take place on the morrow, and which he advised me to attend.

One day he enquired if I had done so. "Yes," said I, "and I will tell you who was buried." "So?" he ejaculated with surprised interest, "a friend to m'dame?" "No," I said, looking at him sternly, "it was Rubens' second wife!" He turned and fled.

Really the funeral was very interesting. The coffin stood under an enormous canopy before the altar, and priests and choristers chanted for about an hour round it. A man with a bass viol stood at the foot of the coffin, and a priest on either side of him sang lustily. The sweet tones of the organ swelled plaintively in the music of a funeral service, and the vast body of spectators, mourners and friends crossed themselves devoutly. The ushers were in evening dress, with black gloves, and one of them brought in a little willow basket tied with ribbons and lined with crape, into which the friends of the family dropped their visiting cards after the service was concluded. Two extraordinary looking beings, with shovel hats and square pieces of crape thrown over them, appeared with armfuls of long wax dip candles, which they lit and distributed to the friends in attendance. The friends then began a procession round the coffin, pausing to kiss some small article held up by the head priest (or bishop maybe) to their lips. Then with much spreading of hands and bows and flourishes, the ushers escorted five ladies in crape veils and black silk dresses to their carriage, and everybody went about their business, leaving the poor body alone in the draped and incense-scented chancel. I forgot to say that there was a collection taken up, but "*cela va sans dire*."

I must not forget, in writing of Antwerp Cathedral, to mention the queer looking stained glass windows. They caused me many a puzzle, until I took counsel with my polite young guide, and he informed me that "after the war" the Cathedral windows lay in bits all over the building, and that, anxious to preserve them, but having neither time nor skill to piece them together properly, the good people stuck in the fragments wherever they would fit, and hence the startling results I had noticed, when a saint's foot would be at the top of the window and his eyes and nose at the bottom.

A very beautiful object of interest, also, is the carved pulpit, upbourne on the heads of four female figures—Europe, Asia, Africa and America—surrounded by the most lovely stair case, wreathed with olive and vine leaves, and full of birds, squirrels, cherubs, and a dozen other delicate and dainty forms, and surmounted by a wooden canopy, over which hovers a seraph, blowing the trumpet of warning.

Speaking of this pulpit reminds me of another in St. Andrew's Church. It is even more beautiful than the one I have described, representing the calling of St. Andrew. In an enclosure at the foot of the rocky column supporting it are the disciples in their beached boat, listening to the call of the Saviour, who stands beckoning to them from the shore. A fishing net hangs to dry on a great boulder, a lobster crawls over the net, and where the strands are broken every thread and fibre is faithfully and minutely carved.

Under the canopy is suspended a fair little dove with outstretched wings, while above stand some sturdy little cherubs, supporting a St. Andrew's cross. This minute and delicate wood-carving needs to be closely examined to be appreciated, and the faithfulness of every detail, the fairy strands of the torn net, the rugged faces of the listening fishermen, the gracious aspect of the beckoning Saviour, are all perfection.

After our first morning in the Cathedral, I began to feel the weariness of my early rising, and retired for a good sleep before lunch to my sky parlor. The Colonel and the Doctors toiled up, like the spider and the fly, by "a winding stair," or rather by four such weary contrivances, and as I, being ahead, paused on the last landing to throw back a word of encouragement, the dear old Colonel, with upturned face, panting lungs, and a resigned voice, mildly ejaculated, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" I am ashamed to say I laughed, but circumstances are sometimes irresistible. I had another laugh at my Katerina's preparations for my repose. A gilded cream jug, holding about a pint of water, and an equally decorated slop basin formed my washing apparatus. I fished out my soap from the carryall, and daintily dabbed my face with a small quantity of water, then I investigated my surroundings once more, up the three steps to the Dormer window, looking appreciatively over at the Cathedral spire, and as the sweet chimes sang out twelve o'clock noon, I fell asleep in a real bed, boon most grateful, after the thirteen nights' sojourn in the narrow confines of a berth aboard the "good ship Noordland."

A Day in Antwerp.



Y triple escort, military, professional and clerical, invited me to take a drive next morning and see some of the highways and byways of the city. Turning north from the "Place Verte," we entered a wide boulevard, the Avenue des Arts, where the double row of trees in the centre of the street and the fine houses on either side, gave one the idea that quaint old Antwerp could be modern and luxurious when she pleased.

Between the Avenue Rubens and the Avenue Quinten Metsys, we found a charming little three cornered park, where I afterwards heard a good band play, as I cooled and rested myself on a certain torrid afternoon. Then we came upon the Zoological Gardens, which are said to be the finest on the Continent, and where we alighted to see the animals fed. Lions, seals, and two great hippopotami in an enormous tank, also some greedy pelicans and other water birds. These gardens are very spacious, beautifully arranged and adorned with majestic trees and rare flowers, and all their inhabitants seem to be healthy and in good condition. Away up at the end of the garden we found a cyclorama of the Battle of Worth, and I persuaded the Colonel and *his* Doctor to come in and study the picture with me. We found the "lecturer" to be an extraordinary old Belgian without any teeth, whose mumbling French was too funny for anything. He gave us a voluble description of the battle scene, which we did not in the least understand, and I was much amused when on enquiring the difference between a chassepot rifle and a needle gun, the old lecturer hopped nimbly over the railing, right down into the battle field, and selecting two guns from the debris of plaster of paris soldiers, horses and munitions of war, brought them to me that I might examine them and see for myself. "Oh, do put them back," I said, with the queerest dislike to touching them. "it seems like robbing the dead men." He did so, allotting to the Prussian a chassepot, and to the Zouave a needle gun. I suppose he argued that a dead soldier would not care and why not *he*.

"My son was killed in this battle," he informed me, phlegmatically.

"Why," said I, "I thought the Belgians were neutral?"

"My son was married to a Frenchwoman," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "and he was one of the first to die for his adopted country."

It seemed a gruesome occupation for this poor old toothless Belge, forever gazing on the scene of his son's death, and mumbling over its sanguinary details, but he did it with the stolid calm which characterizes the folk of these parts.

I do not know a more striking study of contemplative abstraction than an old Belgian peasant, as he stands with his shoulders propped against the wall, his hands tucked, under his flowing blouse, deep into his voluminous breeches pockets, his peaked cap pulled forward over his brows, his wooden shoes, in all their hideous bigness, squarely set on the stone pavement, and his long stemmed, big bowled, painted pipe, from which he puffs an almost imperceptible cloud of smoke and which seems as much a part of himself as his fat nose, or his big bristling dun-colored moustaches.

We admired monuments in our particularly the Loos, commemorating independence, I events, a very jestic group of Liberty and her four supporters.



MUSEE PLANTYN.

I don't like very tall monuments, like the "*Colonne du Congrès*" at Brussels or its fellows. Bartholdi's "*Liberty*" and the Loos monument in Antwerp are low enough down to be admired by unfeathered bipeds, and to be impressive by their nearness and bigness, while ever such a fine statue poised sky high only gives



THE STEEN.

one an ache in the neck to look at. We passed the old dwelling house of Rubens, and tried to imagine the master, in his Flemish hat and cloak, as he stands in our

some handsome pleasant drive, monument of ative of Belgian think, but at all grand and ma-

Place verte, issuing from the plain old doorway. Down near the docks is a really quaint and interesting old mansion, given by the Plantyn family to the city as a sort of museum, and known as the "*Musee Plantyn*." It is full of nooks and corners, carved cabinets and chairs, rare old china, unexpected doors and steps and cubby-holes of all sorts, a quaint little panelled room, with a doorway railed half way up (the children's sleeping room) and cunning little bunks built in the wall, another with a wonderful old carved four poster, decked with a terribly green silk coverlid, bordered with yellow.

Down stairs leather hung room after room, of uninteresting family portraits, cabinets, glass cases containing illuminated missals, for one of which the guardian tells us the British Museum has offered the City of Antwerp the trifling sum of eighty thousand pounds. It is needless to say the bid was in vain, for these venerable articles are to all intents priceless.

Rows of glass cases full of specimens of wood and copper and steel engravings, a library of many volumes, and above all, the first antique printing presses, set in a row, with ink pads, type, and all things just ready for use. "They make me tired," said the Colonel quaintly, as he gazed on their cumbersome and primitive details. There is also a rickety and wonderful old musical instrument, a sort of a pre-Adamite piano, with a double manual at the usual place in a grand piano, and a single one about half way down one side. This relic is enclosed in a glass case, secure from the sacrilegious fingers of that *bete-noir* of antiquities, the American tourist. The house encloses a dear old paved courtyard, the walls whereof are festooned with a lovely grape vine, which hides the rough grey stones with a luxuriant and delicate drapery of green. Here and there among the queer rooms stand men in uniform, the caretakers of this old curiosity shop, and they tell one all sorts of interesting stories and incidents of the museum and the city. After we had seen the place thoroughly, and taken a peep at the fortifications and gotten some money from the bank, and sent a cablegram from the telegraph office, and admired the lovely open iron work of the "Bourse," and seen a dozen queer sights to record which my memory refuses, my dear old Colonel and his Doctor bade us a regretful adieu, and left for "Amsterdam and those other dam places," as the Colonel informed me with unintentional and unconscious profanity.

In the afternoon I did the "ancient" picture gallery and had my first experience

of what was many times repeated during my holiday. How I longed to make a bonfire of many of the diabolical and awful scenes and distorted anatomies of those good old souls whose frightful paintings claim respect solely on account of their age. A night mare of horrors are some of the religious scenes with their wooden-legged saints, and distorted fiends, who slice pieces off the already emaciated martyrs and playfully run hot irons into their ears, or drop molten lead in their mouths, or play other giddy practical jokes upon them.

And here I first met two or three old standbys, whom I got to know by instinct in the days and picture galleries to come. There was poor Saint Sebastian; how many dozen of him I gazed upon, stuck as full of arrows as an old maid's pincushion of pins, tied to a tree or a post, sitting like a fretful porcupine in the centre of a group of sympathising virgins, standing triumphant with quills, I mean arrows, all pulled out of him, and just as good as new. I got quite familiar with every possible and impossible phase of his martyrdom, poor dear. And how many plucky little Davids with giant heads by the hair (one David had a velvet doubtlet, a lace collar, and an ostrich feather in his hat!) and how many wanton Salomes with heads in chargers, and how many Judiths with heads of Holofernes, not to speak of St. Francis and St. Cecilia. In the modern gallery at Antwerp are some very beautiful effects, one in oils of a piece of gold brocade and mauve satin was the most perfect thing I ever saw. The very creases of the rich material shone and shimmered until you could almost pick it up and handle it.

There was a peculiar picture the meaning of which was explained to me by a brisk little Frenchwoman, whom I rescued from a slough of despond when her English forsook her, in showing the "lions" to her two English aunts.

"It is *so!*" she chattered, with a funny little grimace, "that when the man is murder, the murderer do be *execute!* but,"—and she paused impressively, "it is now the wife, the mother, or the nearest relative, otherwise, come to the *place de justice*, and comes also the murderer, *en robe de nuit, comme ça,*" and she referred me to the picture where the judge, parchment in hand, and his officers on one side, the mourning relatives on the other, watch expectantly two central figures, a man in a long penitential robe with a reed in his hand, bending forward anxiously before a tall, slight, erect young widow, who faces him with stony impassiveness. "See you," cried my little friend, "it is the moment of suspense; if the widow

give the kiss of forgiveness, well—if not, the head off!" I feared from the look on the widow's face that the head was as good as off.

In the evening of this busy day my German friend, the dentist, turned up to invite me to go with him to a very charming garden, the Palais de l' Industrie, to hear what he assured me would be a really good symphony concert.

We took a decidedly seedy little street car, and on the way we unexpectedly witnessed a lively encounter with bare knuckles between two old market women, in the calm evening sunset. Our driver stopped his horses and gazed on the fight with much interest, the women's sabots flew off, their caps followed suit, and they clawed each other until their hair stood on end and they were obliged to pause for lack of breath. Then their sympathising friends gathered them and their belongings up and ran them off in different directions. It was so funny, though rather startling, that I could not remember to be shocked at them, and the other passengers in the car laughed heartily and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the "mill." Talking of these Belgian women, if their husbands are phlegmatic, *they* are wide enough awake and perfectly well able to fight for themselves.

They drive their carts of vegetables, milk, wood, or any sort of merchandise through the streets at early dawn, and sometimes "their horses are dogs," as Pat would say.

I saw one vegetable cart owned by a handsome young peasant woman and propelled by three dogs harnessed abreast, the first a greyhound, the next a huge mastiff, while the nigh steed was a ridiculous white shaven poodle, with ruffs of hair on his ankles, (if dogs have ankles) and a tuft on the end of his tail. The peasant walked behind the cart, quietly knitting, with her lace cap with long earlaps and mob crown, her blue jacket and short skirt, her pink cotton hose and black sabots, and her observant grey eyes taking in everything, while her natty team trotted along their familiar road to the market. Generally these Belgian women marched about the streets bare-headed, their hair neatly braided and coiled in a knot behind, in rain or shine their only headgear.

But meantime we were on our way to our concert, passing through the rather poor streets, and out into the suburbs past the grand new unfinished theatre, and halting before great open iron gates, disclosing a fairy scene beyond of fountains,

flowers, colored lights, and hundreds of gaily dressed people laughing and chatting as they strolled about. We pay a franc apiece and enter (I am immensely amused at my young dentist allowing me to buy my own ticket, but he does so without any compunction!) "Do you like this, my friend?" he asks, falling unawares into his native language, "*Wunderschon*." I heartily assure him, "If the music is as fine as the garden, how shall I thank you for fetching me to hear it?" "It will be better," he simply remarks, and it really was.

Everyone kept perfectly still when the first number was being rendered, with a beautiful sense of the fitness of things, and everyone seemed to listen appreciatively, and piece succeeded piece, operatic, classical, popular, a charming arrangement from "*Lakme*," gems of Gounod, Schubert, Schumann and Gung'l, played with finished execution and perfect expression, quite a treat of sweet things to my dentist and me.

Between the parts we strolled about, spying out some old shipmates at a far-off beer table, and peeping into the grottos for ices, grottos for lemonade, grottos for soda water, all kinds of outdoor amusements, switchbacks, slides, swings, but all far enough away from the music not to interfere with one's perfect enjoyment of it. The second part of the program was over at half-past ten, when we turned homeward weary, but satisfied with the day's pleasures. I bade my good cavalier a drowsy good night, and toiled up my four flights of stairs, cheered by the thought of that cosy curtained nest awaiting me, and "cuddled doon" in its snowy softness to sleep the sleep of contentment, and I wish only for more such happy days full of interest and amusement, as I scamper over the unknown parts before me, I extinguish a candle, (my sole means of illumination) about the size of my finger and set in a preposterously high candle stick, and with a jumble of sights and sounds, new and delightful kaleidoscoping through my brain, fall sweetly asleep to the musical jangle of the silvery Cathedral chimes.

* * * * *

We have picked up some expressions since we arrived in Antwerp, perhaps the one we hear oftenest we shall remember longest. It is, "*Un franc si'l vous plait*." It meets one everywhere, but really everywhere one gets twenty cents worth. One exception, to prove the rule, met me the day I left Antwerp, and it came about in this wise. One of our ship stewards, a good natured little Belge, was taken ill

shortly before we landed, and I had promised myself to go and enquire for him at the hospital before I left Antwerp, accordingly I interviewed mine host as to the name and location of the "*Kranken haus*," where the invalid was to be found.

"Madame requires the direction? But the name of the hospital?" said our small cyclops. "Ah, that I know not, which is the nearest?" "There is the old hospital of St. Elizabeth, the train will conduct Madame to the door, and then the grand new hospital. I will fetch the direction for Madame." I decided on trying first at the more ancient building, having a curiosity to see the working of the most Belgian and unimproved, and having been escorted to the car and instructed where to get off by the little landlord's "nephew," I soon found myself before the hoary portals. I was shown into the bursar's room, where stood a fine soldierly looking Belge, with a handsome beard, who requested me to be seated until he had finished copying some letters in a letter press, when he would be pleased to attend me. I thought of, "*Un franc s'il vous plait*," and smiled to myself at his urbanity. To my request to be shown the hospital, he assented with cheerful alacrity, and at 12 o'clock we commenced our grand tour of the 34 wards, walking and talking for two solid hours, he explaining everything even to the most minute details in a manner truly continental, that is to say, delightfully polite and appallingly immodest. But I hardened my heart and on we went from room to room, men, women, children, eye and ear, maternity, accident, fever, D. T., old age, all in turn, till I only wanted a little encouragement to declare myself a patient from sheer fatigue.

By the way in the maternity wards I was so amused at the babies. All of very tender days, they were robed in lavender print "nighties," with the most absurd little lavender nightcaps, edged round the face with a ridiculous little white lace frill. None but a Belgian baby could wear such things and live.

The mothers, poor pale things, looked all hard worked and weather beaten, one an Englishwoman from Chester, was the proud possessor of a beady-eyed, red-nosed son and heir, and awaited with delighted pride the return of the "fader," who had sailed on a two months voyage to Russia. She was so happy to show her little lavender bundle to a lady who could express her admiration of it in English, she said it made her homesick though, and while she poured out her story in her native tongue, my dignified bursar stood majestically smiling upon us, assuring me that he was not tired, that his dinner could wait, and that I was on no account to

hurry myself. He showed me the great stone paved kitchens, with their caldrons full of dinner, and also a little scullery, where sat four of the fattest old women I ever saw peeling potatoes with their little stubby knives. "There are five of them," he said, "and they peel potatoes from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, but where is Lisa?" One old porpoise heaved a long sigh and *told him* in the very plainest spoken French, and as I turned sharply away, perfectly horrified at her matter of fact answer, he said to me calmly with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "It is necessary sometimes." When I had distributed some little dolls and fruits to the small invalids in the nursery, and he had made them wave their tiny hands and lisp, "*m'ci, m'dame*," we found ourselves close to the exit.

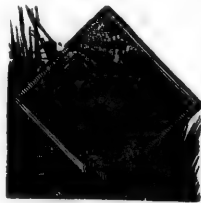
There he showed me the very ancient Church of St. Elizabeth, adjoining the hospital, built in the year 1259, and the very picture of venerable age. On looking at my watch I was appalled to find that it was two o'clock, and mindful of my experience everywhere, hastily took out a five franc piece, hoping that it wasn't too small an acknowledgement of my big bursar's long and courteous attendance; but no, he put back my hand decidedly, "*S'il vous plait, non!*" It has been such a pleasure to escort Madame, who is to the sick so amiable, whose visit has given so much delight, I would rather not take anything from Madame," and he had bowed me out of the gates and into a street car, before I had recovered from my confusion and amazement.

I have given this little story of continental politeness at length, because I heard so much grumbling among Americans about the necessity of feeing everyone before they will be civil to you. My Antwerp bursar may be a man with a soul above fees, but the scantness of the remuneration he gets from the hospital makes me sure he is not, only he is but one of the many to whom I own my indebtedness for information, for service, or for entertainment, who were not and *would not be* remunerated. The ordinary feeing that one must do at the hotels and railways is so small that it would need a churl to refuse it, that is, if one follows the rate of the country, but the trouble with Americans is, that they take their own rate of fees with them to the Continent and give a mark or two or a couple a francs, where a fourth part of that sum is all that is expected by the servants. I particularly noticed this when conversing with a young New York lawyer on the subject. "Come, now," I said, laughing, "just tell me what fees you paid in that hotel we've just

left?" "Well," he said, considering, "I gave that old rooster at the door a dollar. He looked so venerable and confoundedly gentlemanly, I was ashamed to offer him less, and in the restaurant I gave the head waiter fifty cents, (two marks you know) and the chamber maid another fifty, and the house servant, book-black we'd say, a quarter (a mark I mean), and the elevator boy another mark, and by Jove, I've forgotten the rest of them, but I know it was over three dollars among 'em." I smiled, he continued quizzingly, "And now, own up yourself, it cost you just as much, *more*, I'll be bound, for the way they waited on you and kow-towed and good bye'd you must have cost a fiver?" I did not tell him, of course, as it was none of his business, but gentle reader, I had dared to offer the venerable aristocrat one mark, and he had done a great many little things for me during my visit, and the waiter and the chamber maid and the elevator boy (a burly Bavarian of forty or thereabouts) gave me their sweetest smiles and thanks for ten cents apiece. I had no porter's fee, for I had no baggage, nor no boot-black's, for who doesn't carry the patent, unbreakable, self-sealing shoe polish nowadays? and so my taxes for fees were fifty-four cents, not a burden too grievous and not the outcome of a stingy disposition, but the comely fruits of commonsense. As a German said to me, in discussing railway fares, "Only princes and fools travel first-class here," and certainly the American tourist comes under one of these two heads in the hotel servant's simple mind.

In looking over a railway time-table that last morning in dear old Antwerp, I decided to take a glance at Brussels, the lace workers, the field of Waterloo, the carpet factories, or whatever else I could take in, in a couple of days. It was only forty or fifty minutes by rail from Antwerp, and I knew I should be pressed for time on the homeward route. The Colonel and the Doctor were exploring the Hague, the young tooth-puller was with his "*mutter*" in Wiesbaden, the Spanish lady and her family in Paris, the Chicago parson had disappeared and made no sign, so that I was the last of the party to bid adieu to the little landlord, his ponderous wife, and pretty winsome Katerina. "When I come back from Paris in the fall, my girl, I must bring you something, what would you like?" "Oh," and her big eyes danced, "for me, m'dame will bring the "*Tower Eiffel*." I promised not to forget her modest choice, and with many good wishes and "*au revoirs*" the whole staff of two waiters, clerk, bell boy, landlord, landlady and "my niece," as madame called the clerk's wife, saw me into the omnibus, and amid waving of

hands and sweet Cathedral chimes, I was soon lumbering away. Already I regretted leaving my first abiding place, though it was not a palatial hotel, yet the courteous kindness of the plain good people made me very much at home, and the charm of the pictures, and the quaintness of the cobble stoned, cafe lined streets, the sweet memories of the "*Palais de l' Industrie*," the waking at midnight and peering from my lofty window, to watch the peasant women in rows sweeping clean the streets, while the late cabmen chaffed them till a long handled broom, swung by the sturdy Belgian arm, made the Jehus retreat into discreet distance and silence, the vision of the iron roofed, wonderfully carved Bourse, the ancient "Steen," the circling city walls, the nooks and corners that were spread before my eyes, in realization of many a day dream, and after all the rattling drive in the "Prison van" omnibus, with the tall, polite porter regarding me watchfully through the glass door, and finally depositing me and my caryall safe in the Brussels train.



Little Paris.



ALL the fifty minutes from Antwerp to Brussels is through one pretty picture of green fields, red-tiled houses, glowing in the fair afternoon sun, harvest ripening, flowers smiling up, as the comfortable train rushes by. I have for fellow travellers in my coupe an American family, of mother and three nice, dark-eyed daughters, and I feel like pausing over them a little because they were amongst the few females of my own nationality who did their country credit among the many, many Americans I saw abroad.

I used to wonder at them. They had been all over Europe, north, south, east and west, but they could not take me with them in a retrospective chat. "Perfectly elegant" and "real fine" did not seem enough to describe the Alps and the Tyrol and the Bay of Naples. But I understood better the want when I had seen some of them, with courier, maid, and every comfort to be bought with money, or, worse still, those awful female parties of strong-minded leader and weak-minded following, who wrangled and jangled, and sulked and chewed gum, though the heavens were opened in an Alpine thunderstorm, or the holy brow of "Jungfrau" blushed to meet the rising sun. They would ruin the green glades of Eden if they were turned loose within its bounds.

The average loquacious American would have told me her state and city, her husband's peculiarities, or, were she "maid," her "par's" or her brother's, or the nearest male relative available; would have so steeped the very air with her own individual concerns, and her likes and dislikes, that one might as well have been in New York or Chicago in an "elevated" train; would have made my head buzz with her questions as to my seeings, and intendings, and thinkings, and I should have entered "Little Paris" with a heart full of rage and a face full of frowns. Not so these sweet girls. We talked every inch of the way, but when we parted I knew they were from New York by the name in a novel one of them carried, and perhaps they noticed my initials on my carryall, but they confined their

charming conversation to descriptions of a picture here, a drive there, a view from such a place, an opera to be heard in some other, and I treasured up their hints, and owe them many a pleasant hour. One, the eldest, with a sweet wondering face, like a Raphael Madonna, had been three months with friends in Rome, and grew gently excited over continental manners and customs. "The others got used to all the extraordinary ways," she said; "but I could not. I am glad the girls weren't with us. The Romans are so—but perhaps you'll see for yourself," with a check to her strictures. "It's worse in Rome than anywhere else though, I think." I laughingly assured her I was growing hardened, and asked "mama" for information about the hotels in Brussels.

"There are two grand hotels on the hill, near the Palace," the mother said, quietly, "and in the city are half a dozen very good, but not so grand. Yes, we went out to Waterloo—the coach and four goes every afternoon from the Hotel Bellevue on the hill. There is nothing to be seen on the battle field but a lot of beets and turnips, and an immense mound, with the British lion on top"—here she gave a little quaint smile. "The soldiers are underneath it, you know. I can show you a photo of it in a moment," and she did so. Perhaps it was owing to this slighting account that I did not drive out in the great coach to view the scene of England's glory. I once made a trip to Bannockburn, and felt some such flattening out as my American friend confessed to; a plain field, perhaps being peacefully ploughed, or diligently sown with Swedish turnips or Scottish 'neeps, isn't the gory similitude one fancies. "Oh, pshaw," said the other style of American tourist, "why didn't you go, anyhow, just to say you'd *bin thar*?" I am sure a great many of her tribe take the tour of Europe and race through her picture galleries and palaces for no other reason. "Nearly all the Americans go to the 'Bellevue,' or one of the other large swell hotels," said the youngest girl of our party. "If you are lonely, perhaps you'd rather not be among foreigners."

I bade them a kind adieu at the station, as they were going further on, and trusting to my mother wit to make a good selection, I followed the porter who carried my effects, asking on the way about the hotels in the city. He named several, and finally one which he thought was the best, in the "Wolf's ditch" street. Accordingly, he escorted me to the omnibus belonging to this hotel, and we soon arrived in front of an unpretentious looking solid hostlerie, built round a

paved courtyard. A white haired, benevolent looking concierge assigned me to a very pretty room overlooking the courtyard. Peeping out, I could see a fountain, cages of singing birds, grottos of ferns and flowers, chairs and little tables—quite a new and pretty scene—and presently I found my way down through a tiny drawing-room, into the little court. Across from the drawing-room I found the dining-room, and remembering what time it was (nearly four o'clock) and that I had had no lunch after my protracted hospital experience in Antwerp, I ordered a lunch, or "dejeuner," as one must call it here.

It cost fifty cents, and here is what they gave me: A salad, fried sole, devilled kidneys and potatoes, delicious bread and butter, cheese and crackers and apricots. A few cents more added a wee flask of German beer.

As I enjoyed it, I was mightily amused at a juvenile waiter, who happened to be idle at the time—idle as far as his table duties went—but he was working hard. He had a small phrase book of French and English terms, and was apparently striving to commit to memory the English names and descriptions of the food he was in the habit of serving. At first, with intent, puzzled face, he muttered quietly enough, then, as he grew oblivious and interested, his voice grew louder, and distinctly across the quiet room came something like this: "G-r-eeen tea, black tea, potatoes, boiled or fried—g-r-r-eeen tea, boiled or fried, black tea, boiled or fried!" A party of English people sitting near me were mightily diverted by this unique cookery, and amid many smiles from all of us, the head waiter went gently and admonished the eager student, and we heard no more of tea, either boiled or fried.

I asked the concierge to get me a carriage after dejeuner, and he sent for a dainty little Victoria, and a small boy to drive. This urchin was about ten years old, apparently, and was gotten up exactly like a coachman—tall hat, buff breeches, long boots and tail coat, with brass buttons.

I had to smother a smile at his comical little figure when he spread the duster over me, chattering glibly in French, and taking my very meagre instructions. "Everywhere!" I said, in answer to his enquiry, "Where M'dame wished to make her tour?" and he set himself to his task in grave earnest, proving a splendid charioteer, and being full of zeal and knowledge.



CATHEDRAL STE GUDULE.

"First, M'dame would see Ste Gudule," said he, decidedly, and we started, I wondering what that might be. Presently he pulled up beside a grand church. "Cathedral Ste Gudule," he announced. "Descend and enter, if you please." I descended dutifully, and was about to enter, when a great verger, with a long wand, remarked, "Un franc, s'il vous plait."

I had no change under a hundred franc note, and stated my case to the small boy, who, regarding me benevolently from his high seat, dived down into his little breeches pocket and produced the inevitable franc, which he bestowed upon me with the air of a grandfather.

Thereupon I lost the last remnant of free will, and was led hither and thither at the hand of the small boy, feeling like a savage beast in the time of Millennium. In this Cathedral is another of those lovely carved pulpits, at the base of which Adam and Eve are flying before the sword of the angel, who drives them without the gates of Eden, the man despairing, the woman agonized and protesting, while coiled up near by is a most "deceptious" looking serpent. Above the canopy the Virgin and her babe triumph over the same serpent, thus meekly illustrating sin entering the world through a woman, and salvation in due time coming under her cradling love. Ste Gudule being of the female persuasion makes this design very apropos. Near the pulpit is the throne of King Leopold, with a crimson velvet canopy and curtains, and a great gold crown on top, and where the verger tells me I can see the good King at two o'clock next Sunday, that being the hour of the service he always attends. On either side of the chancel hang large Gobelin tapestries, very red and very ugly, and down the nave are rows of laurel trees on

pedestals, part of the decorations annually put up during the *fete* of the Sacred Heart, which is happening just now.

After the Cathedral had been inspected, my charioteer took me to see the lace workers. As we stopped before the door a pretty girl came out, and with great heartiness welcomed me in, and showed me the women at work on various pieces of black and white lace. Poor things! They sat with their faces bent over their lace pillows, tossing the tiny hobbins to and fro, straining their eyes in a horrible manner, which made mine ache in sympathy till I could watch them no longer. The lace makers go blind in a very few years after working on fine patterns, and there is an asylum near here in which three hundred victims of lace making grope about the darkened rooms. I went in, fully determined to damage one of my hundred franc notes by the purchase of some real lace, but, though I found lovely fans, in black and white, for six or seven dollars, and nice little plastrons for three dollars, my heart turned from them with a great cry of pity for my sister women, who barter God's precious gift of sight for twenty cents a day. I never can look at the fairy, delicate leaves and flowers of a bit of Brussels lace without feeling again the sharp, needle-like pain, and seeing the red-stained eyes of those poor lace makers.

From the lace workers the small boy drove me up the hill to see the chamber of the Ministers of State, the Parc Royale and the Palace of the King. In the Parc, which is very green and pretty, and beautifully kept, I could hear a band playing, and on driving round it we came in view of the King's palace, a homely looking



PARC ROYALE.

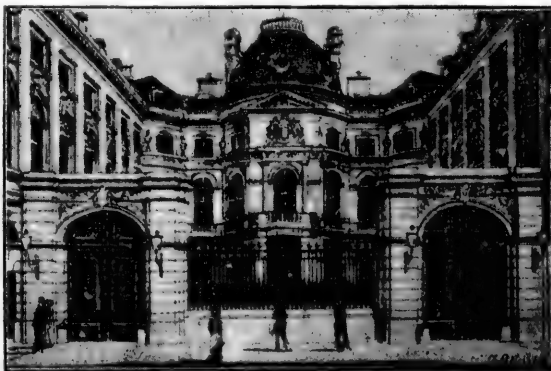
white building, a stone's throw from which are the fine hotels my friend of



KING'S PALACE.

heir to the childless old King, his brother, (*souless*, I should say, for there are several daughters.)

Afterwards I took a little time at the "Palais de Justice, an enormous and magnificent pile, looking protectingly down on the pretty city. It seems almost too big and too grand for Brussels, this fine domed structure, with its spreading flights of



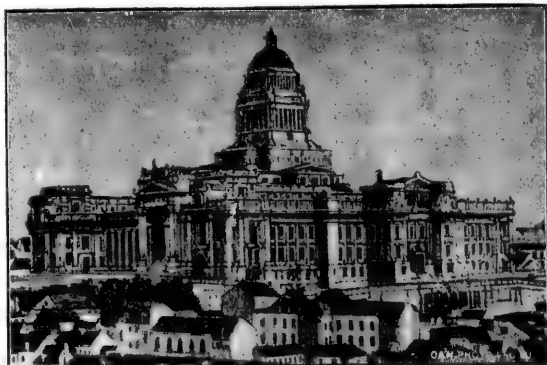
PALAIS DE COMTE DE FLANDRES.

its wide marble steps, corridors, and beautiful court rooms. From it one gets a good birdseye view of busy Brussels, and that is quite an impressive and charming sight. "Little Paris," the Belgians call it, and with its boulevards, its exposition, its French speaking inhabitants, and its general air of gay festivity, it is a miniature picture of the beautiful city. When the small boy had brought me

the journey from Antwerp had mentioned. The Waterloo coach was just drawing up at the door, and we drove slowly by and watched the tourists climb down, after their long drive, and then we peeped in through the iron railings before the palace of the Count of Flanders,

home in safety, after one of the pleasantest drives I ever enjoyed, and had received his modest charge of one dollar, and a franc extra for himself, I went

in to dinner, and was placed at a table with three Colorado people, a brother and two sisters, who were yet another type of American tourists.



PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

The brother was not much over twenty, a grave, reserved boy, the sisters older and younger respectively, and as shy and awk-

ward as could be. They had just come back from Waterloo, and enlightened me thus:

"It was very nice. We drove out and saw the monument; it was real nice, and it was such a nice day for a drive. Sister and I thought it was all just as nice as it could be!"

"And was it not strange to you to stand on the very site of that decisive battle—didn't it seem unreal to see everything so calm and peaceful?" I queried, digging deep for some more fitting adjective than "*nice*."

"Oh, no," said "sister," placidly. "We did not think about the battle. It is in the English History, and at school I never took much to English History, but you might feel different, being Canadian. You'd better go to-morrow and see it yourself. It's a real nice drive."

They told me, in a simple matter-of-fact way, of their ages, their home, and their father's business pursuits; and further, that they had no particular object in travelling but that their father had sent them, after their mother's death, to "see Europe." They were filled with wonder at my contemplated trip to Hungary, which they wormed out of me by continued questionings, and strongly advised me to abandon the idea. "I *shouldn't* say to go," said the elder sister

"should you, Bert?" and Bert pulled up his already very high collar, and crossed his legs with a very wise air, and said, slowly, "I should *say* not!" "But why *not*?" I asked, in great surprise. "Well," said sister, meditatively, "I don't know, but I don't think it would be *nice*." "It's too far," said Bert, in a conclusive manner; and on that decision we said good-night. I was mightily amused at these harmless owls, and especially at Bert's parting shot, coming as it did from a youngster who had crossed a continent to, as it were, get started on his travels. I did not see them again, but I know what they will say when they reach their little Colorado home.

One thing I must remember in their favor—they didn't chew gum, but in their staid, unreceptive Americanism they did seem to me so incongruous and unsatisfactory.

It was a bright sunshining morning when I wakened to hear the singing of the birds, and the wooden shoes of the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker clattering through the paved courtyard; also to execrate a youngster who was patiently thumping the "Swanee River" out of a discordant piano. I had several letters to write, and betook myself, after breakfast, to the tiny drawing-room, where I was not destined to long enjoy my seclusion, for the fatherly concierge came presently to remonstrate on my neglect of the invitation of so charming a day. "Madame can write in the evening," said he, gently. "To-day must Madame make her tour in the tram cars, up the hill, where go the three horses as Madame saw yesterday, and the walk in the Park." I willingly forget home and friends for a little, at the voice of this innocent tempter, and after many directions and instructions, set out doubtfully to follow my nose, and see whither it will lead me.

Not to the Parc as I had intended, I soon found out by the route of the car I had ignorantly entered, but I concluded to keep my seat, and see where I should be taken to, and then, if I wished, come back the same way. I asked the conductor to enlighten me, but to my surprise he answered me rather gruffly, and I subsided, quite in a pout at my ill fortune. An old gentleman, who was poring over a little book, took in the situation and, after putting away his reading and taking off an enormous pair of spectacles, proceeded to mildly harangue the conductor in this wise, "So should you instruct, Madame," he said slowly and impressively, "and as Madame is strange, explain and inform her of all things. Thus shall you aid Madame to make an agreeable tour." The conductor listened with great de-

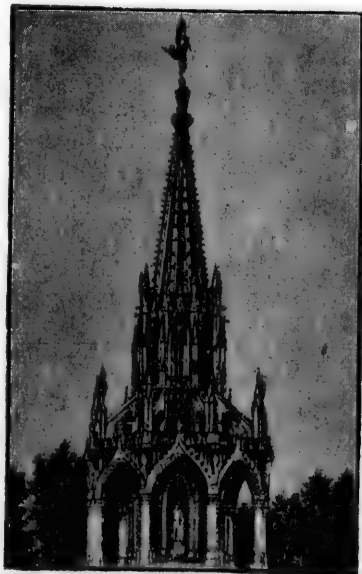
ference and apologised for his gruffness, in excuse for which he said he had not heard me. The old gentleman mildly ejaculated "C'est bien," and went deliberately back to his studies.

It was a delicious little episode, and I could not help wondering who my white-haired champion might be, and also how a similar lecture would have been received by a Toronto "knight of the road."

When the car finally stopped, away out beside a bridge, I ventured to further impose on the ancient gentleman. "Have the kindness to tell me where I am, and if there is anything to be seen here?" I asked, as he tucked away his little book and folded up his spectacles. "We are arrived at Laeken, Madame," he said politely, helping me to alight, "where is the summer palace of our good King. Is it not the destination of Madame?" "No, indeed!" I said laughing, "I intended to go from my hotel up to the King's Palace on a high hill, where I had a drive last evening.

I laughed again at my mistake, the old gentleman laughed with me, and the conductor joined in, and then the old gentleman assured me that I had come to a very pretty and interesting suburb, if I had time to explore it, and that he would be pleased to direct me, if I would allow him the honor. With a confidence that was not misplaced, I surrendered myself to his patriarchal keeping, and he conducted me first through the Cemetery of Laeken, where we wandered up and down the trim paths, and admired several handsomely carved monuments, and saw thousands of graves with woven wire beaded memorial wreaths, and underground the queerest looking vaults, like rows of bread ovens, and at last the great lion of the cemetery, the tomb of the Cantatrice Malibran, adorned with her portrait and a hearty eulogy on her patriotic devotion and general excellence as well as her gift of song. My old gentleman next called my attention to a queer old church, made of immense blocks of rough-hewed stone, which was locked, but he soon found the concierge, and between them they gave me a sight of the interior and the crypt, where are the coffins, covered in faded red velvet, which inclose the bodies of Leopold, first king of Belgium, his queen and children. My antiquated friend related to me the story of the war of 1830, when Belgium shook off the Dutch yoke, and in the midst of his pretty French sentences stopped and apologised for infliting such a school boy story upon me.

"Please go on," I begged, "I really don't know anything about it. It is so kind of you to instruct me." He smiled in a very sceptical manner and remarked, "The Americans seem always to know everything, and now, Madame will take this shaded road, and after ten or fifteen minutes' walk will explore the Park, which our good King has made free to the public. At present it is not possible to visit the interior of the palace, as their Majesties are at home, but the beautiful monument in the Park, to the memory of that King whose remains lie below us in this church, must be seen and admired. Its form is nonagon—one side for each



KING'S MONUMENT.

of by us. *Adieu*, Madame, no, do not thank me! I am in your debt. I wish you every pleasure in Brussels," and with a bow and smile, my good old father Abraham trotted off and left me to take a charming walk down green lanes and country roads, till the Park and Palace of Lacken had been thoroughly gazed upon and admired. Ah, me! as I write comes the cablegram recording the destruction by fire of this bonny home, and the sacrifice of the life of one faithful servant of the Royal House, and I know that the summer palace at Lacken stands only in my memory. As I strolled back to Brussels in the shady, scented air, and gazed up at the graceful monument with its many airy turrets and high

steeple, with the far off figure of Victory, flag in hand, on its very tip-top. I sighed for such a lovely spot in our Canadian land. Shall we ever see it?

A fine carriage came sweeping along the narrow road, wherein were two ladies and a young girl, and as they leaned luxuriously back and returned my look, I concluded I had seen some one of note, but my attention was attracted by the arrival on the scene of a second carriage, which came more slowly, and was accompanied by several officers on horseback. I backed up against the hedgerow, out

of the dust, and quite unpremeditatedly found myself executing a most wonderful salaam, for it flashed upon me by instinct that now, for the first time, I looked upon the face of a real live king! He sat erect and soldierly in his handsome uniform, and lifted his hand in a sort of salute, with a kindly smile on his good old face, and left me with a vivid picture of his snowy hair and moustache and his big, powerful figure, and quite pleased with myself to think I had had sense enough to be respectful on such short notice. Not until I'd seen a good photo of his Belgian Majesty was I quite sure that I'd not made another mistake, but one glance assured me that on this occasion at least I'd not lost my way. My concierge friend quite approved of the whole adventure, and after dejeuner and getting one letter written, he started me off again, this time recommending me to walk the short distance that lay between the hotel and the park. I soon recognised my route of the evening before, recognised also my small driver, who immediately accosted me with a request to be allowed to get the carriage and drive me about again. "But you told me last night you'd shown me everything," I said, severely. "Ah, but yes," he said, with an old man's shrug; "since then, M'dame, I have been thinking, and have remembered many more things, and, besides, there is the Grand Exposition." "Perhaps to-morrow," I said, mendaciously, knowing that to-morrow I had determined to leave for the City of Smells, Cologne, and he returned to pitch coppers with some other diminutive grandfathers in livery, outside the mews door. It was a warm afternoon, and I was very thirsty, so seeing a grand bunch of grapes on a china plate in a little fruit shop I determined to buy them and eat them under the shady trees of the Parc Royal, while I listened to the music of the military band.

"How much are the grapes?" I asked of the rosy little fruiteress, who stood smiling at me. "Four francs, if you please." I did not please to quench my thirst with eighty cents worth of grapes, and found a less costly substitute in a delicious drink of some sort of fruit syrup.

The Parc was lovely. the band played spiritedly, and I thoroughly enjoyed sitting on a comfortable chair watching the crowds of strollers who passed and repassed, chattering, laughing, and having a regular continental good time. The numbers of diverse uniforms was a thing to be noticed. At one time eleven different styles were within a stone's throw of me, and some were quaint enough for a calithumpian procession. Groups of unmistakably English people were here

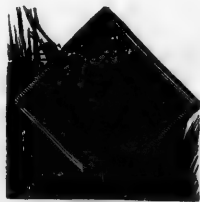
and there—tall, fair young women, with supercilious mouths and belted white muslin Oxford blouses, beautiful to look at with their well-developed figures and wealth of golden braids, and their general appearance of healthy vigor, but better to look at than to talk to, for their abrupt manners and cool, indifferent tones were just what isn't apropos among these polite and friendly people of Brussels. They read and made remarks in audible voices about the women and men around them. "Amy, do see that guy!" "Why do these foreigners gesticulate *so*? It really wearies one to watch them." "Aw, it's their beastly meagre lawngwage, don-cher-know," chimed in a brother to the group. "Must work it out with their hawnds and shoulders. Look at that fellow—goes as if he pawstively had wires inside of him," and the group all turned to his directing nod, and stared their blankest. Presently I was disturbed by noticing a queer looking poverty-stricken individual who seemed to be eyeing me narrowly. He passed and re-passed, every time coming a little closer, and the closer he came the less I liked him. I was just about to move away, from foolish nervousness, when he marched straight up to me and held out his hand. "Que voulez-vous?" I asked, sharply. "If you please, Madame, to pay ten centimes for the chair," he said, in a most courteous voice, and with a polite bow. I speedily took in the situation, and paid my penny tax, and my chair tender took himself off and began to eye some other tired mortal. I have often laughed since to think how nervous he made me. Perhaps it was because I was "Canadian," as my Colorado friend had observed, that I gazed with great interest at the old "Hotel de Ville"—the scene, as the guide informs travellers, and as is generally believed, of the Ball made memorable by Byron in his lines on the "Eve of Water-



HOTEL DE VILLE.

loo." (I have been informed by knowing ones that the "revelry" really took place in a small building across the road from the Hotel de Ville.) "There was a sound of revelry by night," ought to be inscribed in some corner of its gothic facade, for it is the first thought that comes into many minds when the Hotel de Ville is spoken of.

There are charmingly stylish shops in Brussels, and I have a grateful recollection of a colonnade where I bought some of the best gloves I ever wore, for the extravagant price of seventy cents. The demoiselle who fitted them on for me was much harder to please than I, for she pronounced the first and second she tried on as unhappy fits, and did not rest until she found some that were a pleasure to wear.



The Dom City.

IT was hard to leave Brussels, it was not only a pretty place to see, but a pleasant city to live in. I did not wonder at the numbers of English who make it their home, and I longed for a measurement of time, a la Mikado, when "every minute should be an hour, and every hour a day."

But the grim old Reaper mowed down my holidays, I had made up my mind to go to mass in Cologne Cathedral on Sunday, to-day was Saturday, Cologne was six or seven hours away, so it behooved me to bid a kind farewell to my fatherly concierge, and the comfortable hotel in the "Wolf's Ditch." By some too speedy movements on the part of the porter, we reached the Luxembourg station a good deal too early for the 10.05 train to Cologne. After buying my ticket, I was about to resign myself to half an hour's waiting, when the porter suddenly rushed back, exclaiming, "There is yet time!" and bundling me and my carryall into a train just ready to start, "Madame will now have ample time for lunch at Verviers and a little stroll, and get into Cologne by the 10.05, also, change and wait at Verviers. *Merci, madame,*" and before I could draw a breath we were off, so long headed was this good Belge, and so anxious for my comfort had a kind word and a few centimes made him. Reader, a centime is *only* the fifth part of a cent.

An English lady, her children and German nurse were in the coupe when I was so hurriedly bounced in upon them. A few laughing words of apology and a seat was cleared beside Mama, and we had such a delightful chat. Unfortunately there was one other passenger, an ancient, ugly German frau, who insisted on having her window shut though we sweltered and suffocated, and shed our dust-cloaks and bonnets and gloves, and besought her in our choicest language for gracious permission to breathe the fresh air of heaven.

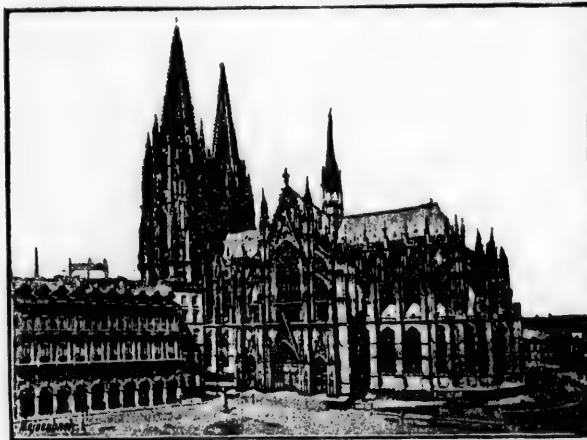
We were quite relieved and happy when she alighted and was met by two generations of her descendants, all as ugly as the original. The trip from Brussels to Cologne is very pretty, and with the stop at Verviers, not too long a ride. At the latter station, which is a very handsome one, we had lunch, delicious iced

milk, bread and fruit. The sandwich I ordered was a very primitive affair, simply a small loaf cut in two, with a "chunk" of very much cooked beef between, no butter, salt, or mustard. Here, also, I had an experience of continental manners, which my pen burns to transcribe, but I forbear. The 10.05 from Brussels dashed into the station; I selected my coupe, and bidding a real English good-bye to my late comrades, I found myself locked in with two very fat old American ladies.

"Don't you go and put that satchel up, sister," said one, as hot and rosy she flung back the bonnet strings from her many double chins.

"Why not?" panted the other, pausing in her struggles to jam the family gripsack into the netting overhead. "Well, said sister number one, "when you *put* it in, I guess you'll want it to *stay* put, and you know the customs officer 'll be along soon, and you'd just best hold it on your lap awhile." Customs! I had quite forgotten that we were almost on the German frontier, and that the guardians of the Vaterland would be after my carryall, and a hideous memory of the hurly-burly in darkness, squabbling and hustling that I had witnessed in silent wrath at Suspension Bridge, came between me and my peace of mind. Presently we arrived at Herbestal, all the coupe doors were thrown open, and a squad of "Deutschers" in uniform emerged from the station house and marched towards us. An immense blonde moustache, a pair of blue eyes, and some guttural sounds blocked up our doorway, making the old fat lady tighten her grasp on her gripsack, and gasp out with many headshakings, "No, No! I aint bought a cent's worth since I landed!" "Goot," growled the big man, taking himself off out of the light, and that was the only thing we heard of the customs. I had a little fun with myself at the entirely satisfactory interview in English and German, and was glad, once more, that I had no trunk to look after. Soon came the outskirts of a big city, and the wide, dirty, swift-rushing Rhine, and the fairy steeples of Cologne Cathedral, and a gaunt lanky porter who takes me and my belongings to the Dom Hotel, which I had selected because it was directly beside the "Lion" of Cologne. From my window I look across a little paved and tessellated square to the immense pile, that has struggled slowly through all these decades to perfection. At Antwerp the Cathedral is hemmed in and surrounded by little shops and buildings that cluster almost under its portals, but here, as in Ste Gudule, the grandeur and the greatness have room. My first thought was "How big it is," and then "How

beautiful." One can quite forgive the time and money it cost to finish it, as it sits



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

where one can quickly enjoy a delightfully served meal.

Then, the inner woman being satisfied, I took a short walk down a street where I came upon two fine monuments, and back again to my square, and round the Cathedral. I would not go in, as it was growing dusk, but saved the first sight of the interior until the morrow, when I was to go to mass, like a good Catholic, and hear what a "little bird" had told me would fill me with delight, the singing of the choir. I remembered how my informant had dwelt upon the blending and the swelling and the gradual dying away of the trained voices, down the vast aisles, and I enjoyed it all in anticipation. There were three Massachusetts girls at the Dom Hotel, who were setting out, as I got back, to buy Cook's tourist tickets through Central Germany and down the Rhine. We had enjoyed our dinner together, and were now quite "chummy," so they invited me to "come along," and I did so. The Cook's people have an office just across the square, and there I watched them laying down gleefully the golden ten mark pieces, which had been so hardly earned in country school house or collegiate halls. They were great girls, those three, and I can see them now, with their delicate, pretty faces and quakerish travelling suits, their dainty little feet and neat Swede

in completed love-
liness before one's
eyes. Table d'
hote was over when
I enquired for my
dinner, hungry
enough after the
light lunch at Ver-
viers; they hold it
here at the uncon-
scionable hour of
one o'clock, but
there is always a
"salle a manger,"
or "speise-saal,"

gloves, their eager, curious, happy voices—and I didn't grudge them their holiday, God bless them, for they had earned it.

They would have known all about the Dutch and Belgian disputations, and they did know a wonderful lot about the ups and downs of German state and army, and they had little, precise, self-willed ways of putting things, and infallible judgments on all the affairs of the universe, and I enjoyed them immensely.

"Can't we go somewhere to-night?" they asked me. "We can ask the concierge about it," I said, strong in my faith in the power and the will of that much-worked individual. We met the head waiter first, and I was deputed as being married and staid, and, more important, the only one who understood French, to elicit information from him about the sights and doings of Cologne after dark.

I assumed my most matronly air and made my request, and after a moment's consideration he shipped us off by a tram to a "*garten*," where he assured us we could make our amusement and find many fine things. I always sigh when I think of that "*garten*."

It was a babel of brass bands, a pandemonium of squeaking, automatic merry-go-rounds, cracking rifles in shooting galleries, snortings of engines, and, most hideous of all, singing in a kind of balcony by some Tyrolese peasants in all their bravery of national costume. I think they "yodelled," but whatever they did it was very dreadful to listen to—my Yankee girls insisting upon my eating ice cream with them in a pretty little grotto, very neat and clean, and decorated with artificial stalactites and stalagmites of crystal, which gave it on this warm summer evening, a cool and refreshing appearance. When the singing began, we hurried over our ices and quitted the *Kaiser-garten*, taking a pleasant walk on the low level banks of the Rhine, from whence one can return to the city by steamer for a few cents. When we reached the hotel we told our waiter he must never do so any more, and watched him with great amusement as he tried to apologise. He was what one of the school teachers called a "monkey man," light and active, clever and polyglot, with the most extraordinary grimaces and contortions and sudden giggles, but a very good waiter, and anxious to have us see everything that Cologne afforded of amusement and instruction. I washed my hands of him after his "*garten*," and pinned my faith on the concierge who was a fair childlike looking young German, with a hideous peaked cap and a golden beard.

My Cologne Katerina put me comfortably to bed, after giving me a lesson in hotel German, and stumping heavily round my room, like an amiable cow for half an hour. She was so funny and so good natured, and such an awful owl, was this fat Dutch *madchen*, but she tramped willingly off down the street with my clothes to the laundry at eleven o'clock that night, and made me give her every order and direction in German, as I had asked her to, ensuring her obedience by the promise of "ein mark," and we had a great time of it. The Massachusetts girls are on either side of me, and come popping in and out of my room at very early hours on Sunday morning. They are shocked at me for going to "Mass," and so, much to my relief, they leave me to go alone, themselves writing letters until the orthodox hour of eleven o'clock starts them to the English Church.

The inside of the Cathedral rather disappointed me. I looked for the lovely wood carvings of Antwerp and Brussels and found them not, but the music was all and more than my fancy had painted it. That gradually dying away of the mellow basses, the soaring tenors, the sweet boy altos and sopranos, and the magnificent organ, was the loveliest effect I ever heard. Immense space and perfect modulation combined to produce it. I admired the great "*Suisse*," who are the vergers in the aisles, and I could have blessed one of them, in his great cloak and baldric, who sternly sat upon two giggling tourists kneeling near me, quelling them into red-cheeked confusion by his awful frown.

After Mass I went to the English Chapel, with an Australian clergyman and his wife, a queer, nervous, mistrustful pair, whom I won into confidence by my insatiable thirst for Australian news, and my unfeigned interest in what has always been a land of conjecture and curiosity to me. The English Chapel is a queer little flat-roofed building, down a narrow street, just off the square; the room was jammed, and very warm and close; the organ and the choir were a parody on a backwoods meeting house, but, somehow, even *that* asthmatic squalling was able to touch the heart of a lone woman many thousands of miles from home.

There was a very fat parson, with red hair and a redder face, and another still fatter, with a lisp, and the tiny chancel looked scarcely large enough to contain them, they were so crowded and so melting hot that I quite pitied them. After table d'hôte, I and the school ma-ams found a cosy corner in the reading room, and were about to keep ourselves out of mischief by going to sleep, when the head

waiter invaded the sanctum and made for us, full of chatter. "No, no, no!" I promptly stopped him, "We are not going out."

"Oh-h-h, but Madame will not in Cologne keep the sad English Sunday. What a pity. My ladies will go to the Kaiser-garten, oh, no, no, no, not Kaiser-garten, pardon! museum or park, oh, so lots of lovely places; *Madame*," (desperately) "you *must* not stop in this *lovely* day." I translated for the benefit of my friends, and then seeing them disposed to listen to the voice of the tempter I left them, and securing a very interesting book, I deliberately went to bed, and read until tea-time. After tea we captured the Australians, who were looking very lonely and sang some old-fashioned hymns, and chatted decorously until ten o'clock, and felt quite home-like and pleased with ourselves. I am disposed to boast of this model Sabbath, probably because it was almost the only one so well observed.

Monday morning I went to the museum, or rather as we should call it, the picture gallery, and spent nearly four hours there, sitting before some charming paintings, dodging the tortures of the martyrs, or admiring the beauties of other ages. Among the modern pictures, one attracted and impressed me by its very diablerie. Imagine the corner of an old shed roof, in an ancient back yard, and perched thereon the most villainous looking old Tom cat you can fancy, rakish and wicked, and as natural as life, and this work of art bore the tenderly suggestive legend, "At the Rendezvous!" It's a shame, I know, to select such a picture from the scores of beautiful ones on every side, but que voulez-vous?" The Cleopatras, the Lady Godivas, the Venuses, in their pure or sensual loveliness, cannot be described, but I think you *can* imagine the Thomas cat. There was also here the famous portrait of the sweet young Queen Louise, the great grandmother of the present Kaiser. In her long white satin "Empire" gown, edged with gold embroidery, and her short little waist tied in with narrow floating pink ribbons, her fair hair waving back under her little crown, from her broad innocent brow, her wide blue eyes and delicate nose and chin, her sweet rosy mouth, her tiny little satin-shod foot, stepping so daintily down the marble steps of her palace, she is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." She wore a wisp of tulle round her neck, jealously concealing her goitrous throat, which seemed her only blemish.

One sees photos and chromos of this painting in all the shop windows, it is of recent date, having been painted I think within the last fifteen years. The exact

date has escaped my memory. After dinner I thought of seeing a German hospital, and under the direction of the concierge took my way into the city, seeing many curious things and people as I went. Every now and then I heard behind me a clanking and clanging and a steady tramp, and had to step out of the way of a squad of soldiers, in the handsome "tin hats" and long boots of the "German," headed by an officer of decidedly warlike appearance, who directed the march with a look or a gesture, as he reined in his great horse and allowed us to admire him, or else I stepped into a doorway in some narrow byway, to allow eight youthful recruits to wheel past me a cart apparently filled with round cordwood sticks, but really containing the long round loaves of black bread for their frugal barrack meal. They are *horrid*, these raw recruits, towheaded, sunburned, hulking fellows, with great clumsy feet and guttural voices; I wondered would they ever develop into the dashing moustached warriors who occasionally rattled across the Dom square, with firm elastic tread and bonny bravery of silver chains and gorgeous uniforms and floating horsehair plumes. I found by and bye that the hospital I sought was too far to walk to, on so sultry an afternoon, so I found the Tram and reached it, thereby, in a few moments.

I looked about for some fruit, but fruit here as in Brussels was scarce and dear, and only some mammoth gooseberries rewarded my search. Armed with a large paper bag full, I boldly marched into the hospital, and paraded about for some time, finding all the ward doors closed, but they being half glass, I could look into the wards. A queer looking bulky sister of Charity came down the corridor, and I accosted her in my transatlantic German, "May I give some fruit to the little ones?" I asked, opening my bag for her inspection. "Ja-wohl," she replied heartily, opening the nearest door, and ushering me into a ward, where reclined some dozen or more of unwholesome looking little boys, who immediately went into fits of giggles, and covered up their pale little faces with the corners of the unpleasant looking sheets. I distributed my gooseberries and made them each say, "Thank you," and tell me what was the matter with them, I was then just as wise as before, but I thought it looked business-like, so I continued to the last one. I am sure Katerina would have been proud of her German pupil could she have heard me. A funny old ward tender who was shuffling round with a brush and dustpan, informed me that there was a "Sister" upstairs who could speak French, German and English, and I started in search of her. She held up her fat

hands and screamed with laughter, when I retailed the account I had received of her accomplishments, assuring me that the bad man had told me a wicked lie. Unfortunately he had only told the literal truth, for she mixed the three languages up in indescribable confusion that fairly bewildered me. She was very pretty and her bright eyes were dancing with fun, and she hurried me through several large wards of women and children, and cleverly contrived to humbug me out of visiting the men's wards at all. "It is so late, and Madame is doubtless weary, if Madame will come to-morrow at two, then will I shew the sick men, but they won't interest a lady like Madame, far better are the little sick ones and the women. *Au revoir, chere Madame.*" She was a slippery little humbug, this same polyglot Sister, and I'd have delighted in making her take me then and there to see her uninteresting men, only that I'd already had more than enough of the peculiar stuffy odor of this melancholy looking place, and was glad to hurry into the streets again. Yes, there are seven distinct bad smells in Cologne, and the smell in this hospital is one of the worst. It was a horrid place, and I don't like to think about it.

Our childlike concierge turned out to be a perfect treasure, so good and kind, and so ready to do any and everything for us.

When I got back from the hospital, I found he had sent the lanky porter to secure a berth in the sleeping cars for me, in case I decided to go up to Hamburg that night. After tea the Darwinian waiter followed me out to suggest that I should take a walk "over the Rhine, by the great iron bridge," and he pointed out six great stone towers which shewed the lie of the bridge. "Madame must pay six pfennigs" (about half a cent) "to go over the bridge, for see you, the bridge is built by private company, but presently will to the city be given, and then Madame (he-he-he-he) can promenade herself through Dentz, on the other side of the river, a little city very interesting, and come back to Cologne on the bridge of boats, and so by the easy way to Hotel du Dom, Is it not so?" and he hitched his shoulders up and his elbows out, and wrinkled up his forehead till he looked like an elderly chimpanzee.

I tried to laugh at him, but had no luck at all, and the more I laughed, the more delighted he seemed to be.

Then, like John Gilpin, I let out, little wotting of the rig I should run ere I saw

the Dom again! It was early evening, and after paying my two pfennigs, I strolled across the passenger way, by the immense bridge, stopping many a time to watch the swift rushing Rhine on its race to the sea, and dawdling delightfully along my way.

It was dusk when I reached up the Rhine, the lighted of stars upon the river's the city, and presently where was a "garten" and a and crowds of people saunpfennigs of toll, and I was bridge, watching the water, also, with doubtful heart, ering over Cologne Cathedral. I were at home again, and to get there. bridge I raced, pier, and plung- of the dusky homewards. It gloomy, and sud- of me, a swarm blouses, poured ed beer house, ing and quarrel-



PONTOON BRIDGE.

Dentz, and I could see far pontoon bridge, like a line breast. I hurried through rived at the bridge pier, band playing beautifully, tering about. Another two hurrying across the pontoon so swift and so close, and watching the shadows cathedral, and wishing very much still more, that I knew how

Over the floating and along the ed into the first streets leading was dark and denly, just ahead of workmen in out from a light- and gesticulating, blocked up

my path. I turned back to the pier, and tried a street a little further from the river, which was even darker and smelled vilely, leading me at last to a dead wall, back again I went to the pier, and tried a third time, and had raced along a block or two with pretty fair prospects of striking the Dom Square, when a window was opened just over my head, and a warning cry made me spring into a doorway, barely in time to avoid a drenching too horrible to think of, from the indisputable origin of one of the smells of Cologne. This *contretemps* finally routed my failing courage, and rushing back once more to the pier, I addressed the ticket taker, and a trembling English quite forgetting my German, demanded to be shown my way

home. "*Zwei pfennigs!*" he growled in reply, and actually I paid him, and started blindly back on my previous route, over the pontoon and away round through Dentz, shivering with disgust at those gruesome streets, and breathless with haste and fright, and so unnerved altogether, that when just as I reached the great iron bridge, a man stepped out and barred my way, I nearly dropped at his feet. He courteously demanded my toll, and must have fancied I had very urgent business in Cologne, by the good time I made getting there. When I finally reached the Square and cooled off, I felt the length of the race I had accomplished, and was very well pleased to sit in the reading-room in quiet and safety until the concierge called me to my train. And I wasn't destined to quit Cologne without one last pleasant memory! The concierge after thanking me for my bill and his fee, produced a very wide smile, and a very small wooden box, and blushing and stammering presented it me. It contained one of the pretty little glasses I had used at table d' hôte for my "*Rheinwein*," and which I had carelessly said I was tempted to carry away with me, on account of the engraving of the Cathedral upon it.

And now for the sleeping cars! All that the German people had told me about them was true, and still not half true enough.

One enters by the end platform, as in America, and proceeds by a narrow passage down one side, off which doors open into the compartments. Fancy to yourself—four little red berths, spread with snow white sheets and real down pillows, cunning little red blankets, and fawn-colored curtains over door and window. I was lucky and had a compartment (for ladies) all to myself. An old porter in a sort of military uniform showed me in, wished me "good night and good sleep," and that was the end of it until morning. No one bumped and bulged into me, as they staggered by, no lantern turned upon me its fiery eye, no hand came, in dead of night, uncannily groping for possible shoes to black, no doors slammed, everything was peaceful and quiet, and even the deadened rumble of the wheels was only a restful German slumber song! As the dear old Colonel would have said, "Now, this is first class." It wasn't all the same, but second class, though I thought, as I fell gently into Slumberland, "It's good enough for anyone."

The Metropolis of the Elbe.

AT eight o'clock, on a charming Summer morning, I emerged, washed and brushed, and very hungry, from my red boudoir in that haven of rest, a German "*Schlaf-wagen*." My first glimpse of Hamburg life, after the busy bustling station, was the tableau of the early fish market, my first openeyed gaze of astonishment was at a "flower-girl" from one of the River Islands, who strode past me, as I stepped from my coupe at the door of the hotel.

The fish market was a picture for a student of low life, and I stared from the carriage window with great amusement, as we drove quickly through its odoriferous precincts. The flower girl wore the most extraordinary costume, peculiar, I am told, to one Island in the Elbe, from which she came every morning by one of the little steamers.

Her headgear was a sort of hood or cap of black silk, perched on the top of which was a ridiculous child's hat, in shape "à la chinois." Her white jacket was tightly laced into a trim bodice of purple cloth, her skirt of the same, barely reached six inches below her knees, plainly revealing such a pair of calves and such trim feet and ankles, and such a natty pair of black shoes, and well girt hose, and broad silver instep buckles! The finishing touch to her costume was an enormous buckram bow, with long stiff ends, that was fastened on the back of her head. This "flower girl" may have been forty or fifty or sixty years of age; her grim weather-beaten face was as expressionless as though carved in wood, and she is one of the "sights" that open American eyes. Here and there, on the principal streets one sees her and her sister curiosities, with great shallow trays of charming flowers, so sweet and so cheap, they are a delight! The Hotel St. Petersburg is one of many that stand on the pretty boulevard facing the Inner Lake or Alster, a lovely little sheet of water, artificially constructed by judiciously damming and deepening and widening an arm of the River Elbe, which once on a time stretched itself lazily and marshily up into Hamburg. The Inner Lake is separated by an arched stone bridge from the Outer Lake, in which is a swan's house, and on whose shores are

numerous villas, baths, hotels, and a charming lunch and dining hall, where the little steamers that dart perpetually across the Alster, carry many a passenger, who prefers that indolent mode of reaching the spot to walking round by the shaded boulevard. From the "Ausser Alster" also branch numerous canals, each with its own peculiar odor, and which wind back into the city and float flat barges for freight of various descriptions. The street cars in Hamburg are peculiarly built in two compartments, the forward of which separates one from the liability of being strangled with stale tobacco smoke, and they have five wheels, the fifth being a small steering wheel in front, connected by a brake on the right of the driver, and used to throw the cars, or more properly omnibuses, off and on the track. It is amusing, in a narrow street, to see the great ponderous car turn obligingly out of the way of a furniture wagon, that is "moving" a Hamburger's Lares and Penates, and even as another car approaches, the driver has to turn off the narrow single track, careless of switches, and rattle his passengers over the tiny cobble stones until the way is clear again. It is a great contrivance this usually scouted "fifth wheel on a coach," and it works very easily. Another "sight" in Hamburg is a German nurse-maid. These young women wear print gowns, aprons, and caps, like any other maids, except that their arms are bare to the shoulder, and such arms for size and redness I never saw! They wheel their queer little charges in funny little wagons, or carry them on grand frilled and embroidered pillows, and one sees them by the score, round the shady boulevards that encircle the Inner Lake. After breakfast, acting on my usual principle of taking in the fun as it presented itself, I embarked on a tiny steamer labelled "Bainnbeck," and started, as I thought, for a sail upon the Twin Lakelets. We puffed gaily off, and darting under the stone arches of the bridge, entered alas! a little canal! It wasn't such a very little or odoriferous one, but I wasn't very well pleased at having omitted to enquire "Where?" as well as "How much?" when I realized that we were turning our backs upon the beauties of swans and grottos and green banks. We passed a pretty red church, the "Gertrude Church," and finally turned back from a wharf quite out in the country, and in due time returned to the Alster side. The charge for any of these little half hour sails is twenty pfennigs, about five cents, and I enjoyed the tour of the lakes later on.

On my return I paid a visit to the post office, and instituted a search for letters which should have been there, but weren't, at least the smiling uniformed "Deut-

schers" said so; I was unconvinced and essayed to enter into an argument with the clerks, but found my German did not hold out beyond the simplest statements. I was turning away, grievously disappointed, when I was accosted in excellent English by a nice looking man, who offered to explain my case to the officials. So we went at them again, but with no better luck, (though really my letter was all the time in the office), and my companion finished by expressing sorrow for my disappointment and handing me his card. To my surprise I found he was a man well-known in the world's highest musical circles, and I exclaimed quite involuntarily with pleasure. We had a long chat as we walked back to the Alster, or rather a torrent of questions and answers, and many a laugh interspersed, while I learned that the sweet singer was rustivating for his health and intended Norway and Sweden as his abiding place. "You should really take a week in Sweden, I could give you addresses and rates, and it would just suit you! The life is unique, and the Swedes are such dear good souls."

I left him at my hotel, and found that a German friend was waiting for me there, and by him and his Canadian wife, I was introduced into the bosom of a German family, where I enjoyed kindest hospitality and all the goods things of German home life—that is to say, if there is any middle class German home life—we should exclaim against the hours spent by the people in the cafes, where they congregate to smoke and talk, and drink coffee and chocolate and read the news, as regularly as the days go by.

I have put the verb to smoke first in that sentence; I should have put it last as well, for the beginning and end of a Hamburger's enjoyment is wreathed in tobacco smoke! In a crowded coupe, at the "*table d' hote*," in the home parlor, at the concerts, even at some of the theatres, most of all in the cafes, the smoke fills your lungs with second hand fragrance and your soul with loathing, till one could wish the whole tribe of portly, easy going "Deutsche" in the predicament of the gentleman who "off the blue Canary Isles, had smoked his *last* cigar!"

I shall not soon forget my indignant surprise at the "*table d' hote*" on Sunday at Cologne, when a voluble German on my right hand, who had been most anxiously polite all through dinner, and a like loquacious Frenchman on my left, who had given me many hints about shopping in Paris, coolly lit their cigars when the ice cream came, and puffed me into cloudland. I asked them point blank, if it were

permitted to smoke while ladies were at the table, and they innocently begged me not to leave, as they wanted to ask all manner of things about America, if I'd be so amiable as to answer them.

I stayed, on condition that they deferred their cigars until their curiosity was satisfied, and tried to explain to their continental ignorance the superior etiquette of my native land. They translated my remarks from French to German for the benefit of a fat German and his frau who sat opposite, and the man laughed heartily while the woman scowled at me and put out her lip, with an air of the greatest scorn, saying in a tone full of defiance: "Smoke *thou*!" as her fat husband fingered a like portly cigar. These German fraus are awful to me, they frown and grunt and put out their lips and grumble and growl to themselves like a small thunder-storm in their uncouth displeasure. I answered all the questions my acquaintances put to me as clearly as I could, and they translated the conversation to mein herr and the frau, but she only scowled the harder, and shook her head with an air of angry unbelief, that was so rude as to be funny. Finally my school ma-am friends rescued me from the foreigners, and we left them to smoke and chat over their wine in peace, while the frau sat back with folded hands and digested her very large dinner, and inhaled the smoke of all three cigars, like the veritable German that she was! And, as in Cologne, so I found it to be in Hamburg, whatever her "Mann" did was just right to the faithful frau, and she sat loyally by while he smoked, and she drank coffee or chocolate as he ordered it, and agreed with his flat-footed German opinions, until she roused in me such a wicked tide of rebellion, that I *longed* to be in her shoes for one half day, and treat her ponderous "Mann" to a taste of Canadian feminine independence, just to see what *would* happen!

They called me "Fraulein" because I wore my wedding ring on my left hand, the proper place in Germany being on the right hand; one is only "beloved" or "fiancee" otherwise.

Hamburg was very interesting to me, with its ancient squares, its fine boulevards and streets, its narrow byways, where the houses jut out further and further on each ascending flight, until they seem to almost meet across the streets, if one can call the dark and fearsome alleys by such a name, where the curb is only like the border to a very narrow footpath, instead of being actually the footpath of the street.

I took a short cut from one large street to another one day, through such a place, where, as my frightened glances strayed from side to side, my nerves grew more and more unstrung, and I formed a subject of remark and amused scrutiny to awful wrecks of fallen womanhood, yet beautiful and youthful, but more awful from that very fact, or a target for the sly dives and sprawls of pale, dirty, hideous children, who hung round the dark passages and corners of this terrible place.

When I related my terror and wonder, I was told that this street was one of the "sights" of Hamburg, and ought to be interesting to those who wanted to put down sin, and in fact, strange clergymen always were taken to see it, "The worst street in Hamburg."

But there are pleasanter things to write about in "the Metropolis of the Elbe," and one is the picture gallery. My kind friends and I secured a private view of its handsome halls and their adornments, and thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful paintings and statuary.

It stands near the stone bridge, and one day we had a delicious dinner in the cafe I have mentioned, and afterwards roamed through the gallery, taking all the comfort of the freedom and solitude of a private view. There are copies of several famous pictures, and some really fine originals. I knew less of Hamburg art then and was less appreciative than I am now, having since met an enthusiastic Hamburg artist in Switzerland, who gave me a great scolding because I did not better remember the pictures I saw in his native city. A thrill of pity goes through me yet though, at the memory of the "burning of a witch," portrayed graphically by some famous artist on an immense canvas.

She stood so fair and young, straining away from the new kindled flames, her great blue eyes dark with agony, her little feet cramped and shrinking, her round white wrists wounded by the tightly tied cords. At her feet lay her magic books and her charms, her cat and her philtres.

There was an exposition in full swing in Hamburg, and among other ways of sowing gapeed, one could witness the balloon ascension, and if one paid high enough, could ride in the air ship too.

I felt I must have that sensation, if I never came back, and accordingly was escorted by my friends to the field whence the balloon ascended. One pays ten marks,

about two dollars and a half, and climbs by a small ladder into an airy looking basket; four men in sailor costume, who stand at the ropes, await the signal, and meanwhile you wobble-wobble and bump the earth, with your heart in your mouth and your breath held. In the basket were the aeronaut and a German professor, who wished to ascend six hundred metres (about 2200 feet), and who stared at me through his colored spectacles, like a placid old amiable owl, with that bland expression that professors in story books always wear. "Fertig," cried the aeronaut, and I knowing that "fertig" was the German for "ready," took a fresh hold of my breath and waited, wondering why they didn't go! I looked over the side at last, and lo! the city lay three hundred yards below us, and still as I gazed down seemed to fall further and further away. I was "up in a balloon!"

The only thing that spoiled it was that we could not stay up for ever, and go higher and higher and higher, past the fleecy cloudlets that encircled us, and higher, where the stars shone ever in the daylight. I drank in the picture of far-off tiny Hamburg, its toy churches and houses, its ships in harbor, like specks upon the bosom of the Elbe; its wee lakelets, like two bright silver dollars among the green, the river winding like a silver ribbon round the green islands that lay like patches of moss upon its surface.

We came across a current of wind that was having a race all by itself through these upper regions, and were whirled round in a very startling manner. But all things have an end, and by and by the churches and houses and trees and lakes began to come up to us (at least, one has that impression), and we began to "come down," and in due time landed safe and sound. And it was worth five times the money.

But those pink sunset clouds, that look so warm and cosy, will never deceive me any more. They are rather cool, and decidedly uncomfortable, though indeed they were lovely, when we rode over them, and they parted as if shred asunder by invisible hands, and gave us charming glimpses of the panorama below.

One other pretty thing I saw in the Exhibition, or Ausstellung, as they call it. It was a cafe of fifty years ago—furniture, eatables, waiters, and all so quaint and interesting, and in connection therewith a killing collection of drawings, prints and ancient fancywork, and further, a cyclorama of the burning of Hamburg, half a century ago or thereabouts. In the foreground is the canal, blocked with scows

and fishing boats ; the water and the boats are all real for some distance. Into the boats is piled a conglomeration of furniture, charmingly carved and ornamented in brass, an antique spinnet, some delightful cabinets, a copper tea urn, an ancient parrot cage, a rakish-looking doll, a screen of bead work, some delicate old china (*how* I wanted to go to the rescue of one big soup tureen that was huddled among some unsavory-looking bed quilts!) and beyond these real articles the careful painting of the narrow fire-swept streets and the red hot tottering walls. It was explained that one suggestively torrid corner was a storehouse full of oils and varnishes, and that the firemen had emptied the contents of barrels and cans into the canal to reduce the power of the fire, while their comrades on the old fashioned hand engines busily pumped the inflammable matter all back again. If there be latent insanity in every one of us, as I've been told, surely a "fire" is the thing to develop it. As in the case of Chicago, a finer and healthier city has risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the first, and every day witnesses the demolition of some rookery which the fire spared, and its replacing by the massive columns and plate glass of the latter part of the nineteenth century. A Hamburger told me that this tearing down of old buildings and widening of streets was being hurried on by his fellow citizens, in anticipation of the incorporation of the city by the German Government, and new public buildings on a magnificent scale were being erected, and the city otherwise beautified by these knowing Hamburgers as fast as possible, with the fear of Prussian economy before their eyes. However this may be, certainly many a queer and quaint old edifice, once the grand home of some defunct 'burgher, bit the dust in this summer of '89, and pulling down and building up was the order of the day.

We saw a funny sight one day as we strolled down to see the harbor. It was an open air theatre. I had read of the open air Japanese and Chinese play houses, but had no idea that the verandah, with a door at either end, was the German equivalent of such establishments. The "play" set forth the love troubles of an ancient pedagogue and an equally elderly schoolmistress. Three wild boy pupils and a like number of short skirted, pink stockinged, very much bedizened misses, played pranks on their absent-minded teachers. Two enormous birch rods were always flourishing about, and a tin plate full of flour was in constant demand to smother the attempted love-making of the ancient pair, or to form a convenient

cushion as they sank exhausted after administering severe chastisement to their unruly charges.

It was too silly for anything, but the peasants and townsfolk who crowded round seemed to thoroughly enjoy the horseplay. We stood a few moments and laughed with the rest, and then inconsistently upbraided each other for being amused at such childish nonsense.

We got a charming view of the harbor from a high hill, where we established ourselves in a cafe, and drank chocolate and watched the myriads of boats, red-sailed fishing smacks, tiny customs boats, great ocean steamers, flat-bottomed coal barges, all in their turn threading the watery path to and from the sea. It gives one some idea of the importance of Hamburg to watch her harbor for an hour or two on a summer afternoon. She is so purely a commercial city that it is no wonder one is a little disappointed if one expects the culture and the refinement of the other great European cities, but she is teeming with busy workers, throbbing with powerful life, and rich with the tributes of sea and land. And though the North German may not vie with his more cultured brethren of the South, surely he enjoys his life in an easy-going, sensible way, that is a marvel to one accustomed to the bustle and hurry of American ways.

I was told that sometimes they close their places of business for two hours on hot summer afternoons, and the whole staff of clerks and principals betake themselves to the shady boulevards, the pretty parks, and the ever blessing Alster, to smoke and rest and meditate, and lay up stores of strength and quiet nerves, that shall carry them heartily into a good old age. And bethinking me of the long hours, the overwork, and the continual strain on body and mind of our commercial life, I cried out for a modicum of this German good sense among my friends at home.

Talking of cultivation and education, reminds me of the pretty fashion they have in Hamburg of distinguishing the different boy's classes in the public schools by the color and ornamentation of their little peaked caps. For instance, first class, or senior boys, proudly sport a bright red cap, with a band of gold braid; second class, blue and gold; third, green and gold; fourth, black and gold; fifth, red, white and blue; sixth, green and silver, and so on. A very small genius sometimes wears the senior red and gold, and a very tall dunce the fourth class black

and gold, and so, one can usually gauge the boy's mental capacity by the color of his cap.

A pretty spot in Altona, a suburb of Hamburg, is the "Flora," a garden and pleasure resort, where we went one evening to hear a concert by a large and splendid Viennese Orchestra. A cornet solo, arranged from the beautiful German song, "O Schöne Zeit," delighted me greatly. I always think a cornet is such a *manly* instrument, and the Herr Professor who blew into it on that July evening was a master of its most ringing and its tenderest tones. In the Flora is an artificial pomegranate tree, the rosy fruit of which serves as burners for rose colored electric lights, while round its foot are clumps of "marguerites," whose white petals are formed of long slender jets of gas, darting from the yellow heart, most lovely and fairy-like in effect, among the green leaves.

I should have enjoyed myself thoroughly among all these pretty things had not I been placed between the Scylla and Charybdis of choking to death from holding my breath, or inhaling some yards of tobacco smoke, fresh from the lips of the Deutscher who happened to be my next neighbor.

Either Scylla or Charybdis or both laid me low next morning, and I missed the Sunday morning service, but when I made my appearance after dinner I found that the "sad English Sunday" was over. Grandpa and gran'ma remained seriously inclined until tea time, but the rest of us went wickedly off for a walk, and "took the baby" to see the seals and bears and elephants in the Hamburg Zoo. On our way home we came upon a typical German scene. A hurdy-gurdy (operated by a ragged sailor) was giving forth the sweet strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, and pairs of small girls and boys, with flaxen heads and faces of great content, were slowly turning, in perfect time and step, on the wide flagged pavement. The fair evening sun shone down on their little rotating forms, and lit up the groups of peasants and loungers who stood about the street. It was holiday, not holy-day, with these innocent sinners, and somehow I could not be very much shocked at them.

My ideas became still further confused when we reached home, and found a housefull of relations come to tea, and we had quite an impromptu entertainment afterwards.

A long line of grand-children, from fourteen-year-old Marta to two-year-old

Yennie, gave us recitations and dialogues, and received from grandpapa divers small coins of the realm as reward. These coins they straightway deposited in their "banks" to buy Christmas presents for their parents, and by this arrangement their German love of "*quid pro quo*" was satisfied, and also their money or money's worth was kept in the family.

Marta's recitation was "Excelsior" (Marta spoke English), and it was comical to hear the sweet girlish voice parrotting off the verses. Her funny inflexions as she calmly remarked, "Life liss und beau-tee-fool he la-a-y," made me bite my lips to keep down a smile which would have been worse than cruel.

A brisk little "*son's wife*," round, smiling and unconscious, gave us the benefit of her "English" by singing for us "Yon Byown's Bodie," which she announced was to hang upon a "*sauer appelbaum*." Dear little fat frau, how I shrieked at her rendering of that venerable ditty, and how merriment reigned as her German relatives chaffed her for her audacity. I was called upon in my turn, and sang them a ballad which would *not* have been "according to Hoyle" on a Sunday evening in Canada, and created quite a laugh by demanding from the capacious grosspapa the customary five pfennigs. He gave it to me with a mighty laugh, and I keep it among my "*souvenirs*." The whole party then sang some of the German Moody and Sankey hymns. They were good Baptists, and chanted forth the strange words to the well-known tunes in a bewilderingly familiar and unfamiliar way. Then the "*son's wife*" sang for us, "Oh, that will be joyful," with many apologies for her want of "pronunciation," which she had acquired, she told me, during nine years' residence in New York. This Sunday evening, with the happy simple gathering of a German family, was finished by a goodnight hymn and a sonorous and comprehensive prayer from the grosspapa, after which we all began shaking hands with our friends, with each other—I had almost written with ourselves, there was so much of it.

I greatly admired the grossmama's stoves of iron work and tiles, which stood in the corner of every room, six feet high, two feet deep, and a trifle more in width. I looked upon them in silent doubt at first, wondering were they monuments to some departed fathers, mothers or children of the house. Being in the middle of a very hot summer, I had nothing to suggest *stoves* to my mind. Grandmama was very proud of one beauty in the family dining-room, and its being pointed

out for my admiration led to my discovering that it and its counterparts were simply stoves.

Some other things have puzzled me since I came here, most of all, what idea of comfort prompts these good German Housewives to cover their beds with nothing more than a pair of sheets and a bag of feathers? My bag of feathers is of crimson satteen, and my upper sheet is richly embroidered all round, and buttoned up over the edges of it, so that the embroidery shows prettily on the crimson.

I have had great tribulation with that bag of feathers! Underneath one, a feather bed in July would be bad enough; how much less endurable its enervating heat, when spread *over* tired limbs and fevered body?

Grandmama's cookery was another subject of interest to me, and it was worth a little stumbling among German verbs and declensions to learn how to make German apple pie, or Hamburg steak, or Gherkin salad. Writing of eatables reminds me to speak a good word for the German potatoes. They were very small, not larger than an ordinary peach, and very yellow in color, with a sweet nutty flavor I have never tasted before.

Flieda, the good natured kitchen maid, was always ready to laud "*Grosmama's*" dishes to the skies, and keenly appreciated my thirst after knowledge, and still more my delight in and admiration for her dainty kitchen, with its paved floor, its shining copper saucepans, and most charming of all, its range of blue and white tiles and copper rods and knobs.

Flieda held up her plump hands and ejaculated "So," when I tried to explain to her the true inwardness of my pet washing machine and exclaimed with "devout profanity" "*Lieber Gott*," when I told her of the exactions of the typical "Biddy" in American cities.

She amazed me, in turn, by some of her German idiosyncracies; for instance, her firm conviction that it was a reckless and unwholesome proceeding to eat one's breakfast eggs hot, or even slightly warm. First she used to boil them hard, and we always found them cold, then she grasped the idea that three minutes was the limit we gave to their sojourn in the little shining saucepan, still they were cold, until one morning I happened to see her whipping the barely cooked eggs off the range, and popping them under the cold water tap! Some one recommended us

to invest in some sealskin during our stay in Hamburg, and accordingly we sallied forth to find a certain furrier who was known to the family. The result of several visits was the acquisition of a stock of furs for each one of the party, the choosing and the fitting of which quite tired us out. When a coat was fairly on its owner's back, for fitting, the old furrier would summon his wife, the wife would call her son, the son would order in a workman or two, and an apprentice would edge himself into the last available corner to see the show! I was so tired of the talk and the bargaining and the sight of the sealskin, that it will need a very cold day indeed to make me look back upon it with anything like patience.

The first thing to be thought of, when my visit to these kind friends in Hamburg drew to a close, was the purchase of a round trip ticket to include the various places I had time to visit, and which would save me a large amount of time and trouble.

A fat and jolly agent on the Neuer Wall studied with me a map of Central Europe, and following with a corpulent pencil my tracing finger, informed me that he could arrange me a very nice tour to include all the places I had pointed out.

"And for how much?" I prudently enquired. "The lady will go second class, of course," he remarked. I demurred a little. "Is it comfortable everywhere as here?" "Certainly, my lady. *Only princes and fools travel first class in this country!*"

This sweeping assertion, made in the flat-footed way the Hamburgers have, quite silenced my objections, and I agreed, always comforting myself with the reflection that if I didn't like it I could pay the difference and change.


"In taking the round trip ticket you save about fifteen dollars," he informed me, and on figuring it over to myself I found such was the case. So I became the possessor, for the sum of 174 marks (about forty-five dollars), of a little many leaved book, on whose "open sesame" the delights of Germany, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Switzerland and the Rhine should unfold themselves before me. Over 3000 kilometres (whatever is a kilometre?) by boat and rail, the fat man said, could I scurry about by virtue of this funny little book and its green pages.

The first and nearest point of interest was Berlin, whither we should wend our

way on the morrow. My German friend and his Canadian wife, her father and her son and heir, a lovely boy two or three years of age, were to be my companions for at least so far on my tour. So I would enter the Kaiser City under German chaperonage, and I indulged in great and marvelous dreams after I fell asleep under my feather covering with my book of tickets beneath my pillow.



The Kaiser City.

HE trip of some five hours, from Hamburg to Berlin, was so very hot and dusty, that I shall always remember it as the most unpleasant bit of travelling of the summer. I was separated from my friends on the tobacco question, they going in a carriage where one might smoke the air blue, unrebuked, while I established myself in a "*Nicht rancher*," non-smoker, or ladies' carriage, where I eagerly scanned some Toronto papers which had arrived almost at the hour of our departure, and varied that amusement by watching for a glimpse of the funny looking "gate tenders," whom we passed like a flash. Once I had a momentary picture, that lingers by me yet, of an old gate tender of the female persuasion, massive and stolid, and sunburned and hot stood that old Dutch-woman, with her red flag rolled on its stick, and brought to shoulder a la militaire, her head "bandanaed" in a large blue cotton kerchief, her ample form loosely clad in a short white cotton jacket, and a blue skirt, from under which her sturdy bare calves and dusty feet stared unblushingly. She was left far behind in a twinkling, to stride slowly back among her tulips and cabbages, and put away her little red flag on the vine-embowered window sill of her quaint little cottage, until another train was due.

My friend and her pretty baby paid me half an hour's visit, and tried to tempt me back with a description of a very grand young officer, whose sword and trappings had delighted the wee boy, as his gracious manners and good looks had favorably impressed the mother. But I asked coldly, "Did he smoke?" and being assured that he did, most emphatically, his fine uniform and finer manners had no further attraction. On this trip I first saw those little German maidens, who, with small racks of glasses filled to the brim, walk up and down the platform squalling, "*Frisches wasser*." It is delicious, the cool, clear, fresh drink, and the small maidens hand it up indifferently, without money and without price, only it is proper to drop a small coin in the glass when one hands it back to its owner. They never smiled, these glum little water-wag-tails, but ejaculated "*Danke*,"

and took up their discordant cry until more tumblers were emptied. One can quite imagine their joyless faces and sturdy little forms blossoming out into such a grim old gate tender as we had passed on the road awhile ago.

Two voluminous Sisters of Charity shared my coupe for an hour. They wore the usual immense headgear of black veils and white frontlets, and guarded between them a japanned box, of which one of them never let go her hold, crooking her fingers through the handle even while she snored contentedly in the heat and dust. When both these fat, placid-looking people fell fast asleep, I'd have given a good deal to peep into their precious box, and watched with great interest its gradual slide to the edge of the seat, as the jarring of the train and the weight of the good sister's fat hand gently accelerated its downward course. When, finally it topp'ed over, I caught it just in time to avert its landing on their toes, and wasn't surprised when the pair decided not to continue their after-dinner nap in my company. I am sure they suspected I had tipped over the casket, and doubtless read my curious glances aright, for they kept open eyes from henceforth till, being arrived at their destination, they were driven off in a country stage to somewhere beyond my view.

This hot, dusty, unsociable trip was awfully tiresome; no pretty frau or fraulein came to cheer my solitude, and when about nine o'clock we rattled into the outskirts of Berlin. I was thoroughly moped and tired. We had not settled on a hotel, and stood, a typical group of strangers and pilgrims, gazing around us at the crowds of wayfarers, the porters, the various railway officials, and guards, and the piles of baggage. A burly porter exchanged a few words in German with our chaperon, and immediately began to load himself up with our various articles of baggage, and tell us of a grand hotel which was just one block away. We streamed after him, papa, mama, grandpa, baby and I, through the brilliantly lighted station, across the cobblestoned, dark street, until we arrived before the entrance of a very fine place indeed.

"Hotel Continental," remarked grandpa, and so it was. No less than six natty little boys in bobtail blue jackets lifted dainty little gold-laced caps to us, with profound salutes, as we entered the portals. One apiece to carry our satchels and one to lead baby to the elevator. "Pretty nice place," said grandpa, I assented wearily, gazing round upon the flowering plants, palms, ferns, marble pavements

and pillars, plate glass and mirrors, which encircled and beautified the entrance hall. Meantime our chaperon had interviewed the clerk, and judging from his tone, wasn't in the most pacific of humors. "Come," he said, finally, "I have got some sort of rooms; let us go to them and get ready for tea. I am *starving!*" (You know the voice of a not-to-be-trifled-with hungry man!) We followed meekly and in silence, baby gazing with round delighted eyes at the pretty boy who politely led him to the elevator, and presently found ourselves before some massive double doors, which being opened revealed to us three charming rooms. I didn't inspect the other two, but mine had a piano, and various "*articles de luxe*" of that sort, and as the waiter ushered me in with many bows and some disjointed English, I felt a cold chill run down into the very bottom of my pocket book. The man left me to meditate on so much grandeur, while he answered the chaperon's questions about prices, &c. Presently I caught several words of German, which I freely translated to the effect that the rent of my room was two dollars a day, a look at the price card on the door confirmed my conjecture, and I called the waiter in as he passed and had a real English pow-wow with him.

"This room is more expensive than I like, and if I am to stay many days in your beautiful hotel, I must have one not so fine!"

He bowed politely and waited for more. "Have you not some room smaller and for less money?" "Yes, my lady, a very small room on this floor for four marks the day," (96 cents) "and yet another on the floor above, larger, and very nice indeed, for three marks, which will madame have?" "I will go and see them first," I said, and decided on the larger one, even though on the second floor, as it was rather more roomy. It was charmingly pretty, with electric light, and such a nice writing table, a cunning little drop light at the bed's head, with a red tulip bell for a shade, a swinging mirror, and a roomy clothes-press, everything to make life happy, and all for 72 cents.

How glad I was to establish myself in my cosy little chamber, and forget all the grandeur of piano and cheval glass and marble-topped tables and heavy silk bed canopies.

My waiter delivered me over to another, who called a very stylish young lady to fill up my pitcher and make everything comfortable. The maids are neatly dressed in black here, with frilled caps and large aprons, and my attendant looks

cross enough to turn milk sour. I am awfully afraid of her, as I timidly watch her whisking things about, hanging up my travelling cloak with a vicious shake, turning down my sheets and poking up my pillows vindictively, and finally wishing me an acidulated "*gutenacht*."

I sigh for my pretty Katerina of Antwerp, who would have unbuttoned my dusty shoes and sought out my slippers from the carryall, and cooed over me and made me smile back at her, however tired I was.

But Katerinas don't grow on every tree, and my Berlin housemaid may turn out better than she looks. I run over a small, dark man presently, in my famished race down the corridor to the "*speise-saal*," and I mingle my apologies with his and retire in confusion. It is the Prince Von Hohenlohe, who is also a guest at the Continental, my waiter informs me, and I am quite remorseful for having bumped his diplomatic Highness so rudely; but he should have looked out better. I saw the other day in a review that this same serenity had been giving voice to his opinions and experiences after a few hours sojourn in New York, and that the utterances were not complimentary to Gotham. Well, one can easily imagine how that happens, in the contrast any German Highness would feel when the courtly deference of his compatriots was exchanged for the independent condescension or the inquisitive curiosity of the "voters" of America. Poor little dark man! and peccavi! I too have sinned by treading with democratic feet on his patent leather corns.

The dining-room is pretty full, and while I wait for my tea and beefsteak I admire the pretty faces of some ladies who are having a light supper near me. They are not natives, but unmistakably English. Some one comes in to look for them, a sweet looking German lady and her soldier husband, and English speech changes to German, and question and answer, reminiscence and regret tell that the party have travelled together not long before. The visitor takes possession of the eldest daughter and carries her away to her German home, and after her departure three pouting faces are turned reproachfully to "mamaw," and three injured voices proclaim, "Oh, how horrid of you!" "Really, mamaw, it seems as if Alice gets everything. Quite too bad of you, mamaw," with a little sigh.

What that British matron had been doing to call forth this storm of reproaches I could only guess, but Alice's fair sisters were not pleasant company for the next

five minutes, and I was amused to see the way "mamaw" ignored their displeasure, calmly reading a letter, and holding up her long eyeglasses as steadily as if she were stone deaf, or at any rate, had no such word as indignation in *her* dictionary! I remember gratefully the perfect service and delicious edibles at the Continental, and how refreshing was a really good cup of tea in a delicate little china cup.

Here, for the first time, under the orders of the chaperon, I paid for my supper when I got it, and found it came rather expensive. However it had been previously decided that we should patronize the numerous cafes and restaurants during our stay in the Kaiser City, not so much for economical reasons, as that we might see this way of living, so new and at first so uncomfortable to our Canadian ideas; and our chaperon, after promising us all sorts of good things on the morrow, went out with grandpa for a smoke and a walk "*Unter den Linden*," while we wearily sought our cosy beds, and were soon in the land where no trouble comes.



A Day in Berlin.

IT began very early, when I awakened from a frightful dream of casualties and catastrophies in my home circle at Toronto, which dream I have no doubt was caused by the capsial of the bag of feathers which adorned my bed, and which I had stood up between myself and the wall before retiring. These Berlin beds have their proper complement of clothing, and only were finished off in a decorative way, with a small-sized feather bed over all. I righted it, and deposited it on the floor, when my eye was caught by a small moving object, slowly making its way up the white counterpane towards me. In five seconds I was a remorseless murderess! Like Marta's "Excelsior," life-liss und beau-tee-fool he la-a-ay. Happily, as far as I could discover, he was a stranger and alone, and after assuring myself of this fact I fell asleep again, red-handed. They did not believe me, of course, those other people, but so began the day.

In due time my waiter came tapping to inform me that it was "eight hours," and immediately after a patter of little feet and a small but determined voice demanding to be let in advised me that "baby" was up and ready for work, and that it behooved me to follow his good example.

Baby is a famous traveller. He marches along the streets with a sturdy little tramp that scarcely ever varies or wearies, and it is a long walk indeed that calls forth the tired-out command, "Ca'yay *me*!"

His big eyes gaze about in the most observant manner, and his small voice continually calls our attention to the "Lions," and he is seldom sick and never sulky by land or sea, though he *has* fits of perverseness which he carries through to the bitter end, though that adjective is an outrage on the lifting of lovely tearwet eyes, and quivering heart broken looking mouth and penetential sob, "*Will* be good boy," which always ends the trouble.

Just the kind of independent enterprising mannikin who is everybody's pet, who

gets smiles and sweeties from the shop clerks, and who is discovered after frantic search by parents and guardians riding up and down in the elevator with the elevator boy, both talking very happily, though neither one understands the language of the other. His advent was always the beginning of smiles and blandishments from waiters, clerks and concierges in shops or hotels, and when after sustaining a German English dialogue that was nothing if not comical, he gravely bid them a serious goodbye, it was pretty to hear their hearty tender German voices murmuring the endearing diminutives of their language, in tones of which our baby was sublimely oblivious, as he marched off in a businesslike manner to "*see more.*" At the cafes or dining tables his invariable order was, "B'ed and mi'k," and this abstemious diet was one secret of his happiness. Of course, anyone who has any ideas about Berlin, has a fancy picture in their mind of the world-known street and promenade, "Unter den Linden." There is a world of suggestion in these Sylvan words.



THE BABY.

Perhaps my mind picture was too fairly painted, but I confess I was a little "let down" when I emerged from the cross street, whereon our hotel is situated, into the great promenade. The rows of linden trees down the centre, with the broad asphalt or macadam walk between, the busy streets on either side, lined with splendid shops, hotels, cafes, and, further on, palaces of the "well-born," was all too stony, too hard, too dusty to come up to my ideal, but yet "Unter den Linden" is a grand old street, and a fine place to see the varied life of the "Kaiser

City." I wandered down the Linden side alone, full of my "dream fulfilled," and remembering how I had long wished to stand just here and watch good old William and his "Fritz" cantering by, as they had done so many hundred times in the days gone past, when suddenly I looked up and gave a surprised start, to see inside a second floor window the very old Kaiser, in his well-known uniform, gazing benignly down at me. Of course, he turned out to be only a wax figure in a sort of "Madame Tussaud's" waxwork show; but the sight of him appearing so appropriately with my thoughts gave me quite a "turn." The window in the Kaiser's palace, where the Emperor used to stand at noon each day and salute his people, (who always gathered in numbers, swelled by transient visitors to Berlin upon the square at that hour), was curtained and closed the day we drove past to have a look at the habitation of Royalty. The palace was also practically deserted, as the young Emperor was off to England at the marriage of his cousin, Princess Louise, and the Earl of Fife, and his gentle wife was rusticating some-



KAISER'S PALACE.

where among the German baths with her little family. I wanted so much to see the old Prince Bismarck, but he also was away, and his palace guarded by the regulation sentries was quiet and retired behind its great iron railings and courtyard of trees and flowers.

The stern looking soldiers stood fairly roasting in the hot noon sun, iron satellites of their Iron Chancellor. Presently in my after-breakfast walk, I met the rest of the party who had breakfasted in a charming resort on the Linden walk. It is called the "Cafe Bauer," and since that day I've heard several travellers descant on its desirability as a residence during a short stay in Berlin. "Mama" informed me that it was pretty nice, adding, "Funny too, they give you your coffee in

glasses." After a short discussion of how to spend our morning, it was decided to take a drive and look at the outside of the theatres, museums, palaces and other grand public buildings which ornament the Capitol. And right here let me remark, that there is no more idiotic way of



BISMARCK'S PALACE.

wasting time and money than to be driven about a large city on a hot day with a driver whose explanation of things is confined to inarticulate grunts, and who either cannot or will not exert himself to point out and identify the various objects of interest that *must* be as thick as flies on sugar. Such was our way of spending the warm hours of that July forenoon, and all that I remember of the performance is that the thermometer pointed to "very warm," and that the strong sun and rattling drive over the small stones of the streets gave me an atrocious headache. However, it was the first and last time of doing, and the lesson was cheaply learned.

In after walks I grew familiar with the entrance to the Linden walk, the great "Brandenburg gate" magnificently arching the street and giving the finishing touch to that end of the promenade, and also the bridge called the Palace bridge, which spans a branch of the River Spree that separates some of the finest part of the city from the main land at the other end of "Unter den Linden."

But Berlin is not pleasant in the heat of summer, the soil seems very dry and dusty, and the level land is monotonous, and after the high and airy mountain at Brussels, or the cool wide Rhine at Cologne, or the shady banks of the Alster at Hamburg, it was still more disagreeable. After our uncomfortable drive, we adjourned to a *café* that looked very cool and tempting, where we entered by a deep arched doorway, and passing through a large dining hall, emerged into a sort of

courtyard covered with glass, where were little tables innumerable and where we proceeded to camp out for luncheon. I wonder are my readers tired of hearing about what one gets to eat in these countries? One more German lunch I am about to inflict upon them. Looking down the bill of fare, ("*speise-karte*") I consulted with *monsieur le chaperon*, and begged for something purely German. "Here *is* something," he assured me, "a kater-brotchen—now kater is German for Tom cat—will you have a 'Tom cat,' so, and some anchovy sandwiches, you like them, and a schnitt?" I ordered them and waited expectantly to see what kind of meat or poison they might be, inwardly protesting against the feline edible, till assured by my friend that it was only a name given "one knew not why."

"I shall want something to drink," I remarked, thirstily, at which my good adviser informed me that I had ordered it, as a "schnitt" was merely a small glass of beer, the slang term coming from the German verb "*schnitten*," to cut. The "Tom cat" proved itself a very tempting affair indeed, consisting of a slice of buttered bread covered with a like sized slice of cold roast veal, a couple of sardelles, some aspic jelly, four quarters of a hard-boiled egg, and an assortment of pickled capers and beans, gherkins and cauliflower. It was quite pretty, and with the cool beer and sandwiches made me an excellent lunch. I opened my eyes at the enormous mugs of German or Bavarian beer which loaded several of the neighboring tables, one in particular, at which sat a very handsome and roguish-looking parson and his female image in the shape of a fine-looking girl of twenty or thereabouts. The quantity of their libations caused me to imprudently remark that I wondered how the pretty maid would manage to stow away so much beer. The merest glance and twinkle of her eye betrayed that she understood or guessed my indiscretion; she turned and made some remark to her companion, and they both regarded us curiously. Baby returned their stares with interest, and presently without further introduction marched over and entered into conversation with them. Alas! they spoke not English. But the way that fairhaired fraulein peeped and smiled at him, and then turned her back, and then peeped and smiled again, was too pretty for anything. She drank all her foot high mug of lager too, like the true fraulein that she was, and seemed mightily to enjoy it, clicking down the silver lid of her great mug in a satisfied way after the last draught.

When we emerged cooled and rested, after our queer lunch, baby spied some

waxworks in the showcase of an exhibition of that sort, and remarking "Want to see more," coolly pushed the door open and demanded to enter therein; we followed and paying each fifty pfennigs (about twelve cents) were soon gaping and gazing at the attractions such affairs present. A funny little incident happened while we were in the apartment, where sit and stand representations of all the crowned heads of Europe. An old English gentleman, very red faced and irascible was finding fault with the wax figures of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

A few tourists stood smiling at his pettish remarks, and somehow I got a special benefit of them, perhaps because I cannot always preserve that gravity which is so desirable on such occasions.

"Atrocious humbug!" said this irate personage, looking angrily round, "not a bit like the prince; a positive caricature of Her Majesty! ought not to be permitted, makes a man *lose all patience!*"

"Aren't the rest of them good likenesses?" I asked meekly, indicating the goggled eyed row of magnates from every nation under heaven. "Know nothing about 'em, madam, and care less!" he said loftily, "*all I know is*, that such abominable effigies should not be tolerated *even here!*" We entered into a remarkably lively conversation, but unfortunately our English politics did not quite agree, and he hobbled away in a rage. He seemed a most fiery and peppery old party and was not even appeased when I did violence to my loyalty, and told him the story of the Gladstone devil in the Antwerp Cathedral. He evidently considered it hard on the *devil*, and wouldn't accept my olive branch, but stumped away on his crutches muttering terrible things, and I was just mean enough to go after him and tell him that he would find a splendid figure of "old man Gladstone" in the room he was about to enter. "Then I shall certainly *not look at it!*" he roared, hurrying off in a perfect fury, at which a little Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders with the remark that "Monsieur disarranged himself." Many queer and curious things were in this Musee, and also the inevitable little tables for wine. Baby was perfectly delighted with the various groups and automata, and shed tears over a little scene of want and misery called "Nobody's children," and we trailed about after him amused with his childish wonder and happiness.

I have just been thinking what a difference soldiers make in a city, how they give tone and flavor to the daily sights and sounds, and how many of them there

are in Berlin. Out in some suburb there was a great review, that first day we were in the Capitol, and at sundown the officers came riding and driving "Unter den Linden" home to barracks or hotel or palace by the score. How bravely they shone in their magnificent uniforms, and how fierce and stern and *hungry* they looked. As I sat on one of the benches and saw them clattering by, I realized how fine a show a few thousand of them would make, and anathematized anew the spirit of stupidity that had set us driving about the hot squares when we might have been gazing on the flower of the Vaterland in all the panoply of mimic war.

Talking of the hungry warriors reminds me that on this evening I made my first break for freedom from the traditions of my youth by marching boldly into the Wilhelm Halle alone, and ordering my own dinner, in fear and trembling, be it confessed, that I should do as the illiterate maiden of the American city, who, sooner than confess that she couldn't read, paralyzed the waiter by ordering from the bill of fare "dry bread" and "pay at the door."

Really I had some excuse with my hazy German for being nervous about ordering anything, when the literally translated name of my delicious lunch had been "a little piece of Tom cat bread." However, I sailed boldly out upon this dubious sea, and secured a very well made Consommee, "Vienna baked hen," vegetables, bread and butter and tea, for the sum of forty-five cents, and being suddenly aware that living was much cheaper in Berlin than I had expected, I figured up my day's board and lodging and found that it amounted in all to one dol. and sixty-seven cents, and this for lodging the most comfortable and elegant, and such unique vicands as I have mentioned. I hope my less practical minded readers will forgive the many talks of expenses that creep into my story of the Happy Holiday. What should I not have given for some such authentic summing up before I faced the unknown life of Europe! Grandpa and I finished the day by a stroll and a seat Unter den Linden, where we amused ourselves watching the lovers and other prowlers until ten o'clock. The electric lights made the place as bright as day, but did not interfere in the least with the love-making between Hans and Gretchen. One practical young pair had a long piece of "*wurst*" (German sausage) and some rolls, which the fraulein sliced and handed to her sweetheart, sharing evenly with him in the frugal repast.

They said not a word that I could hear, but devoted themselves to their supper, which was sweetened by an occasional hug and kiss for Gretchen, when her "*jungmann's*" mouth was free from sausage or tobacco smoke. Pairs and pairs of strollers passed us, always the same, a natty trim young soldier and a plump "*madchen*" in a cap and big white apron, the *madchens* chattered and the tall warriors grunted an indifferent assent, or growled a disapproval as their humor went, and as I watched them trudging along, holding hands, I admired this unsophisticated way of conducting their "*affaires de cœur*."

One little tragedy I saw which interested me greatly. A pretty slight girl came slowly creeping up, and sank wearily into the chair next to mine, her air of utter despondency and weakness making me look at her rather curiously. She watched the broad path down the Linden with intent eagerness, more than once half rising from her chair, as an unusually tall and strapping soldier came clanking under the flickering shadows. She sat so long that I had forgotten her, when suddenly she raised her head, at the same moment that a couple came slowly sauntering down the Linden walk.

A very big, handsome soldier and an overdressed, laughing girl, who hung on his arm in a lolling and objectionable *abandon*, very different from the careless, happy, hand-in-hand swing of the capped and aproned Gretchens. They passed us very close, as we

sat in the shade, and while I looked with disfavor on the pouting lips and artificial blushes of the loud chattering girl, my little neighbor gathered her shawl round her and bent down her face while they passed, then leaned forward and looked after them with such a sad little tear-stained visage that I could not bear the sight, and turned quickly away from her.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.



TOWN HALL.

When I looked again she was stealing away, with a hopeless drag in her slow steps, and her thin little hands clasped together. I can fancy I see you smile at my sentimental imaginings, but the case was too plain not to be understood, and the

Linden walk in Berlin will ever be haunted for me, by the clasped hands, the bent head, the little fragile woman in her dark coarse dress, the smothered "Ach," full of chagrin and reproach and pain, that gave away the story of the fickle warrior and "the girl he left behind him."



"Charlottenburg."



E "slept in" next morning, as it was nine o'clock when I opened my ears to Baby's vigorous assault on the door panels. So much for the comfort of the Berlin beds.

"Come, you've never had breakfast in a cafe," said mama. "Let us all go together to one this morning." Truly, I have a great objection to sallying forth unfed and looking about for a place to breakfast, but for once I joined the party, and we found a cool garden opening off the Linden walk, with a sort of cloister round it, under the shadow of which were tables and chairs. Forty minutes did we wrathfully wait for our coffee and bread and butter and boiled eggs, and I mentally vowed it should be my last cafe breakfast. I got so tired of the cloister and the court with its fountain and laurel screen, and bust and portrait of that brisk "new broom," the young Emperor. (And I was amused to read in the papers, a few days back from this day I am writing, that the Emperor has prohibited any more images, graven or otherwise, of himself to be exposed anywhere in public without a special permit.) I used to be so sick of that white marble bust, with the ribbon slung over the shoulder and the star on his breast, that presided over most of our pleasures, gastronomic or otherwise, in the City of Berlin.

After our long delayed breakfast, I bullied my good friends into joining me in a trip to Charlottenburg, a pretty little town three or four miles out of Berlin, where is a palace, the summer home of the Royal family, and a mausoleum, which has been the Imperial burial place for four generations, having been erected to contain the remains of that sweet little Empress "Luise" and her royal Spouse. We took a short route car by mistake, and found it left us at the Zoological Gardens, round which is a road which answers to Rotten Row, or the Bois de Boulogne, and where we met several parties of ladies and gentlemen riding on the soft roadway, and enjoying the smell of the deep wood that borders one side of the path. It was cool and shady, and when we emerged on the tramway again a

car for Charlottenburg was drawing near, and, our chaperon hailing it, we prepared to take our places. But, though the driver and conductor both saw us, the car did not stop until it had gone quite a distance past, and then we found out that the cars don't stop for signalling, but only at certain stated intervals, and one is supposed to walk to the little sign board that marks these intervals and be in waiting. We caught it, however, and soon came to Charlottenburg, where, if ever I went to Berlin again, I should like a boarding place.

Great high, two-storied street cars run in and out at short intervals, and nearly all the way the trip is through handsomely planted streets, and then Charlottenburg is so cool and quaint and "*country*." We were told that the second story of the car is only for men, smokers, and that ladies couldn't go up. I was awfully tempted to *try*, but deferred to the wishes of the rest, and smothered patiently below. Even a harmless cubeb cigarette which one can smoke "for a cold" any time would, I fancy, have so paralyzed the conductor, if I had lit it in a matter-of-fact way and proceeded up the stairs, that he would never have said me nay. Certainly what is a martyrdom down below, in the heat and dust, would be a very jolly ride away up high, while the view would have been delightful, and the daring of it just enough to make a person pleasantly excited. We rambled along the main street, and presently came to the palace, which was bare and hot and buff and ugly to a degree. It was built by Frederick the Great, and he ought to be ashamed of it, for one who can have things as they like should have them beautiful, when they are to last as long as palaces are supposed to do. It encircles three sides of a paved courtyard, the fourth side being railed in with tall iron railing tipped with gold, and a pair of wide entrance gates.

We strayed about for a little, chatting to some of the workmen who were lunching in stray corners, drinking "health to the Kaiser" from a rickety old pump that gave us charming icy cool spring water, until we were accosted by a very pretty, plump little dame, who supplied us with entrance tickets and declared herself our cicerone. We found several other tourists waiting at the entrance, and so we men and women straggled after the little guide. Her first directions struck us all as most comical. She pointed smilingly to a pile of the queerest looking things lying in a corner of the entry, and informed us that we must put them on our feet before we could tread upon the venerable inlaid and polished floors. They were like giant bath slippers, made of thick felt, gray in color and

unwieldy in shape. Baby created a laugh by putting both his wee feet into one of these monstrosities and standing helpless, remarking, "Can't walk in it," on which he was allowed to patter his flat little shoes over the slippery floors unguarded, with the result that he was oftener sitting down than standing. "What floors they'd be for roller skates," remarked somebody. After a few "preliminary canters" we managed to scuffle along without stumbling, and amid much giggling and fun, entered the first of the state apartments. They were very grand, very empty and so purely show rooms that I did not get up much interest in them. I think I admired the floors as much as anything, though we saw the salon of mirrors, the rose salon (all rose-colored satin and gold lace from floor to ceiling), the salon of Gobelin tapestry (I felt like a Philistine because I could not admire it, but in my uncultured heart thought it perfectly hideous). The music room, where a wonderful old pink and white enamelled piano gave forth some terrible whirring sounds, under the sacrilegious fingers of an old lady in the party, who straightway received a stern and scathing rebuke from our rosy conductress, and was eyed wrathfully from henceforth. The salon, last of all, the decoration of which was a gift from the Chinese merchants, and is lovely.

The walls are quite covered from dado to frieze, with little gilded shelves and brackets, on each of which stands a specimen of valuable china, vases, bowls, plates, jugs, dishes, cups, by the hundreds, all in blue and white, line the three sides of the room, and even among the tiles of the ornamental fireplace, tiny shelves carry their precious load, and bamboo tables, screens, "*papier-mache*" cabinets, Chinese idols, dragons and snakes, silken scarfs and cushions are strewn about in rich and delightful profusion.

Passing from this salon one enters the Chapel Royal, where I recognized shortly the recumbent statue of the pretty Empress "Luise," a little plumper and more matronly than in her picture at Cologne.

Her shilly shally good old husband, the great-grandfather of the present Emperor lies beside her, and the place of their rest in effigy is a quiet pretty little room, with its throne place, its organ, and a few fine paintings. We found when we had scuffled through it, that our tour was ended, very much to my disappointment, for though the state apartments were very beautiful, I had hoped to see some of the real living rooms of the royal family, but neither smiles nor tears would have moved our pretty cicerone to give us a peep, so we pranced out of our



EMPERESS LOUISE.

seven leagued boots and returned her musical "*Adieu*" with the best grace we could muster.

We wandered about the park, where is the famous mausoleum, which one can see I fancy for miles away, and the doors of which have opened so many times since it was built in 1840. They are opening, even as I write, to receive the old Empress Augusta, the poor old grandmother who mourned her good husband and son so truly. She and her old Kaiser, and the iron man Bismarck always made a Trinity in my thoughts of Berlin; two of my Trinity are away, and it must be that soon the sturdy old Prince will succumb to that power that will not be defied. Kind old mystical William, and good old Grosmama Augusta, it will be a large contract to fill your shoes. Ah me, I pause, and that ridiculous which so often touches the pathetic comes uppermost now, and I grin over the recollection of *our* shoes at Charlottenburg, and the contract we failed in to fill them.

We strolled about the garden and admired sixteen immense hydrangea trees in luxuriant bloom, which stand like sentinels along the private front of the palace, and we enjoyed the shady benches under the trees and the cool fresh country air. A crowd of men were painting, grasscutting, watering and sweeping during the absence of the illustrious inhabitants, but though the main drives and walks were trim and formal, the rest of the place was quite wild and uncared for apparently, though I suppose it is only judiciously left alone. It seemed a charming quiet home for the young people and their rapidly increasing little family, and was altogether quite unlike what I had expected.

We shopped a little, of course, in Berlin, but found things very expensive. So far on my trip, I had tried to avoid the appearance of a *tourist*, abjuring field glass, and travelling cap and little satchel, but in Berlin I weakly gave way, and purchased a little satchel with a long strap to sling across the shoulder, which proclaimed "*This is a female on a tour of Europe*" as loudly as a speaking trumpet. But my book of tickets was too large for my pocket, and my pocket was hard to find (you know that kind of a pocket), and the little satchel was so convenient and so neat that I bought it. But I was always ashamed of it, and it is now hidden out of my sight. I had also a barbaric longing to buy some Rhine stones, they were so big and so shining and prettily tinted, but an awful memory of the sarcasm of "Max O'Rell" restrained me, and no gorgeous jewels flashed upon my "mourning gown."

A funny little happening came, while we were bewildering ourselves in a "maze

of mirrors," a sort of labyrinth in some kind of exhibition really, the most distracting and addling place imaginable. When one had arrived at the end thereof one could admire the interior of a Turkish Harem, the curtains over which were drawn aside by an immense Nubian slave. It was very pretty indeed, and as we passed out, I don't know what prompted me to say, referring to the great Nubian, "Well, really, you look more like a plantation nigger than a *Nubian*!" Of course, I spoke in English in making this very personal remark, quite satisfied that my opinion was sufficiently disguised thereby. To my startled horror, the fixed black eyes rolled and twinkled, the black face expanded in a grin as wide as it was good-natured, and the "Nubian" replied, "Gor bless you, Missie, so I is! a real South Carline nigger." In the midst of the laugh at my expense, the Nubian deserted his post, and told me a long story of his misfortunes, alluding with shame-faced disgust to his masquerading costume. As this "costume" consisted of the next door to nothing at all, I don't think I can describe it, but his necklet and armlets and anklets were very handsome imitations of Eastern jewellery, and would even have seemed appropriate to Max O'Rell! I think our baby's delight in him was the richest spectacle, and the Nubian was so good to him, leading him safely through the labyrinth before he raced back to what he had, I am sorry to say, described as "all dis d—d foolishness." The next city of importance on my ticket was Dresden, and on the fourth day of our stay in Berlin I confessed to myself that I was rather looking forward to going thither.

I can fancy I hear my German friends ejaculate, "*So!* four days in the capital, and nothing to write about but the Linden walk and a waxwork show!" No one feels more than myself that this is not enough, and it were easy to me to fill in a great deal more with the aid of a guide-book, and no one the wiser.

But one of the idiosyncracies of which I was guilty during my happy holiday, was not to purchase one solitary guide-book; a time-table I did procure with my ticket, but it proved a Chinese puzzle to me. A guide-book acts on my mental faculties just as an elaborate bill of fare does on my appetite. The consciousness of so much to be eaten or rejected always takes the zest off my hunger, and the well ordered pages of "sights," views, objects of interest, and so on, of Baedaker or some lesser light, would have given me a surfeit in advance. What happened to come my way in my rambles came by searching and asking for myself, the human nature that interested me could not have been found in any guide-book,

but in the intense sympathy for and with every kind of human creature, that I thank God for giving me, and that has made my life happy with this terse motto, "*People, not things.*" "No guide-book," said the Doctor, "why, how *foolish!*"

And then I told him that it was *lovely* to be thoroughly and undisguisedly ignorant sometimes, and to have some soft voiced "*Viennese*" or portly "*frau*," or rollicking student, or grave Herr Professor, or liquid eyed "*Italienne*," or laughing Tyrolese, or independent Swiss pour floods of information and instruction into your benighted brain. Bless you, they were worth all the Baedakers in Europe.

For my scanty information about Berlin, I will not try to apologise. There are pictures and schools and libraries and theatres, (indeed there was even an opera) but the fates fought against me and I entered not, nor saw, nor heard. But I have a pretty memory of the Linden walk, and the glades and lawns and grand salons of Charlottenburg, and more, I cannot, though I would. Nay more, I have a delightful little scene, when I caught my vinegary femme de chambre, with smiling lips and softened eyes, gazing at our sleeping baby as he lay in all the beauty of his rosy innocence; a gentle tender woman she seemed for the moment, when I came suddenly in upon her, and though she dashed out with darkened brow, I caught her, oh *I caught her!* The air was suffocatingly hot when we trotted across our corner to the station to put ourselves into the train for Dresden, for so much further were my good friends coming. Thunder muttered of great things to be done before long in the electric line, black walls of cloud rose up along the horizon, and presently a blinding rain storm blotted out the view, as we went scurrying over the rails.

Between the bursts of storm and rain, we caught glimpses of the country fields, where patient men and women (*not horses*) ploughed and raked and harrowed, the women in bare feet and kerchiefed heads, plodding about the fields or kneeling while they picked their creels full of the good little yellow potatoes, always doing their share and more of the field labor; and now and then we flashed past a quaint clean little village, or caught a picture of some lovely "*schloss*" perched up like a dainty lady away above the toiling masses. And as the Saxon mountains began to lift themselves on either side and the rain cleared off and the fair land lay soaked and cooled and refreshed, and new views and beauty spots flashed by on right and left, I began to shake myself free of the depression which had seemed to hang over me the last four days, and looked forward with the old zest and eagerness to the delights

of the China City. The hotel selected by our chaperon was in the new city, and in our ignorance we took a carriage to go there, unwotting poor pilgrims! that a very fine and comfortable hostelry was almost under our noses, as we left the train. With a fervent prayer that the happy star which had shone on our choice in Berlin might still shine over Dresden, we piled ourselves up in a rather small cab, and went rattling down a handsome street and over a bridge, and drew up at our temporary home just as the evening shadows began to fall over the tall spire of the Frauen Kirche, an ambitious church which I am told looks down upon us poor folks from a point three hundred and thirty-five feet on high. I felt just a little bit disappointed in the direction of our drive, for my cross chamber maid had managed to convey to my mind the fact that she had been for a long time employed in a certain hotel in Dresden, which she recommended very highly as just as good as the Continental, and naturally I was anxious to put her information to the test, but I decided to give up that notion as it was growing late, and as I said before earnestly hoping all would be well, I cast in myself and my carryall to remain with my friends.

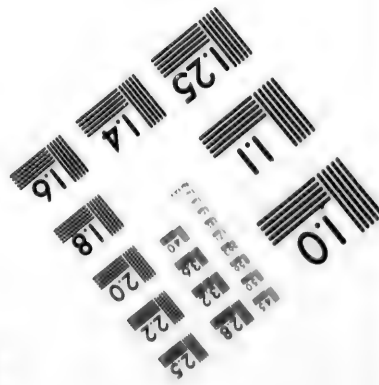
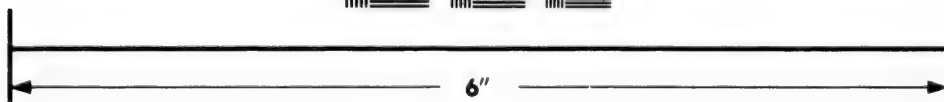
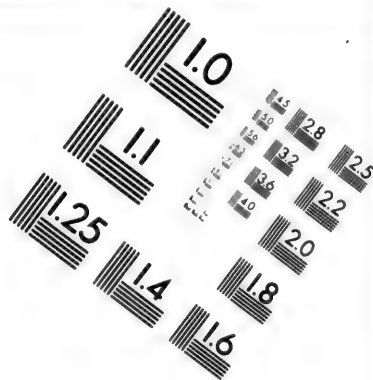


The China City.

IN a subdued and spiritless manner we entered the hallway of the dingy looking hotel, which had from the first been on the wrong side of my approval. It was situated in what is called the "New Town," though it looks venerable enough, that part of the city on the other side of the river being known as the "Old Town"—a strangely misleading appellation. Had I had my way we should never have unstrapped a satchel in this hostelry, but though I objected and found fault and made myself in many ways disagreeable, the majority was against me and rooms were engaged. The rain wasn't quite over either, and even the dull lugubrious looking house was a refuge from the wet streets and sodden trees, so we took ourselves upstairs.

Arrived there, like the giant in the fairy book, I "smelled a smell," and proceeding to investigate, found the water supply cut off from the house and the sanitary arrangements all "tore up." Then we had been given the queerest looking rooms, in shape like a corset box, so long and so narrow, and so cluttered and littered with all kinds of furniture and odds and ends that I had to call the waiter to carry out at least one enormous armchair into the hall, to allow me to reach the dressing table. It has since occurred to me, what I might have been sharp enough to urge at the time, only I *wasn't*, that the whole house was under repair, except these few lower rooms and therefore they were used as storehouses for the furniture from elsewhere. Among the "*bric-a-brac*" that filled all but a narrow little path down my room, were two dingy little beds, covered with horrible white openwork counterpanes, that showed grizzly-grey in the modest light of one small candle, and gave me an uncomfortable feeling as I surveyed them.

But one hundred and twenty miles of railroading had made us hungry and we charged ravenously down to the Speise Saal, to be greeted by the most unearthly waiter I ever looked at; his yellow, waxy face and glassy eyes nearly took away my quite ferocious appetite. Everything was nice on the bill of fare, and being fed, made us once more feel alive and ready for new sights and happenings



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The rain had ceased, so Mama and I took Baby across the Augusta bridge for a walk, penetrating under the deep portals of the city gates, past the famous Green Vaults (please don't want a description of them, for I never entered therein) and into the Market Square, where the Town Hall attracted our notice (these old cities are great on town halls!) and then back past the "Bruhl Terrace," a high promenade reached by a flight of steps and attached to the like named palace, which I was told was once the residence of the favorite of one of the Emperors, and recalled to my mind half forgotten stories about that princely Bruhl, who had a more gorgeous train and finer table than his royal master, and who broke up the finances of Saxony in a very reckless manner. Those were the real "boodling" days after all!

Every step we took made me wish we were settled on this side of the river, but by and bye we retraced our steps to the bridge and regained our hotel, to find Papa highly amused over a wine vault he had just explored, and to beg in vain to be allowed a peep at the interior thereof. It was a weird and extraordinary sight, he told us, but, like German *fraus*, we were to be contented with *his* having seen and enjoyed it, and not want to enjoy it ourselves. So we imagined the noisy songs, and the cobwebby ceilings, and the dark faces of the jolly Saxons, and were content!

After writing up the day's "notes," from which this history of a happy holiday is taken, I wearily turned myself into my unsavory looking bed and slept as, cross or amiable, I generally can, and was in the midst of a horrid nightmare, where in I was smuggling *two seal skin sacques* past the eagle eyes of a New York detective, on a broiling summer noonday, when my dream was broken by an uncomfortable sensation. I opened my eyes. There it was again! And after half a moment's meditation, I leaped up with the single exclamation, "Fleas!"

I think they came upon me in close marching order and at their usual speed, for before I could light my lilliputian candles, they had supped sumptuously off my unprotected carcase. In the morning I gloated over a few little "deadens" in my wash basin, but for the most part they took their "nips" and disappeared faster than travellers at an American refreshment bar. Oh! that long uncomfortable night and those ubiquitous and lively fleas, and also the variegated chromo I presented when morning dawned, to gloat over my wounds. A young German couple in the next room, separated from me by only a pair of warped folding doors, gig-

gled and gurgled over my discomfiture, but I suppose the fleas won't bite the natives. We breakfasted in glum and gloomy silence, poor little Mama having "made a night of it" also, and then we darkly conspired together, and went innocently off for a drive and *never came back*. "*Monsieur le chaperon*" did though, for our luggage and to pay for our night's entertainment, and uttered some unrighteous tarrididdle about our having "gone to our friends" in the old city, and then after having inspected the hotel of the Berlin maid's recommendation which, for some unexplained idea, did not suit "*Monsieur*," we arrived close to the

railway station at a very fine hotel, where I was made happy with a pretty, cool, roomy chamber, overlooking a sort of courtyard, or "*garten*" (where the everlasting little tables suggested beer and tobacco) but seeming very homelike to me, with its wide awning covered windows and pretty furniture. Just the same price as the other! Presently, we continued our mendacious drive and enjoyed it immensely. We forgot all about our night's warfare, as we drove slowly through the "Rose garden." How can I make you see the long avenues, lined with thousands of dainty blooms, red and pink and cream and white, fresh from their rain bath, and filling the air with heavenly fragrance, or the charming views and vistas, or the



A NOOK AMONG THE ROSES

air with heavenly fragrance, or the charming views and vistas, or the

sweet surprises of snowy marble, sculptured to shape of nymph, or cherub, or goddess, gleaming purely among the green. We drew long, satisfying breaths of perfume from the laden zephyrs, and our pleasure was not loud, but deep, and its memory ineffaceable. "Roses, roses, everywhere!" as Swinburne sings, and the words always take me back where a sudden recollection of them found me, to that sweet spot. Our driver was a young Saxon, brim full of fun, and he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the peals of laughter that continually rose behind him, as we dwelt upon our night's misery and our morning's stampede, while we bowled along the shady streets of the China City.

Occasionally, he made an excuse to turn round and look at us, by pointing out some house worthy of notice. "Prince George's house; the prince is away now!" Just then a small school "let out," and as the little Dresdeners came scurrying from their class, I asked: "All these his children?" The Saxon gave a broad grin and said comically: "Lady, Prince George is not your Brigham Young!" I thought him rather sharp and the possessive pronoun specially amused me.

We drove through a pretty part of the city, much affected by Russian and American residents, near which are the Russian "*Kirche*," with its florid decorations, and the prim American church. There is further on an English church, vine embowered and very pretty, a wee bit like our little chapel in St. James' cemetery, in Toronto. But all around Dresden is pretty; the palm garden, the rose garden, the country drives, the forests, the Elbe and the mountains.

After table d'hôte, Papa and Grandpa went out on business and we, being left to ourselves, planned various escapades and amusements. Attractions are only too numerous in Dresden; one could take a drive where the mysterious forest fills one with awe, or the lovely Saxon mountains shape themselves into successive panoramas of beauty for miles and miles into the country, or close beside the Augusta Bridge one can mount the many steps of the grand "*Bruhl Terrasse*," and watch the river steamers going to and from the sights and views and waterfalls up the river, or admire the ornate "*Zwinger Pavillion*," which looks as if it had strayed here from some land of decorative fever, or one can penetrate the dim entry of the Green Vaults and gaze on what remains of Saxony's royal treasures in bronze and ivory and precious stones. Dresden is easy to see and most lovely and interesting, and her people seemed to me more attractive than the Germans, more alert and quicker to catch the bright things of life, and less suggestive of over-feeding.

We sallied out into the sun that warm afternoon in search of something to amuse us, and the first thing that attracted our notice was a cyclorama, with a sufficiently gory battle scene to entice us. It was, of course, a battle in the Franco-Prussian war. One wonders what the cyclorama business would be without those battle scenes! It was the taking of a small French town by the Germans and Saxons, and graphically portrayed the dogged resistance of the doomed Zouaves, to the terrible charge of the "Invincibles," as they sternly contested every foot of vantage ground, every wall and house and hiding place until they had hallowed them with their warm life stream. Death everywhere, in 20,000 different forms met the poor creatures in that bloody little



ZWINGER PAVILLION.

fight. I had a long chat with the "lecturer" and found he had been one of Prince George's soldiers, and had fought in five engagements. This one in his own cyclorama being one of them, and he pointed out, with loyal pride, the figure of his handsome commander, leading on his men, cheering them by word and gesture to their bloody victory. "At Sedan," he said quietly, "I was wounded in the leg," and he fished out a little box from his military breeches pocket and exhibited to me the leaden messenger that had carried some Frenchman's love to him.

It was most interesting to have this unpretentious soldier point out each General

and explain the different uniforms and tactics (as well as he could) to my un-German ears. But you will see that I was getting a grip on the language, when I tell you that he neither spoke nor understood any other. He had funny little anecdotes about the officers and comical little incidents about the war, which I would I could relate to you in his inimitably quaint and sedate manner. We spent a very interesting hour with him! When we emerged, rather warm and tired, from the heated atmosphere in the cyclorama, temptation awaited us, almost on the threshold, in fact a *two-storied car* was approaching and one woman sat aloft among the smokers. She was evidently a native and was under the protection of a dashing young fellow, in such an alarmingly tight uniform, that I wondered how he had ever dared to risk sitting down. We hurried to the "station" and up we went, a laughing, handsome conductor saying heartily, "*Ja wohl*," when I asked could we mount the "winding stair." Then we had a *lovely* time! away up high. We trundled merrily through the city, looking down on the crowds and the shops and here and there a *gendarme* standing where the suicides were buried in olden times, "A place where *four* rode *didde* *meete*." They stand just in the centre of the four streets and woe be unto the conveyance that transgresses the very strict Dresden laws of the road. Presently, we turned with the river and soon were skirting a block away from its bank, gazing our delighted fill, at the peaks of the Saxon Switzerland. There was an open air fete going on in some meadows, between us and the river, and crowds of quaintly dressed masqueraders were on their way thereto. Clowns in motley, very suspiciously masculine looking old women, in gaudy bonnets and tri-colored sunshades, bands of music, and cargoes of eatables and drinkables of every description.

Our conductor explained the affair to us. He called it the "*vogel-weise*," said it would last but one day more and recommended us to take it in on the morrow. "But that will be Sunday," I said, momentarily oblivious of my continental surroundings. "A good day," said he equally oblivious of my transatlantic Sabbatarianism. He presented me with a cute little map of the Dresden "*Pferdebahn*," or street railway, which was a very useful little guide, and at the end of our return trip carried Baby down for us and was unblushingly rewarded by an embrace from that enchanted juvenile

Such a day in the open air, after such a distressful night, made us all willing to go early to bed and at a most exemplary hour we tuckered ourselves into our restful

looking sleeping places. Alas, for me ! about eleven o'clock I was roused by a shout of laughter that seemed to come from the recesses of my lace draped windows, which *had* to stand wide open, on account of the warmth of the night, and as I sat up and listened, I became sadly aware that some kind of special "high jinks" were commencing in the "*garten*." Rough men, rougher women, roughest of all words raised a constant din until about two o'clock, when the lights being unceremoniously turned out, the company noisily stumbled and tumbled into the street. On enquiry of the concierge next morning, I found it had been a re-union of "*abbies*" and their friends, whose constant arrivals, late, later and latest, had been greeted uproariously by the already well *beered* crowd within. These "Cabbies" have the most amazing capacity for beer. I could scarcely believe that one of our drivers had the previous evening stowed away eighteen of those mammoth schooners of liquor, at the expense of a tourist whom he had driven to and from the vogel-weise, and who willingly paid for the beer, hoping for *once* to gauge a German's utmost capacity. "I *had* had enough," said that individual, on recounting his happy experience, "but I should have taken more, if "*der Herr*" would have paid for it." And he expressed himself willing to prove his statement to our complete conviction and to go us one better (as the boys say) if we were willing to foot the bill. We turned away in great disapproval and I suppose he set us down as very humdrum tourists indeed ! There were so many American and English people walking sedately to church on Sunday morning, that it gave our street quite a home-like look. I took Baby for a stroll, but soon returned him to his parents with a sleepy excuse that I must go and have a literal "Sabbath" and try and avert a nervous headache which was hovering over me. A very warm bath and a tight bandage over my forehead, soon settled the headache, and I lay drowsily half asleep, until I really felt hungry, when a trim waiter brought me such a daintily served lunch on a silver tray, as would have tempted a much more delicate appetite. He also brought me the information that the afternoon service in the American church would begin in about an hour and that it was but a short walk. So I arrayed myself in a cool gown and having hunted out my prayer book and purse, I set off to my duty, cool, refreshed and in as prim a frame of mind as ever I was at home.

Baby inveigled me in vain, with his coaxing cry, "Go in cars *more* !" and I left him in wrathly silence, puzzled poor bairnie, as to the way to employ his Sunday

in a land so demoralized, where are no "Sunday 'Cools" for little American "kindergarteners."

The American church is a prim little building, beautifully finished and a great credit to the children of Uncle Sam, who support it. I wondered at the numbers of people, looking very un-American, who were strolling in the same direction as myself, and apparently going into the church enclosure. I was soon wondering anew, when I saw they were making a short cut of it to some sort of hedged in park, in which hundreds of Saxons were enjoying the Sunday afternoon and where the "sad English Sunday" was evidently "*taboo*." It was very queer as we devoutly prayed for the President and the far-off American Union, to hear the band in the park lifting up aggressive harmonies from the latest operas, or, as we endeavored to follow the choir in their galloping race through the sweet evening chants and hymns, to be startled by a sudden clash of cymbals and thump of drums, that made an indescribable discord of "Tallis" and "Morningside," and ducks and drakes of the lovely old "Lux Benigna." It was a delightful surprise also, when the service was over, to be pounced upon by sudden welcoming hands and to hear happy voices whispering, "You never saw us, *did* you?" and to recognize with great pleasure some of the dear, good people with whom the happy days aboard ship had been spent. We chatted and laughed down the shady street and declared it was too charming an evening to go in, and suggested various places to go and sit while we finished our talk. "The Rosegarden?" "Oh, we've been there for two hours this morning. *Isn't* it lovely? I never really appreciated roses before!" "The Terrace?" "Well, yes, we can take the car, its quite too long a walk." "Oh," said I, with sudden remembrance, "have you ridden on top of the cars out into the country?" My pretty maiden and her mother were quite taken with my account of this ride, and we left our prayer books with the concierge and "encored" the performance of the day before, admiring the grand houses, the mountains, the hospital, all the natural loveliness of evening sunset and hill and dale, and taking particular fancy to one snowy building, pure white from chimney to basement, and which proudly announced itself on its spotless flag, lettered in gold, to be the "White Schloss." I know what a fortnight I could spend among these frowning cliffs and passes, and I could hardly help envying those parties of tourists we occasionally spied out tramping here and there to picnic, or paint, or gaze lazily at all the beauty spots of this beautiful part of God's Earth. But

time lacked for such a happiness, and one had to be thankful and appreciative for even a look at the Saxon Switzerland. I often think of that Sunday in Dresden; the peaceful dreamy morning and the after-service in the prim church, and the happy ride in the late afternoon with my pleasant ship friends, and with the memory comes the soft, rose-scented wind, blowing through my lace draped windows, and the distant hum of the city life below, and the intermittent chatter of the people who lunch and drink beer in the green "garten," with the constant click, click of their beer mug lids, and the cry of a cranky, old, profane parrot, who flings his badlanguage into the general din, and by and bye the whistle of the train for Prague, which sends my thoughts thither a day or two in advance. I shall be alone once more, for my friends can go no further with me, but are going to Carlsbad and Bayreuth, "Join hands and through the middle," while I skirt the wider borders of Austria and the Tyrol.

The party were to leave Dresden at noon of this very Monday and after we had breakfasted, Mama said, with just the woe begone look that her baby can put on: "*And I have never seen the Sistine Madonna!*" To heal that broken artist-heart I'd have done more than offer to take care of the small woman and conduct her to the shrine where she longed to bow, and accordingly we started in a great hurry, a portentous growl following us: "Be sure and get back in time for the train!" We found the museum and having delivered up our umbrellas and paid our fee, we soon discovered the object of our search, and my heart was at last satisfied with a Madonna. No "fat Mrs. Rubens," spread her great avoirdupois before my disapproving eyes, but instead, an innocent, broad-browed, brown-eyed maiden, so sweet and pure and wondering, with her lovely baby, just the image of herself, a creature that one could love and almost worship, only for the human nature of her. And those blessed cherubs who lean their fat arms on the edge of the lower picture frame and gaze (such perfect *child* gazing) up at the fair young virgin. I almost felt them too real for a picture. An artist friend of mine has taken me to task for objecting to the introduction of the venerable Pope and the female saint on either side of the Blessed Virgin. What on earth they want there I cannot imagine but you need not look at them and we didn't, fixing our eyes and thoughts and memories on the pure, thoughtful, innocent face of the Virgin, or the placid intent gaze of the cherubs, or the bright, wide-awake countenance of the holy child Jesus. On that hurried visit I had scarcely time to appreciate the other

gems of the Royal Picture Gallery. Only that one picture, in its room alone, repaid our effort to see it, but later on I found my old loves, the Correggio Magdalenes, and a wonderful "Ecce Homo," of which, I am ashamed to say, I've forgotten the artist, and Holbein's Madonna and others, fair enough and fascinating enough to keep me gazing all the next morning. On Tuesdays the picture gallery is free, too, and though there are more people there than on pay days, still one can never complain of a *continental* crowd.

On Monday noon when I had seen my friends off on the Carlsbad train and returned for dinner to the hotel, I had a funny experience. The day was suffocatingly warm, the sky overcast, and I was tired out after our race to see the Raphael picture, and thence to catch the train. I was sitting on an iron rustic chair in the handsome entry to the hotel, waiting for the elevator to take me to my room, when suddenly the glass doors into the "*garten*" slammed together, the waiters ran from door to windows, a dense cloud of dust sped past the entrance door and a terrible crash of thunder and blinding lightning burst overhead. I was thoroughly unnerved (for I blush to confess a thunder storm is my "*bete noir*") and I screamed long and lustily, as this very startling disturbance made me spring from my chair.

The concierge, feeling unequal no doubt, to managing this new and alarming style of "American frau," ran for the proprietor, who came hurrying to me, and taking hold of my shaking hands, led me into a little sort of boudoir, where after depositing me on the sofa, he proceeded to close up some iron shutters, thereby rendering the room as dark as Erebus, then he lighted a tiny taper and ran off for a glass of ice water (that being the standing article in demand by the American guests.) By the time he got back, the serious air he put on and the whole completeness of his manoeuvre had struck my funny side and I was in two minds between laughing and crying, though the latter won the day. "Ah, Madame, be not so affright," he said in the most soothing tones and in very "anxious" English, "So is my poor wife in like distress with Madame, when it makes thunderstorm! Drink of the ice wasser and to sleep go, so! so! It will soon be ofer! To sleep go!" The tone was so funny and protecting that I felt very small indeed, and meekly closed my eyes, wondering to myself if he had his wife entombed in another vault and if "Madame" was sufficiently thankful for a husband who took such a serious view of hysterics, instead of scowling

with disgust, or driving one nearly wild with argument as to their unreasonableness, or inquiries as to their origin. Such reception do they usually receive from the Lords of Creation. After those soothing remarks, the maitre d'hotel tip-toed out of the room, with ludicrous and elaborate caution and left me stifling with laughter and heat, until his wife came presently to see if I were getting better. If *she* suffered from nerves of any kind, as he had informed me, her appearance was very misleading, for a more placid and composed blonde I never saw. I just thought it was one of those inventions which his politeness and good heartedness had suggested as being apropos under the circumstances and calculated to make me feel more comfortable.

Mama had whispered me (in strict confidence) that they had gone to tea Sunday evening in a charming cafe, where a Hungarian band had played the music in which my soul delighteth, and having received full directions from her as to location, prices, etc., I set out after a long sleep, to find my "*Souper*" in the same delightful place. It was only a stone's throw from the hotel and I would wish my visiting compatriots in Dresden to explore it for themselves, when they want a pretty place to eat a good dinner in! The entrance coffee house leads to a "garten," with a bandstand opposite and the usual number of solid little green tables, set out for dinner under the spreading trees. By the way, how soon one gets accustomed to the idea of eating out of doors and how very much pleasanter it is after the first newness wears off. My "garten" was the least little bit damp under foot, after that heavy shower and my shoes being very thin, I demurred a moment, but my attendant waiter, with a sort of instinct, seemed to divine my hesitation, for he whipped up one of the tables and carried it into a snug little corner and reappeared in a moment with a footstool under his arm and smiles on his round, plain face, and with a decisive "*Now, Madame!*" settled me to his and my own satisfaction. Then I confided to him that I was "*sehr hungrig*," and indeed my appetite was in fine order, after a long day's fast, but you should have laughed at his idea of what a hungry woman could devour. A brown soup, a pint of chocolate, an enormous veal cutlette with two poached eggs on it, (a new dish to me, so you may be sure it caught my fancy) and all the vegetable and other accompaniments did he unload upon my little green table. I am sure he brought enough for four meals, and when he presented his bill I was so surprised at its diminutiveness, that I recklessly presented him with a whole mark for himself,

thereby destroying all the effect my (German) accent and unconcerned air might have had in persuading him that I was *not* an American. "Madame has nothing eaten!" he said reproachfully, when I beckoned him to take the service away. "No more! what a shame it did not please Madame!" I assured him that I *was* pleased and satisfied. "More could I not!" and he went racing off with the dishes, darting over once through the evening from a near table, to be sure that "*die Dame*" had not grown hungry again. Poor little hard-worked "kellner," he and his willing brotherhood smooth the rough edges of life for travellers, as much as in their power lies.

The band came and played sweet "*Zegeuner*" music and the electric lights blazed out, and the cafe and garden filled with people, some tourists, many habits, a sprinkling of resident Americans and we listened to the weird strains of the Csardas, or the delicious melodies of Strauss, and were happy, at least I was, until half-past nine, when I discreetly trotted back to my hotel, to find the bland maitre d'hotel a little bit cross, because Papa had inadvertently carried off the bedroom door key. "He will send it back!" said I soothingly, in my turn, "No—never," said he, with a little resigned shrug, "Those tourists cost me so much in keys. Ten times already this season have they carried off their door keys, but sent them back? alas! not once."

I carried off on Tuesday noon, in some safe corner of my "carryall," a couple of dear little Dresden cups and saucers, a pair of dainty little cherubs in blue "bathing suits," half a dozen good photos of those pictures which I could not bear to altogether leave behind me, and a fragrant recollection and the best of good opinions of the China City." By the way, they don't make the so-called Dresden China in Dresden, any more than they make the Brussels carpets in Brussels.

The large cities have the *name*, but the little towns hard by have the *game*, in these cases. In that of Dresden, one must go to the busy town of Meissen, fifteen miles lower down the Elbe, where in the old castle many hundred workmen, artists and potters manufacture the famous Dresden China, while in Brussels I was informed on enquiring my way to the carpet looms: "Madam must make her voyage to Tournai!"

The City of Huss.

I have said so many times that the mountains of Saxony are beautiful that I hardly dare to tell how much I enjoyed the trip from Dresden to the ancient and charming city that came next on my route. It was as much the memory of that trip, as the mere glimpses I got of them on the Blasewitz car that inspired my praises, for mile after mile they formed the scenes of grandeur and beauty. Picturesque ruins, castellated peaks, fantastic shapes and queer ziz-zag mountain roads, running, like a braiding pattern, down the sides of the hoary hills, and below, the little river, narrow and swift, suddenly twisting out of sight, or brawling shallowly over some upjutting rocks, or curving into cool little bays where white lillies rocked and floated. My head and eyes ached from gazing at one pretty spot after another and I laid down my glass with a sigh of satiety, (I had a glass too by this time) and tried to realize that the old, old city of Prague was to shelter that night my modern and democratic head.

"John Huss at Prague," was the explanation of one of two frightful wood cuts at which I had gazed many times in my childhood's days, and "The burning of John Huss," was the title of its fellow. So unreasonable and prejudiced and immovable is a childhood impression, however wrongly put upon the mind, that it took two guides, a coachman and an encyclopædia to convince me that John Huss *wasn't* burned at Prague.

But I am anticipating.

Only, as I neared the ancient city, I know one of the strongest convictions I had was that I should see the place of his martyrdom, and I was hard to convert. Looking on upon the Moldau, I was amused to see a sort of swimming contest going on between two men, whose respective "fraus" stood minding their husbands' garments and cheering them on by laugh and no doubt word, though we couldn't hear them, while a boatload of men and girls, pre-Adamite in their scorn of false modesty, rowed with great merry-making after them. The current is very swift and the river very deep just there and in the boat were

crouched two or three swimmers who had evidently either gotten a cramp or caved in from fatigue and who were being rowed by the ladies to the landing-place.

It was evening when I alighted from my coupe, where I had travelled sole and alone, all the way from Dresden, and I was very grateful for the hearty welcome, the warm bath, and the comfortable tea dinner, which I enjoyed at the very comfortable Prague hotel. It was so fine an evening that I took a carriage and a very cute little boy for a quiet drive up and down the queer, quaint story-book looking streets, where every lane and corner and sign and crossing showed me something new and yet that seemed strangely familiar, recalling old pictured scenes from many a painting, and filling me with interest and pleasure. I don't know anything more satisfactory than to come across such places as this, to be able to say: "I've seen this!" and to realize how much more is in the living, moving reality than even the most lovely picture. I quite exclaimed in some such fashion when we drove into the market place and I looked up at the very windows out of which the indignant citizens pitched their elected representatives, as a decisive and practical way of showing disapprobation of their ruling, and recognized the surrounding buildings from a photo I had long possessed. My small coachman explained the whole proceeding to me and on my asking him what good, pitching the mayor and aldermen out o' windows did, he said he didn't know, but that it *had been done*. If ever I doubted him, I was destined to be convinced in due time, for one of the first paintings I noticed in the Paris Exposition was this identical market square and town hall, and from the windows came tumbling the high dignitaries, heels over head, just as the story told it. I do think, sometimes, it would be a lovely experiment to try on some municipal bodies.

My small boy drew up in front of every large church and palace and wanted me to "descend and enter," but I reminded him that there would be time enough for that to-morrow and conjured him to continue the ramble through the highways and byways, for that I liked quite well enough, to see the *outside* of the queer old places. So we went on, past the closed theatre, over one of the long bridges, to the opposite side of the river, where the citadel, the king's palace and numerous parks and gardens are situated. Coming back I noticed a statue in a sort of recess on the bridge (which is of stone with a handsome balustrade) and enquired of my "*Garçon*" "what's that?" There and then he halted (there never was such a boy for halting, nor such a willing horse to stand still) and told

me slowly and impressively a story known to all in Prague. A jealous king of Bohemia had a very beautiful queen, whom he (whether justly or not one can leave to conjecture) suspected of flirtation. To satisfy himself whether his suspicions were correct, he summoned the queen's confessor and demanded the substance of the royal lady's confessions to be made known to him. The good confessor, like a gentleman, refused to gratify the royal curiosity and in spite of bribes and arguments and threats, guarded the secrets of his queen, if any there were. The king had the holy man bound, escorted at dead of night to the bridge and promptly chucked overboard. The citizens wondered at the disappearance of their favorite "Father," but no light was thrown upon the mystery, until some wonderful manifestations on the river, just beyond the bridge, set the superstitious wondering and somehow connecting them with their vanished Confessor. The river was dragged, the body, gagged and bound, was found. Suspicion soon became certainty, the red fiery stars, which had floated over the water, came no more; the ghostly tapers flickered and went out and never appeared again. The sorrowing people buried the plucky old priest, the Church canonized him, and the City set up this bronze statue on the spot from whence he was thrown, with a brass cross and five red stars let into the slab on which he stood previous to his immersion.

This grisly little history was "told in the twilight," as we halted beside the stately statue, and seemed all of a piece with the black-eyed little Bohemian, and the tall spired city and the general air of strangeness and unreality that fascinated me in Prague. And even after many months, as I write about it, it seems to me a dream city, and the days I spent there were days of a dream. So we drove back through crooked, narrow, steep streets, my small boy making up for his numerous halts by urging his horse at full speed, occasionally nearly colliding with a carriage ahead, or grazing breathlessly past some old woman with a great basket of plums or peaches, or charging past a line of soldiers as if he were fairly possessed. Once or twice I laughed outright at his narrow escapes, especially when he careered past an unfortunate gaping youngster, nearly knocking it over, and whooping at its indignant mother in a most jeering and triumphant manner, as she rushed from her doorway and gave him a Bohemian piece of her mind. An awful young scamp was he, but a most successful cicerone and a first rate whip, and I enjoyed his driving and him immensely, and even now I can faintly

grin as I recall his sudden turns and swoops on the rattling little cobblestones, and the twinkle in his roguish black eyes.

Speaking just now of soldiers reminded me that Prague was full of them. My small boy informed me that there were ten thousand of them in the city for the summer manœuvres, and there is one specimen that I have quite fallen in love with; he is all in faded blue, cap and belted tunic and trim breeches, strapped down tightly as hosen of the olden time, and with his shoes laced up over them. He is the trimmest and the plumpest little soldier you can imagine. His officers lead him a hard life. Every few yards, as he steps lightly along, must his brown little hand go up to the side of his little blue cap, and his eyes roll from side to side as he takes his walks abroad, lest he commit the unpardonable sin of passing some martinet, (and the ignored would be *sure* to be a martinet;) whether he is lighting his tiny cigarette or taking leave of his favorite "*fraulein*," he must have one eye out for officers, and when he has one on each side of him, one overtaking him and a fourth coming towards him, he just backs up like a stag at bay, salutes until the party have got safely by!

Once I saw such a "Little Boy Blue" standing near a beer house, suddenly he saluted, I saw no just cause, until in the half-open door way I caught sight of an aristocratic rear backing out, but pausing to get a light for a refractory cigar. "Little boy blue" had to stand, quite a time, waiting for the rest of his officer to appear. It looked so funny that I couldn't smooth down my face before the dignified stare of the stern old gentleman, but grinned in a most friendly manner.

My rest was broken after my first night in Prague, by a gentle tapping at my door, half awake I murmured "go back to mamma, baby!"—and then on the gentle tap being repeated, I awoke to consciousness that some other fingers than Baby's were begging admittance.

I called "what is it?" as the door was locked, and received no answer but a gentle repetition of the knock. Flinging on a wrapper, I opened the door and was very near shrieking to find myself confronted by the most extraordinary looking monk in bare feet and with clasped hands. "What *do* you want?" I gasped in German, and in a subdued famine stricken voice he murmured "some little gift for the church!" "Oh go away!" I said very crossly, liking neither his bare feet *nor my own*—and with a meek

how he turned and glided down the stairway. Like an old time fancy, he seemed, with his coarse brown gaberdine and hempen waistcord, and wan wasted face and hands, and his uncanny visit routed sleep from my eyelids and I had to argue with myself whether I had dreamed him or not.

He never came any more ; I suppose my heretical Canadian *conge* was too much for him, but I often hoped he would that I might earn his meek and humble "God bless you !" by the gift of a penny or two. These begging monks are no humbugs ! One wonders impatiently how men can bear to live such unambitious, starved, self-denying lives as theirs, or what process of self-torture, and abasement reduces them to the gentle unearthly creatures they are ! Into their canvas bags the busy house-wife tosses the bones, if she keeps no dog—or the dry, hard crusts that the small Bohemians do not care to finish, and always her refuse gift earns for her the same gentle "Bless you !" And with the "crusts the children will not eat," this grown man must stifle the gnawing hunger that prayers and vigils cannot quite kill. I did not see an old mendicant ; all were young men, slowly starving, and the hopelessness of the knowledge that nothing you give or would do for them can alter their misuse of the God gift of life and manhood, depressed and awed me so that I gazed upon their ghostly figures with great unavailing regret for their fanaticism, with tied hands and tongue. One day, I went for a long drive through the parks. I remember I got back about half past six, and saw the people going into the Theatre ! Such primitive hours do these good Bohemians keep, and in *midsummer* too : I made a visit also to the Palace of the Prince von Waldenstein, who in days of yore cut something such a dash in Prague as Bruhl did in Dresden. The old Palace is very interesting and quite delighted me.

The first room shown is a Grotto, the roof hung with natural stalactites and where the fountain basin used to be, the floor is paved in small square stones, in a quaint little pattern. From this entry one goes into a room where stands the horse Waldenstein rode in battle. Some American friends of mine once exclaimed at the smallness of this animal, and opined that it must have shrunken considerably since it carried the tall Prince on its back. But to anyone who has seen the little Indian ponies and the diminutive Mustangs, and how they carry their red men and cowboys, it ought not to seem too small for even a very tall man. At all events, there it stands, and you can believe it or not—and there also is the

visitor's book—in which I inscribed my name and address, and then came out into the Grotto again.

A young "*monsieur*" of a tourist was waiting his turn to go over the palace, and I politely offered to amuse myself in the garden while he saw the horse and wrote his name, and then we could ascend the stairs together, and he could act as a kind of linguistic buffer between me and my conductress, who rattled away in Bohemian and French in a perfectly bewildering manner. He, of course, agreed most politely, and we trotted off amicably after the old lady who had the keys; at every doorway he stepped aside, brought his heels together with a click and made a grand bow, and I sailed through, smothering a smile as best I could. Galleries and dining halls and chapel, we duly noted and admired, and at last reached the beautiful open air dining room—for summer use—over the centre of which is spread a lovely roof, supported on pillars and painted in grand allegorical designs. Here, friend Waldenstein gave his state tea-parties, and had five hundred pages, born in the purple, and the fairest of Bohemias nobility, to wait upon him and his guests. No wonder some of the present generation say the world is degenerating, and the "King Industry" as some terrible American says, is going out of demand.

My boy driver, and "Moossoo's" boy had evidently arranged a little fun for themselves when we came out, for they started on a race as soon as we were seated, and every little while took opposite streets round a block and then dashed along side by side again. Every time "Moossoo" passed me he raised his hat in mute apology for his boy's rudeness, every time I passed him, I bowed, my face red from laughter at the tricks of these Bohemian imps! and occasionally he would be out of sight for a long time, and I'd just get lines of propriety into my face, when, beside me would be Moossoo, and my boy would chuckle as he saw me smiling in spite of myself, I think I must have had the most mischievous urchins in Prague in my employ during my stay! One morning, as I was breakfasting, I was aware of the presence of a very queer looking old man, who had come creeping in an apologetic way up to the table, and stood turning his black felt hat round in his hands, and looking intently at his shoes. "What is it?" I asked, in French, "Madame—I am guide"—"What do you want?" I asked, going on with my breakfast, for he wasn't so awful as the skeleton monk, and I was rather hungry. "Madame—I am guide!" he reiterated, bowing profoundly. "Well, go away,

please, until I am finished breakfasting," I said loftily, and with an eager—"Certainly Madame," he vanished noiselessly. I wondered what extraordinary creature would accost me next, and then forgot all about him, and while I wrote a letter, was interrupted by a tap on the door. "Come in" I called, expecting my mendicant monk, but instead the old guide slipped apologetically in, and said, once more—"Madame, je suis guide!"

"It's nothing to me," I said, in annoyance, "Why do you trouble me?" Madame je suis "Oh, hush, I know you're a guide. What do you want me to do?" Only then, I discovered that this old creature was almost perfectly deaf, and had not heard a word I had said. I rang the bell, or rather I started towards it, but with an eager "Madame!" the old man rang it for me. The waiter appeared and I demanded an explanation of my persecution.

"It is true, he is guide," said that individual, in a surprised tone. "What do I care if he is!" I said impatiently. "I won't be followed about the house by this guide. I don't want a guide. I won't have a guide. Now you people know very well I've been here several days without a guide. Why didn't he come before?"

The waiter said eagerly, "he has been ill, he is yet weak, but thinking Madame would employ him, he has come out to-day. There will be no extra charge to Madame for him to ride with the coachman, and he is the best guide in Prague—a few Kreutzers only, just as much as Madame wishes to give him will be enough." Was ever anyone so cornered? so I had to set out for my daily drive with this old lunatic perched beside the driver, and to hear again the story of the staunch priest, and John Huss and every tale and tarradiddle my boys had told me, and at last in self-defence to ask the old man if there was any place I'd not seen to take me to it. So he took me to the hill top, where we dismounted to see the "Home for poor Ladies," established and endowed by Maria Theresa, that stirring woman, who was clever and good enough to make the Bohemians kiss the hand that smote them. There these poor ladies, whose "birth is their fortune," are housed and provided with six servants each, and three hundred "gulden" (about one hundred and twenty dollars) pin money a year. They live in seclusion but in luxury, and are ruled by a Lady Abbess, who must be a Princess and nothing less.

The plucky little Queen Regent, of Spain, was one time Lady Abbess of this

charming sisterhood, and her portrait in ermine trimmed robes, hangs in the reception room along with the redoubtable Maria Theresa, the Queen of Naples, and in a small corner, poor pretty Marie Antoinette. They usually make fine matches these pensioners of the State !

The palace of the former kings of Bohemia is on the same level, (alas ! there are no Kings in Bohemia now !) The Austrian Eagle perches on its peaks, and the nearest approach to Royalty, is the occasional visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Rudolph, of unhappy memory, brought his bride, (good old Belgian Leopold's daughter) to live there, until after the birth of his only child. He said he had a liking for the city and people and remembered his bachelor life there, as Colonel of his Regiment so pleasantly that he should like to make it his home.

But the Meyerling serpent was living in Prague then, and the false husband's first enquiry and first visit on his return from his honeymoon were for her ! so the "best guide in Prague" told me, with many sighs. This was the first time I happened on the erring Prince, but from this time out he was another St. Sebastian ! I counted half a dozen separate theories and accounts of the Meyerling tragedy, arriving at the climax away down in Bavaria, where at *Munchen*, a clever little French lady, with whom I had made great friends, said "Who shot the Baroness ? Pouf ! Ma chere, she is not very much shot ! I saw her at Thomas's, in Paris, ordering a bonnet not three weeks since ! "Are you sure," I asked in amazement. "Oui, all sure !" she laughed "We were old school friends and there are not two pair of eyes like hers !" I give this apparently ingenuous statement to my Canadian friends, its off hand matter-of-factness quite convinced me.

I have always been so sorry that while in Prague I did not buy some garnets. They are a bagatelle in price and very artistically set. I saw some really lovely necklaces, combs and bracelets, but they are so common there, that one forgets how far away they are from home and really I never thought of buying them. Why, my idiotic old guide, even, had a very pretty cross pinned in the tattered frills of his carefully laundered shirt, and that alone would have turned me against them ! There is a wonderful old Sundial clock on a tower in Prague, that I should like to describe but I can't, because I couldn't understand it myself, though I quite appreciated the sweetness of its chimes.

There are two lovely gardens; I visited one on the hill top and one lower down, where the military band plays threetimes a week. And one other ancient and uncomfortable thing I saw and heard about—thanks to my guide; (my small boys had been to busy racing and running over people to point it out to me!) It is the "Starving Tower" where in olden times political offenders were immured to live a life of ease and idleness as long as they could with *nothing to eat*. I wondered if they gave them a good square meal before the awful doors were fastened behind them, and they were left to sob, or cry, or pray, or bravely accept in silence the hideous grim inevitable! Ugh! It made me shudder to look at the round tower with the narrow slits in its massive walls, and to think of the bonny men and true, whose brave spirits were crushed out by the grip of hunger, into death and decay.

I visited the Bohemian Glass Stores, and gloated over the various dainty shapes and tints of the perishable beauties shelved there. I *had* to buy one tiny shapely vase, though such things were never meant to travel in a "Carryall." I brought it, and all my brittle "pretties," safe to Toronto, but I smashed it, as clumsily as any new caught Bridget in the land, a very few days after!

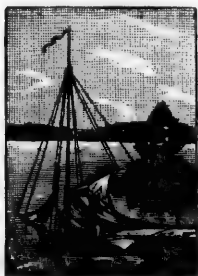
My old guide thought a great deal of John Huss's Church, though he did not seem to know much about John Huss himself. He and the coachman held a mumbling conversation about their own affairs most of the time, though, when I poked his elderly back with my long handled parasol, he always turned politely enough to answer my usual question. "What is that?" There is a part of Prague called the Jews Quarter, which is just what one could fancy it would be, from the name, a busy dingy odoriferous labyrinth of shops and narrow streets. In looking down from the balcony of the "Ladies Home," one gets a fair view of the Ancient City, and over the Joseph Stadt or Jews Quarters a haze of mist or smoke seemed to hang, and one can count the more than half hundred Catholic Churches and feel less like giving a donation to the emaciated monks. In fact, they have so many churches there, that they only use some of them occasionally, one, on a high spur of the hill, near the "Home" is only used on Good Friday; fancy keeping up a church that is only opened to start a procession once in a year!

At one end of the main bridge is a little square, in the centre of which is a fine statue of King Charles of Bohemia, a monarch dear to the people of Prague, and

whose love for his native city and hereditary kingdom, my old guide dwelt upon with great emotion.

As this pattern Home Ruler has been dead and buried over five hundred years, I did not feel like crying over him—but admired his statue and allegmatically remarked “Go on.” My old guide put up his voluminous red handkerchief and regained his cheerfulness, and was quite facetious when I dismissed him, after presenting him with half a gulden (twenty cents) and hoping he had enjoyed his drive. I did not wish to leave this quaint old city of other days, but had already lingered too long, and very unwillingly inscribed my name in the visitors book, under the admiring eyes of an old Landlord who was just as quaint as his surroundings, adding on the impulse of the moment a doggerel line.

“Happy to come, happy to stay, sorry to go away!”



The Treaty City.

THE trip from Prague to Vienna is perfectly lovely, not with the stern and wild loveliness of the Saxon mountains, but with beauty of fruitful fields and clover meadows, of soft low swelling hills, and green valleys, reminding one of an English landscape. You have noticed the "ribbon-gardening," in which head gardeners delight, when they make mounds and harps and Persian arabesques in crimson and green and yellow and bronze and blue? They have what the Colonel would call a "serious time," arranging for a solid line of even growth and good contrast, and a perfect piece of ribbon garden announces a clever artist and a patient man. But the country fields between Prague and Vienna are all one immense natural ribbon garden, with the most beautiful colors and clearest outlines. For instance, one farmer had laid out his field like the sticks of a fan; first came a broadening line of dark green, then a vivid strip of gold, then the rich maroon of the earth new-ploughed, then green again, but of a light and delicate tint, then a lovely pinky lilac, (clover in full bloom) then another strip of maroon, and the dark green for a finish. Another unconscious artist had spread his colors like an old-fashioned bed quilt—in patches large and small—another in long parallel lines of equal width, running up the side of a soft moundlike hill, and yet a fourth had a selection of even sized diamonds, fitting like a block puzzle with each other. These are but a few designs where the ground showed the complete effect, but generally the farm was broken by the rising hills and one could only catch glimpses of the fancy work. I must tell of one more, though—on a sloping bank, commencing with a very small crescent, just at the middle of the base, and composed of ever widening and widening half-circles, like the ripple on a stream where a stone's thrown in. I think the "August" show on these "parterres" must be the best of the year, and was glad I happened to see it.

I had very pleasant travelling companions on this journey, a Venetian lady who was going to her husband in Russia, and her two children. I quite endorsed the good taste of the Russ who had stolen her from her watery home, and admired the

beauty of her liquid eyes and oval face and sensitive mouth—all duplicated in her baby daughter.—The boy was a young Tartar though, rough and selfwilled and fidgetty, though always willing to be brought to time by the gentle voice of his "Mutterchen," as he patronizingly called her. "How does he come by that German word?" I asked when I had heard it several times. "Oh," and she laughed. "He has picked it up from his father, who studied in Germany, and is more German than Russ, for which one is thankful." "You don't like Russia then?" I inquired, with great interest. "One must not say so!" she said, smiling in an indescribably expressive way, and glancing at the boy, who was at the moment intent on teasing his half asleep baby sister. "So!" I said comprehending. "Do you go often to your home in Venice?" "I must take my babies to their Grandparents when they come! She answered, with a protecting hand over her little daughter. "Enough, my boy, do not annoy the little Rita! You will make her a cross child and not pleasant to play with, when she is larger!" "I shall not play with her, when she is larger!" announced this subject of the Czar. "Not? oh, poor little lonely Rita!" sighed the "Mutterchen" and the full lipped little Russ condescended to reconsider his announcement. "Well, sometimes, if she does just as I bid her!" "Of course she will" smiled "Mutterchen" and "*Voila!*" the whole subject in a nutshell, of the woman question in these parts: Be agreeable, and do just as Milord tells you, and *you may play with him sometimes*. I saw the up-growing of that plain-faced young tyrant, and the up-growing was not pretty! His full lips and fat eyelids and cold steel-blue eyes, his flattened nose and cruel jaw, and I prayed for his speedy removal from this sublunary sphere, while yet the voice of "Mutterchen" could turn him from wanton mischief, and before any weaker life and more humble happiness was his to torment and crush!

I had such a time getting any lunch that day! Twice my waiter just came in sight as the train moved out of the station, and I hungrily watched him standing plates in hand, with a distracted look on his face at the rapidly rolling carriages. My lady companion said nothing at first and I laughed too, but when my second meal was denied me, she was quite exercised. "My man will be at the next station, and I will see that things are in time." At the next station a great bearded Russian was waiting and he soon brought several waiters scurrying for orders. Then I found that my lady had a Russian man and maid in a third-class coupe, and that she was evidently a very rich dame, though she did travel second-class and

minded her own children. As tactfully as I could, I pumped her, (wasn't I just like an American?) and she told me in perfect openness that her husband was an officer, but that officers had very little money—that she herself was “the only one” of her parents, and heiress to their large property—and that her father allowed her so much a year for herself and her babies, on condition that the two summer months of her husband's camping out were spent in the old home and with the old people.

Not very hard conditions, judging by her happy face and tender tones. Then I noticed that at every station, where we stopped for a few moments the bearded face of the Russ servant appeared outside the window, ready, should he be called upon for drinks, or lunch, or to lead the young Tartar up and down the platform for a “leg-stretcher.” When we reached Vienna—at about seven in the evening, I parted from this sweet Venetian with genuine regret—only glad that my appearance had been satisfactory enough to warrant her in treating me with such friendly confidence, and mad enough that *my* French would not shape itself into the charming compliments and regrets which she uttered as we shook hands and bid each other an uncompromising “Farewell.”

A long rattling, reckless drive brought me to the “Schottenring” on which my Hotel was situated and tired and sleepy I dined and after a look about me for the curiosity of the thing and a conviction that I should like Vienna, if it was all like my immediate vicinity, I tumbled, Oh, so sleepily, into bed.

Just as I had fallen almost into unconsciousness, a peculiar sound slowly wakened me up again; I listened, and concluded I must be still a passenger on the “good ship Noordland,” and my continental experiences a mocking dream. But no—there in their silver stands, stood the tall white candles, that always made me feel as if I were laid out for a “Wake”—there was the dustcloak on the swinging wardrobe—the Carryall on the sofa—and there was also the “*dump-dump*” and grind of machinery below me.

An indignant query brought the explanation from the waiter, that my room was over “the machinery of the lift,” and with a groan, I retired once more, to try in vain for nature's sweet restorer, of whose kind offices my travel-tired bones stood in such need! Long after one o'clock the machinery stopped, leaving me to spend the wee sma' hours in a fitful feverish doze, until at nine o'clock I descended

to have the life of the whiskered Frenchman, who had thus fulfilled my request for the "quietest room in the house!" We had words, and I ordered my things brought down at once and a cab called. "Dejeuner"? No! I'd déjeuner somewhere else—where the people could behave kindly to lady travellers—on which spirited remark "Moossoo" came down suddenly to penitent apologies, and finally persuaded me to come in to breakfast, and countermand my Carryall and my cab. After that, I found I was quite a heroine, for the Frenchman whom I had harangued was one of the "Dukes" one meets in lowly guise, and was a terror to the travelling public who made complaints. My waiter informed me of this, after he had followed the Duke and myself to select a room more suitable to such a spitfire of an American, and I told him that we didn't understand being afraid of any of that class of persons; thus basely prevaricating, and forgetting the times and times I have chuckled over the abject humility of the unfortunate traveller who has stood humbly petitioning the jewelled Czar behind the counter for "permission to live," in his Hotel! But when one is reduced to extremities as I was, one can only make a very bold front indeed, and I was too thankful that a scolding had reached Moossoo's hardened sensibilities!

He got even with me in the bill, but such a victory was cheap at half a guilder a day. My waiter was the most comical looking fat-faced young man, with what Brother Johnathan calls a "chin whisker," and he had one expression that always subdued me. It was evidently a stray from some English patron, and he used it as an affirmative. "Course-o-course!" he exclaimed, whenever "Yes" would have done just as well, and it did sound so funny, and he said it with such emphatic and pronounced pride in his acquirement, that I dared hardly ask him a question, for fear I should laugh in his face. "Madame is now satisfied with her *lodgement*?" enquired Moossoo, as he met me in the hall. "Thank you, it is very nice!" I answered indifferently, and with a deprecating smile he passed on. Poor Duke! he got another fright before long, (as I was emboldened by my success) and it happened thusly:

I came from my room—and rang for the lift, no lift came—I rang again and kept on ringing, until "Course-o-course" came panting up the two long flights of stairs to ask me what was the matter with me *now*! "There is nothing the matter, I am ringing for the lift," I said, very much surprised. "Oh-h-h!" he said, with a gasp of relief. "I thought Madame was afire! But Madame—the lift isn't for

going down—*only for coming up!!*” and then, I had to make another onslaught on the den of “Moossoo” which ended in my having the lift for going down, as well as for coming up by giving a certain ring, made known to me by the proprietor, and whistling down a tube, which performance, and the consequent wait, was sometimes so tiresome, that, only for keeping up appearances I’d have walked down. But I’d had to fight for my privileges, and I held on to them.

Above all other funny things, in these far-off Hotels, the lifts are the funniest. They take fits of getting out of order, generally when Americans are in the Hotel and I’ve seen one anchored for two days, while the boy in charge sat grimly by on a stool, and informed intending passengers of the contretemps. Though as I’m an observant woman, I don’t believe there was a thing the matter with it! certainly there was nothing done to it, that I could find out, but as soon as those six Yankee women left, the machine worked just as well as ever.

I taxed the boy with his duplicity, when I fee’d him, the day of my departure, and he laughed till his eyes were full of tears. “Did Madame *see* the large ladies? How could I take them all on one trip, and none would wait? The large ladies were *terrifying!*” so, these weighty dames had to walk, and I smelled a very large joke! At another Hotel—the lift took newly arrived lodgers to their rooms—in charge of the Concierge, and was never used else that I could discover, in Paris we took ourselves up, and the lift took itself down again. This was a patent that pleased me very much—but far East on my trip, unless I struck a very fine new Hotel—these lifts were chronically bad tempered and unaccommodating. “The Metropole”—in Vienna—not very far from my lodging place, was the Hotel I should have preferred, but a trifling misunderstanding kept me from going there. I had letters awaiting me at the Metropole and fully intended staying there, but forgot the name of my choice and somehow took it into my head that the establishment of “Moossoo” was the one selected. The Metropole is a beautiful stately building, probably not a kreutzer more expensive than the one I stayed at, and it runs a healthy and accommodating “lift!”

After breakfast, the first morning in Vienna, I went to the letters in the reading room, and noticed a pair of disconsolate looking women, turning over the pages of an old Illustrated London News, and Graphic. I accosted the daughter, with a very harmless remark, and she favoured me with an appalling stare, though

I was sure she understood me, as I'd spoken in English. Not so Mama, who gave a start forward and said heartily. "Oh, air you English? Do just talk along a little, don't mind Eliza! My gracious goodness sakes alive—it do seem *eternity* since I've heard any real sensible language—where do you live? Air you alone? Single? Oh, and where's your husband? Home—you don't mean you come alone! Good land! What'd you do it for—I do think Europe's *dreadful*!"

Here was fun! And I was enjoying it, with a wicked delight in the disgust of "Eliza," when that silent damsel opened her mouth and spoke. "If Ed. don't soon come to order our breakfast, I shall *faint*." "You see" said her mother, with an ashamed little laugh. "We can't make out to talk to these "Johnny-Jump-ups," and Ed. sometimes is late, he's a lazy kind of fellow, though he's right smart when he *do* get started. He hustles me most to death sometimes!" "What do you want for breakfast?" I asked, feeling sorry for the honest old girl, though it was not bad fun to starve "Eliza". "Oh, eggs and bread and butter, and jam and tea" she said, looking hungrily at the door. I did not ask her permission, but called a waiter, and asking him to be quick as the ladies were famishing, soon had a breakfast awaiting them. "Now, ain't you smart" she said, when the waiter announced that breakfast waited, and having given him their room number, in case they got further entangled, I finished my letter while they breakfasted.

"Ed." came looking for them, and I was agreeably surprised at his nice quiet studious face, and unobtrusive habiliments. I told him his ladies were breakfasting—apologised for forestalling his orders—and was amused at the look of relief that overspread his countenance at my information. "What did you order?" he said, sliding into a chair, with interest in every feature. I told him my simple "Menu," and he sighed. "Yesterday Eliza would have ice cream" he said, with a rueful countenance. "She was ill after, and I just made up my mind I should let them get along by themselves to-day. Thank you ever so much," and he left me quite sorry for his cares and incumbrances.

"Suppose you write out a little order, and give your mother—" I suggested when we were longer acquainted—and he said it was a brilliant idea. Presently the ladies came back, and Mamma gave me more thanks, and said she'd enjoyed her breakfast thoroughly. "You ain't a native?" She said curiously, and I

stated my nationality, much to her delight, as she "didn't hold by foreigners and felt lonesome for a real American talk." I had a friend to visit in the "Graben" the heart of the old inner city, and so I excused myself until lunch, when I promised to meet them at one, and order their "dinner" if Ed. wasn't in!

That old lad was lots of fun, a good, pretty, sensible, kindhearted body as ever lived, but Eliza—I wonder every time I think of her—how she came to be *so*? I never saw her smile, I never heard her laugh, for three days she glowered and grumbled like a half-smothered volcano, and I didn't blame "Ed." for giving her plenty of sailing room!

After lunch we had a drive, and when we reached the Hotel and I was about to pay the man, and explain the rate to my companions, Mama stepped forward with a very business-like air, and depositing five Guildens in the astonished Cabby's hand shut me up with this remark: "It's my treat this time, you don't s'pose I'm going to let *you* pay!" And before I could remonstrate the cute Cabby was a block away. Bless her funny old heart. She and her kind are rarely found so far out of their "native element," but when they are. Oh, my!

The next morning I announced my intention of going to the Picture Gallery and brother Ed. followed me, with an expressive gesture which looked plotting and secret, and altogether mysterious. "They won't look at the pictures!" he said. "Mother thinks they are so improper, you know, but they'd like to go for the drive to the "Belvedere," and if you would come too, we could drop you there very nicely."

"But don't *you* enjoy paintings?" I said. "You look as if you could!" "Yes and perhaps if you were to say it was a good gallery, Mother would go in for a little you see, they've seen so many galleries, and neither of them have any taste for art." Accordingly I praised the Belvedere as if I had a commission to sell it and Mama was a likely purchaser, and so when we arrived at the gates she said pleasantly. "Come on in, Eliza, I guess we can stand *one* more!" Eliza came on in, not pleasantly, at all, and seating herself on the first firtieul, announced that nothing would induce her to look at the pictures, but she'd wait for us there. Accordingly, we three began the rounds, and surely never were such killing comments heard on pictured treasures as Mama gave voice to that morning. How thankful I was that in her vernacular she might say anything and no

one here would be the wiser. Her simple matter of fact amazement at some of the paintings, and her delighted interest in having them rendered comprehensible to her, was worth more than ever a picture gallery could be, and when she announced "I've got a crick in my neck looking at them, and I guess "Sis" is about tired sitting there, so I'll go back. Ed. can get us a cab and we'll ride over on the Potato Street, and past all those bushes, and you and Ed. can just stick it out, till you get tired." I felt that the good old lady was my friend for life. "Ed." soon put them into their cab and started them for the "Prater," which was the Austrian of the good woman's "Potato Street," first, however, giving them a Bill of Fare for their dinner, in case he didn't get home on time. He was rather an intelligent critic, as I soon found out, and we spent two very pleasant hours among the fine paintings of the Belvedere. I fell in love with the "Leda"—a nude study of a girl, lying on a bank of moss—holding up one lovely hand to a white plumed Swan. In "Leda and the Swan" was the most perfect flesh I ever saw in a painting. The transparency of the fair skin and the glow of the blood beneath was something so real as to be marvellous. And all the time as we studied our catalogues and enjoyed the pictures, I kept thinking comically of Mama and Eliza who had seen so many "Galleries." My companion remarked once, "I want to see the "Albert Durer" that is somewhere in this collection. We mustn't miss it, on any account." So we searched diligently for the work of that Father of German Art and were directed from room to room until we found it.

"Oh" said I, as we paused before it. "Why it's just like a valentine." "I don't like it all!" A great ponderous artist overheard my remark and burst into an appreciative chuckle. "Very good" he said, in English, much to my surprise. "You have found a right word, but look you, Madame, this picture has a great value. It is the old Master's attempt to break off from the old style of miniature painting, and the beginning of the modern style of group painting, where we must have a central thought and figure, with the rest subordinate. So—in the old style, a number of figures were massed together, each one complete in itself, giving a confused idea, and no central thought, and in fact, as you have aptly observed, like the inconsequent cupids and doves and lovers and hearts and roses and gilding of a valentine!" We felt wiser now, but all the same, this picture is a fright, valuable as it may be from the artists point of view. At the top—the Holy Spirit, like a Dove; a little lower down; the Father, in a gilded robe; below again

the Son, sacrificed; still lower, and very important, some Popes and Saints, also gilded and very much bedizened.

The good artist, a German, but very broad and appreciative in his views gave us the pathetic history of poor Durer's life, so full of triumph artistically and so unhappy and unsatisfactory domestically. "In Nurnberg was he born, apprenticed, married and buried," said the big man comprehensively. "Great honor and great talent, and great activity were in his life, and you must go and see his house if you go ever to Nurnberg." We thanked him and continued our tour, and could have spent the whole day among the pictures, but man must eat and woman also!

On consulting the clock, we found that we should be far too late for Mama's orthodox one o'clock "dinner," so we drove to a fine cafe restaurant, where I had seen some spry looking waiters, and where I thought I should like to try the cookery.

The ordering being put into my hands, I soon had selected a very fine dinner, being warned by the waiter that one portion of each dish was sufficient for two people, and therefore having a good variety. "What is that?" asked the young American, pointing to a portentously long name among my selections. We shall see!" I said seriously, "I always order one thing I can't read every meal. It sometimes turns out quite delicious," and I told him the story of the "Tom Cat bread" at Berlin. He made a note of it, against his contemplated visit to the Capital, also of the location and price of the rooms in the Continental. "Telegraph for them two or three days ahead, or write even sooner," I suggested, and he promised to insure possession in that way. I forget what our mysterious dish turned out to be, but it was all very good, and prices reasonable, and my young friend praised my catering, after a hearty meal, with the greatest sincerity.

Mama and Eliza had gone driving once more, when we returned, and we adjourned to the "Graben" to see some curtains and rugs in which my friend was thinking of investing. Old, sheeny, Sheiks' rugs, worn quite thin in some places, and with a gloss on them like a well-groomed horse, in faded silver greys and dull crimsons, and soft pale blues that made my mouth water, at the same time the price made my teeth ache! There are some of the handsomest of them in that Avenue. I can come home to-day, and I only hope they are appreciated!

It took the rest of the afternoon to choose them, and to linger among all the antique treasures of the shop where they were stored, in company with articles of tremendous price from every art centre on earth. "I have much to thank you for!" said I gratefully as we ascended in the crochetty "lift" at the Hotel. "I shall never forget the beautiful things I've seen to-day!" and Americanlike he said light. The shoe's on the wrong foot, I'm thinking," and went whistling away.

On our return Mama was very cordial, so I ventured to suggest another outing, this time to a garden, or rather restaurant in the Prater, too far and too fast for me to go to alone, but where "Course-o-course" had told me I should hear very fine Hungarian music, and see something of Vienna people. "I can't *eat outdoors*" said Mama, and I told her of my prejudice and how she'd get so soon accustomed to "al fresco" entertainments, and she was easily talked over, and announced that she guessed "she could stand it, if "Sis" could." Sis being quite important, after having successfully ordered her dinner, agreed to "stand it," and accordingly another carriage was ordered, and we all started for the Prater. The Prater is a grand pleasure park—of miles in extent—the resort of all sorts and conditions of men, which encircles and blesses Vienna, the Prater Street leads to it after one crosses the little river that flows just a block away from the Schottenring. In the Prater are Coffee-Houses, Restaurants, Shows, Dancing Halls, Panoramas, "*Bier Gartens*"—and every sort of continental amusement—and its great extent leaves almost wild large tracts of shaded forest and winding paths, and noble old trees and I know not what more, for I only drove twice in it.

"Past the third coffee-house" said "Ed." who knew all about my Hungarian Band and its location, and the cocher set off at the frantic pace one learns to like, scooting round corners like a creature possessed, and never by any chance hurting anybody! Presently we drove into a dim tree-embowered road, and as the shadows closed in round me, I knew it was only too true what "Course-o-course" had said. "Madam must get those Americans to take her to the Csarda. It is too far to go alone, course-o-course, it is pleasant and the music is good, but there are a many of soldiers, and much wine is drank, course-o-course!" Our party was all right, but a solitary woman would be a brave soul, who would venture so far unattended, and a lucky one, if she escaped without annoyance, that is. at so late an hour

The Band was really splendid, and played with all their Gypsy might. We interviewed the first violin and he took my requests for various Toronto favorites, took also a gulden from me, and probably more from the others, for he bowed with deep gratitude, and the Band cast many approving glances at our corner table. Mama took her supper of porterhouse or its Austrian equivalent, and we all had long glasses of Pilsener beer, and the evening passed off pleasantly. Our drive home was the fastest on record. Mama and Eliza were so nervous that I had to beg the cocher not to go so very fast, he looked round at us with a twinkle in his black eyes, and informed us that he couldn't help it, as he had a pair of new horses, but even while he was talking, he kept slyly flicking them into a gallop. It was great fun, but really, I often felt that I'd been in many a runaway where no such speed was reached. The further south-east we came, the better the horses got, until, in Hungary, they went "like the wind." I took a day all alone, after going about with my friends so steadily, and they thought I had left Vienna without saying good-bye to them, and as they left the following day before I was out of bed my knowledge of them is limited. Doesn't it seem strange how one can meet fellow travellers and go about with them and drift asunder again so completely? I do not even know the names of these good people, though I have a hazy idea of their place of residence, and fully intended to ask how they were called. My visit to the Graben resulted in a disappointment, my friends' friend being away at a watering place in the Tyrol, but I bought some very pretty gauze painted fans, and a pair of portiees, and visited the meerschaum pipe work rooms, and watched the manipulation of the "sea-foam," by the skilled fingers, and dainty fairy-like chisels, and was not impressed with the occupation from a sanitary point of view. The workmen were very pale and thin, and as I saw them continually wetting their fingers at their lips to rub off the dusty surface of the carved meerschaum, or blowing the fine white powder into the air they presently breathed, I did not wonder at their wan and sallow visages. The meerschaum industry is a specialty of Vienna, so is the gauze fan manufacture. The prices of the latter are perhaps an eighth or tenth of what one would pay in Toronto, and some of them are in artistic shades and daintily beautiful.

One afternoon I took a long walk down the Prater Street, and found a fine fountain and a tall column and statue at the end of it, where one enters the Prater.

A little walk among the shows and cafes near the entrance is very interesting, and being tired from my long walk I sought a resting place, in a Cyclorama of the entry of Garibaldi into Rome. It was an ugly uninteresting thing enough, but the man in charge had quite a crowd of people listening to his lecture. Perhaps he saw I was tired, for as soon as he had finished his description he came over with a small camp chair and offered it to me. He was very bright and intelligent and gave his description all over again in French to me. I rather confided in him to the extent that I wanted to have my dinner in the Prater, but wasn't just sure if I could find a nice "Garten," or cafe. He immediately described a place quite near, which he assured me I should see, and hear there the Lady Vienna Orchestra. "It is the specialty of Vienna, Madame. Plays only Viennese music and is worthy of Madame's attendance." "If I can find it," I said, doubtfully, remembering with what remarkable facility I could always lose my way. "If Madame would allow me, I would show the way to the very gate, and then, should it not please Madame to enter, will conduct again to this spot." And he actually did lock his doors and leave his Rome to welcome Garibaldi without him, while he walked silently and politely beside me, a little distance, to the gate of a green-hedged "Garten," where some girls in modest white lawn dresses, beautifully dressed fair hair, and long pale blue shoulder knots, were tuning violins and making ready for business. It all looked clean and nice, and with hearty thanks and a small *douceur*, I entered and took my seat, at a square little green wooden table under a very large old tree. By and by the waiters brought me "schinken und brot," that is sliced ham and rolls, and a cup of coffee, and as the place began to fill up quickly I hurried over my picnic dinner expecting every moment some one would have to share my table with me.

A group of natives, girls and women were at the next table, and giggling and eating some horrible sweeties out of brown paper bags; presently one of them rose and stood beside my table, and when she thought I was not looking snatched up a roll from my basket and handed it to her comrades, who soon, amid general hilarity devoured it. She was about to confiscate another, when I rose with dignity, and taking my "bread basket" up, set it in their midst. "If you are hungry, eat" I said sternly, "but let not the maiden steal." They hung their heads and blushed, and the maiden incontinently fled, while the waiter who had

seen and heard, while apparently busy as a bee, elsewhere, made them pay for the roll they had taken, and brought me a fresh supply, with many apologies for the ignorance of the "working maidens." "I wanted them to have those other rolls," I said, sorry for the confusion of the silly things. "No, no, Madame, so let it not be, we do not want the girls in the garden at all, let them go, please," and he sent them out very quickly, and judging from their sidelong glances in my direction, by some tarradiddle of which I was the subject. The Ladies had begun to play long before this, but I must confess their music was worse than second-class. I did not trouble to listen to it after once or twice, but studied the folk of all classes who sat eating and chatting around me. A great giant of a man stood by a wee table, with an appalling looking knife in his hand, and a bundle of things like fly papers under his arm. For a long time I wondered what he might be, until a fresh comer walked up to him and handed him some kreutzers, and the giant produced from a box under the table an immense wedge of cheese, from which he cut a large thin slice, and with a very polite flourish wrapped it in one of the paper sheets and handed it to his customer, who with frau and four children made his way to an empty table. Presently, a wretched looking boy with a lame foot came limping dustily down the paths between the groups, squalling "brot angenchm," "cigaretten, angenchm," and carrying a little basket of cigars, and a big wooden bowl of "chunks" of brown and white bread. My friend of the cheese said "S-s-s-t," and the desolate looking urchin made his way over to him, when he proceeded to select "brotchens for himself and his family. Then he ordered two enormous schooners of beer and the supper was served! He cut the cheese evenly with a murderous looking sheath-knife, and they lunched contentedly, once in a while moistening their lips, if they were small fry, or in the case of "Vater und Mutter" taking a good draught of the beer. When their meal was finished, and the small boy had ceased to squall his "agreeable" bread and cigars, (he had a tonic resemblance to those little North-German water-wag-tails in the "frisches wasser" business.) I regained the Prater Street and soon found the street car that would take me to the Schotten ring. Vienna is easy to find ones way about in—though the streets of the Inner City are not easily planned—going round and round the "Graben," and diverging therefrom like the strands of a spider's web, but once out of that aristocratic region and one comes to wide spacious thoroughfares like the Schotten ring and the Prater, and one can scarcely

get lost. I wanted so much to go through the fine Hospital in Vienna, but left it until my return from Pesthe as after hearing that Zegenner Band in the Csarda, I could scarcely wait another day before setting out for the Magyar City.



The Twin Cities.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty miles south-east of Vienna, the Danube rolls between two cities, the Twin-Cities as they are called, of Buda and Pesthe or even more concisely and connectedly "Budapest." On the right bank of the River, the ground rises in a Gibraltar like rock, on the summit of which is the Citadal of Buda, and down whose terraces are scattered the houses of the richer inhabitants. This Rock is known as the Schlossberg, and was at one time as important a fortress in its way, as the Key of the Mediterranean itself. Being practically inaccessible from the river side, one is obliged to reach its summit either by means of a cable elevator railway, or by traversing the magnificent tunnel which pierces it from south to north, and gently winding one's way up by gradually ascending roads from the northern side.

The elevation is 485 feet, and gives a grand outlook in all directions, from the ramparts, over the Danube, and low-lying Pesthe, and back into the suburbs of Buda, where miles of terraced vineyards wave their graceful foliage in the soft warm breeze.

The impression of impregnable strength given by this rugged rock and its summit bristling with defences is perfectly overpowering.

Pesthe, lying on the flat land, south of the River, is built (as the Bohemian farmer I have written of, laid out his field) in ever widening half circles round one small half moon. Buda is the fighting half, and Pesthe the business half of the Siamesian concern, and the life band that connects the sisters is the fine Suspension Bridge, from the Quai in Pesthe to the entrance of the tunnel in Buda.

The oldest part of Pesthe is, naturally the river side segment, where are fine quais and landings, for the busy water traffic, and where one sees the Magyar pure and unadulterated. Further "inland," the streets grow wider, and the cafes more frenchified, the ladies more modernly dressed and the officers outnumber the soldiers, here, close to the water, are the dim wine cellars, and the small

shops, loosely clad peasant and the "little boy blue," the narrow streets, and the unpronounceable names, and here, my cabby deposits me, on a hot August afternoon, open eyed and mightily interested at the strange new world I've dropped into. How I came to locate myself in the Inner City (which is not, as in Vienna, the aristocratic part) can be easily explained. When the train rushed into the Station, and deposited me and my carryall, I was taken in charge by a very brown Hungarian porter, who said words to me, in an unknown tongue, but which I conjectured to be an enquiry as to my destination. Now, one might invent a lingo on the spur of the moment's necessity, which would convey to the Dutch, German, or Austrian porter some ideas, but I was so taken back by the unfamiliar sounds that issued from my swarthy friend's smiling lips, that I hadn't a word to say. "Drosky?" he at last ventured and I answered in great relief, "Yes." He marched me out, and selecting a cab from the line in waiting, put me in, showing all his white teeth in a smile and a musical "Koszoom," (thank you) for the good handful of "*kreutzers*" I gave him. The Hungarian cabman spoke German in a tangled Hungarian way, and I directed him thus: "The Hotel Hungaria, or Queen of England, the *nearest*." His mind seemed to grasp only the last two words of my sentence, for he nodded his head, set off at a hand gallop, as if to catch the last train for anywhere, and in a few moments pulled up before a quaint looking building with a name like this upon it. "*SZALLODA PARIS VAROSAHOZ*." Before I could inform him that the widest margin couldn't translate those fugitive uncomfortable looking words into the address I had given him, he had handed my carryall to a garcon who ran nimbly out, and stood, cap in hand, waiting for his fare. It was but a few cents, so I handed it over determining to investigate before I scolded, especially as I could not scold in Hungarian. "It is a mistake of the man," I said, trying German on the maitre d'hotel. To my amazement, he answered in very clear English, "Come in, lady, from the heat, and we will make it "all right"!"

"How did you know I was English?" I demanded; with a smile he put his finger on the small leather card holder, that carried my address on my carryall, "Mrs. Denison, Hotel Queen of England, Budapest," and I stood betrayed. He saw my involuntary laugh and said, "Could you not remain in my hotel? It is not the finest, but it is Hungarian, and we will all try and make you comfortable." The waiters, the bell boy, the maitre d'hotel looked kindly upon me. I was hot

and dusty, the entrance was cool and shady; the quaint street, the frowning fortress facing me; the circumstances generally were irresistible and I said in a gracious yielding thereto, "I will stay," and added, "Give me a room where I can look over at Buda!" I got the room and everything else I wanted, during my stay at the "Hotel of the City of Paris," which was the name I finally evolved from the mysterious alphabetical arrangement on the outside of the building. I was hungry, having travelled from Vienna after an early breakfast, without any lunch on the way, and my "*garçon*," who was "German-spekkan," though a Hungarian, took it upon himself to advise my remaining quietly in the shady room he escorted me to, until he brought me a Hungarian dinner. I could watch the street, he said, pushing out the venetians from the bottom like an awning, and fastening them at a convenient angle, and he would be very quick! and he skipped out of the room with great speed, to carry out his promise. I have always thought I got somebody else's dinner, he came back so soon!

It was sufficiently interesting to "watch the street," in my unaccustomed eyes. First came slowly striding along in noiseless moccasins, a tall Albanian, with a bundle of canes strapped across his back, and a tray of pipes and daggers before him. His crimson fez, white blouse, dark blue bloomers and leggings, tall dignified form, and stately walk made him a very revelation to American eyes. He looked up under my venetian awning, and held up a pretty little dagger to me. (I hope I had not a suicidal air, perhaps I only looked famishing!) but I shook my head, and with a few words, in a deep mellow voice, that may have been blessings or curses, but sounded strange and mysterious, he replaced the dagger, pulled his long mustache and strode noiselessly away. Then came some public porters in blue jackets and breeches, and scarlet peaked caps with a number in front, and sat themselves on a green bench under the trees before the doors of the Hotel. One drew from his pocket a clasp knife and what seemed to me to be a cricket ball, but from which he proceeded to hack small pieces, and munch them vigorously with his white teeth, so I concluded it was a "brotschen" (bun) of unprecedented hardness and "blackness." By the way, was it because I disliked it so heartily, that I have forgotten ever to say anything about the German black bread with its glutinous, dark grey, sourish, untemptingness? It is darker and harder, and altogether "*awfuller*" in Hungary, and is the staff of life indeed, to the peasants and the poorer citizens. One of the porters, a fat man, with very

uncertain breeches, drove quite a trade when the street cars stopped at a "station" just near, in selling some little printed slips, which my garcon informed me were cards with the names of the horses that were entered for the races. "What races?" "Why, Madame, every Sunday there are races in the Rakos, fine sport!" And then I remembered having been told of the passion for horse-racing these people had, and what splendid races they held, in the English fashion on this plain which in days of yore, used to be the scene of public gatherings and national assemblies. And surely everyone has heard of that unsophisticated and primitive performance, when, it having become necessary to elect a chief ruler for the Magyar country, all the "likely" candidates assembled on horseback on the broad plain, and sat in silence, waiting until some one of the horses neighed, the happy rider of that outspoken quadruped being elected without a protest.

What an anxious quaker meeting that must have been!

And as I sat in my shaded window, and watched the fat perspiring porter "hustling" round the cars, with his red hat pushed back from his forehead, and his quick hand deftly catching the kreutzers tossed out to him, I conjectured by his numerous sales that these way-farers were all going to spend their Sunday in a bold bad wicked way!

A Hungarian dandy beckoned one of the porters away, and presently I saw him hurrying down the street with two enormous bouquets, one of carnations, pink and crimson, the other of dark red roses. I saw plenty more of just such bouquets on Sunday, as the wide handsome carriages rolled past me on the Andrassy street, bearing the Hungarian ladies and their attendant cavaliers to the day's fun.

Soldiers trooped by in squads, in couples, and alone, from a great "caserne" or barracks that lay between me and the river, and they were far neater and trimmer than the recruits of the German cities, their slight figures, tight trowsers, neat boots, and alert swarthy faces, made a much more pleasing "ensemble." Opposite to my window, on the shady side of the street are queer looking shops with the names wrong end to, as Hungarian names always are surname first and baptismal appellations afterwards, and deep dark archways leading into wine cellars, where in great casks, glints, and blushes the peerless Hungarian wine! I often got a vinous whiff from these shadowy recesses, as I took my walks abroad in the quaint highways of the Inner City.

While I looked my hardest, the waiter arrived with my dinner, and Oh! the pleasant bustle of laying it out, and comically anxious look on his face as I ate it. "Jo-jo!" I said, venturing timidly on a Hungarian adjective, and he rubbed his hands with delight, and smiled all over his honest homely face, at my approving comment. Then he informed me with great "*empressement*," that he had for my dessert something that I had not seen in Austria, they could not grow them! but only in Hungary, and having quite whetted my curiosity by this introduction whipped off a napkin from a tray and disclosed about ten pounds of watermelon, so sparkling and cold and rosy, and handsome! and then informed me that I must only eat the very centre, not go below where the seeds began (which was rather an extravagant proceeding,) and that he hoped I'd find it "jo-jo" also. It was—and as perfect a specimen as ever grew on Hungarian or American soil, and I laughed and praised it all, soup, dinner, dessert and wine, until his delight expressed itself in a triumphant little skip to the door and back again, and a wish that everything else in Budapest might win like approval. There were some queer looking vegetables served with my dinner, which looked just like boiled earthworms! I did not get at the real description of them, though my waiter nearly went into fits when I asked him *were* they worms. They looked suggestively like them, but were doubtless some pinky tinged vermicelli or equally harmless compound, and another queer dish was a sort of barley boiled and served with butter *ad infinitum*! that went famously with the peppery stewed chicken, a real Hungarian dish, which one begins by protesting against, with smarting mouth, and ends by taking to, most kindly. It began to strike me, as I walked back into the city, after I had so well dined, that Budapest should be called in the history of my happy holiday, the "Surprising City." Interesting I had ever looked forward to finding it, but half civilized, half built, half lighted and generally isolated and behind the times, so that the luxury of its grand cafes, the width and smoothness, and dainty cleanliness of its spacious streets and squares, the size and stateliness of its buildings, the style of those two delightful Hotels, where I did *not* stay, filled me with wonder. I walked down the wide and beautiful Andrassy Street, called after that patriotic Noble, who even as I write, has passed from earth; gazing about me, like any country peasant, and enjoying the lovely vista of noble buildings, green trees, busy wayfarers, and all the signs of wealth and refinement that one sees in the finest cities, and taking my lesson soberly to heart, that

I should have to learn a new Budapest, or be very antiquated and out of date.

So went I, past the merry cafes, where hundreds of ladies and gentlemen sat chattering, playing dominoes, flirting and drinking their chocolate, or Hungarian wine. Andrassy Street runs from the "Vaczi Kort" the street of the Paris Hotel, back into the far suburbs, and is to my taste, the most beautiful street I saw during the varied experience of my holiday. The rows of Oleander trees, lifting scores of waxen pink blossoms above their mounds of glossy green, the crowds of handsome women and soldierly looking officers, the happy laughter and the general air of good living, the profusion of flowers, roses, carnations, the queens of parterre and hothouse in utter perfection. I even noticed the officers (to whom I suppose, military etiquette forbids a buttonhole boquet) carrying two or three of the most perfect roses, with the twine that fastened them together, carelessly crooked over the little finger; one tall stern-looking officer strolled up from the wharf one evening with the loveliest opening Marechal Neil buds dangling by a string, and I longed to snatch them and run for it, only the little finger from which they hung rested on the hilt of a very wicked looking sword!

There are a great many monuments each in its "Ter" or square, to various patriots and famous men, and there are ten or more Hospitals, where different grades and classes of sick people are most kindly treated. The American Consul can be found at 9 Varoshaz Square, and the English one on the same street as the Hotel de Paris, the "Vaczi-kort." In a little one gets accustomed to the queer language, and though it is almost unique and not akin in the least to French or German, it is very pretty to listen to, and however difficult, I should love to have the chance to learn it. The Bank of Austro-Hungary on Joseph Square, is one of about a dozen where one can change marks for gulden, or florins, as they say here, and the clerks, as are all other officials, are most polite and kind. My hotel master wanted me to go with him, and be introduced to the leading Gazette, but I didn't feel that I should show to advantage as a "dummy," so I declined that honor. I have to reproach myself, that among all the queer fish I met, I did not happen anywhere upon a newspaper man, not at least, until I was sailing homeward, but of this in its proper place!

The "Phœnia" and the "Equitable," looked natural enough among the business cards that I saw in the windows, but I did miss one old land mark,

though I dare say it was to be found, that was the "Bodega." In Brussels, in almost every other city I remember visiting, that familiar "Bodega" wine shop was a sort of land mark that I could recognise, and that always turned my thoughts to that dingy lane off our own King Street, where so many men are to be "seen"——, who have so many friends to visit them! Sometimes that familiar old name would spoil my most foreign train of thought! coming in just as incongruously as it has done here, where not even its ubiquitousness found a chance to assert itself as I roamed about the Budapest highways and byways.

—A feature of Budapest is the bathing facilities, for fifty Kreutzers, about twenty cents, one can indulge in Russian, plunge, or any other kind of bath preferred. The Margaret baths are very well managed, and are on that beauty spot of the Danube, Margaret Island. On the Buda side of the river are the elegant "Diana baths," vapour baths, and mineral as well, for the German name of Buda, "Ofen" comes from the presence of numerous hot and mineral springs therein.

The Opera House on Andrassy Street is a very handsome building, only erected very lately, and the box prices are about the same as in Canada, while the lowest entrance fee that I could discover was eighty cents. But, then, Budapest is not a democratic city, and the practical jokes, the catcalls and the covered heads which are tolerated in Toronto would be punished most severely in the "Surprising City," so that when Jahn and Minna want to act like hoodlums, they must attend second or third-class performances, where whistling, paper dart throwing, stamping, and *big hats* are permitted by the powers that be. In the swell continental theatre a woman with any kind of a headgear is simply not admitted. There is no question of hats small or large. Perhaps the rule is not invariable through Germany, but in Munich and Vienna, in Budapest and several other cities where I had a chance to encounter the theatre regulations, such was the iron rule, and, strange to say, I never heard the most accomplished "kicker" from my native land raise the slightest objection to it. One reason, of course, is, that the Continental theatres are well built, well ventilated, and have not a current of draughts continually blowing through them, also, the audience are considerate and kind enough to be in their seats when the Opera begins, instead of straggling in with cool draughts after them, any time during the first act.

As I took my way back, I met many peasants going riverward, after their day's

work, cleaning and brushing and weeding the public parks and gardens. The Hungarian peasant was a great disappointment to me. I had pictured him always in neat trim gala costume, with a gaudy jacket and high boots, ready to dance a Csardas on a moments notice! Instead, I found him thusly attired:—In an enormously wide pair of crash breeches, like a divided skirt, with a long narrow blue apron, flippity flapping as he strides by in his bare thin brown feet, with a shirt that would be for the better for soap and water, and a “kalapotkis,” or little round hat, with a curling rim, a sprig of green or a tiny feather stuck in its band, and a cigarette! He leads a life of austere simplicity, poor Jahn, with his hard fare and his monotonous day’s labor, but there was something about him, even with all his romance stripped off, and in the hideous commonplace of crash breeches and blue apron, that I could not help liking. He had been a trim “Little Boy Blue,” in his day, and that accounted for his straight back and even firm stride, and although he was shy and looked cornerwise at a foreigner like me, still on Minna’s recommendation he sometimes made friends. It was great fun to go down on the Quai, or some wide street corner and buy fruit from Minna, as she stood, in the blazing sun that her shadow might fall on her wee sleeping baby, patient faced and weary footed, poor thing; and after bargaining for peaches and plums, and counting up their scanty cost, to give her twice her price, and point to the baby as an excuse, and see the lovely lighting up of her brown eyes as she stammered her surprised “*koszoom*.” And sometimes to see her with empty tray and tired bones, waiting for Jahn to come flippity flapping across the city to take her and the baby home to tea, and such a tea, the hard black bread, and on lucky days an onion or two, or some over ripe fruit. “C’est tout!”

I do believe that when I recovered from my disappointment about their costumes, I liked them the more for their sweet contented lives and the way they could laugh and smoke and tell stories, which would be very silly or perhaps very broad had I only been able to understand them! And so far as I have known them they are true friends and very affectionate and grateful—wonderful—considering their opportunities and the scantiness of their knowledge, and their gentle, simple, cordial ways, when *one* does win them, were a great deal more agreeable to me than the phlegmatic Belgian, or the selfsatisfied German, or the politely veneered superiority of the Austrian. The pleasant goodnatured offhand way they slung the empty fruit tray on their backs and helped poor tired Minna

to "fix" the small boy, was such a change from the indifference of the good Belge, who so long as his pipe draws well, cares not if the heavens fall, or the bossy, aggravating, heavy lordliness of the German, or the selfassertive half sarcastic politeness of the Austrian, that I decided if I had to be a frau, I'd sooner be Jahn's frau than any other Continental "Mann's." But I'd not like to wear cow hide boots up to my knees, with nails in 'em as big as peas, and go clattering round like a cat in walnut shells, nor I wouldn't keep my money tied up in the flowing sleeve of my jacket, nor would I like to squat on the pavement and brush "*der Herr's*" boots on the public streets, nor even to carry baskets of cabbages and bundles of cord wood, or bales of hay on my back. No! I'd be a peasant woman on the Margaret Island, and brush the soft fine grass every day with a twig broom, and listen to the gypsey band, and teach little Jahns and Minnas to dance the csardas, that's what I should do, and *my* Jahn should be a sailor on the pleasure steamers that run between Pesthe and the Island, and he should wear a red and white striped jersey and a red tuque, and very natty white sailor breeches, as the young sailors do! All very fine for the warm weather, but "*der winter kommt!*"

I walked a great deal in Pesthe, there was so much to see, and somehow, I seemed to get what the Yankees call "the hang of things" easily. One cool morning I took a drive over the Suspension Bridge, and left my victoria for a while, to be whisked up to the top of the rock in the cable car, that I might look down over lowlying Pesthe, from the vantage ground of the Ramparts. It was a lovely outlook, when I had crossed the "Georges Platz," and burrowed my way to the wall, eyeing and being eyed by the little sentries who march up and down, and wishing so awfully that I could speak ever such crazy Hungarian, for I had a little friend among those soldiers, could I have only been able to search him out. However, tongue tied I was, and had to remain, so I stared my hardest at everybody—looked through my glass over the country, and slid down to my carriage, where I found my driver peacefully slumbering, and requiring quite severe poking with my long handled parasol, before he would open his eyes. I had to "poke," for he would never have wakened for speaking. Then he drove me through the grand tunnel—and by winding roads up to the high land—and I had the view over the vine-clad fields; and as we came back, we had a quarrel over the rate of speed.

He was no Hungarian, but a drowsy German, and he refused utterly to go any faster. "Then" said I, "I shall pay you for one hour, and walk back, and find some better driver," and I got out, and took out my purse, which seemed to convince him that I wasn't a kind of frau he'd been accustomed to, for he protested, "No, no, get in and I will faster go!" "Until we are in fine streets come?" I added; "Ja-ja-ja," and he kept his word, and *more*, tearing down the hill and round the streets of lovely Pesthe, till I could have shaken him, so stupid and contrary was he! However, he introduced me to the monuments and told me a good many of the things that I have written here, and drove me to a music store in the "Christopher Platz," where I was fortunate enough to meet a Hungarian composer, who lived in Buda, and spoke French, and very kindly aided me to select some Hungarian pieces. I have I think mentioned that I should choose the life of the peasant woman on the Island, to that of her sister in the city, and I want to tell about that Island, and how its beauties became known to me.

I asked my "Garcon" one day about the Hungarian music, and where the bands played. "Madame might go to Margit-Insel" he said, with eager interest. "It is now five o'clock, Madame could have dinner at the Restauration where the Zegeuner band plays, from seven to ten in evenings." I had a little talk with my landlord, and he gave me the route—down to the Rudolph Quai—by steamer to the Island, and once there, the band and restauration would be easily found. It was necessary only to follow the crowd. He also kindly gave me a note to the Maitre d'hotel, which he said would secure me a good Hungarian dinner, (evidently my garcon had made his report!) and armed on all points thus, I set gaily out upon my trip to the Margit-Insel.

The pretty little steamer soon called at the wharf. I bought my return ticket from a plump little maiden in the office, the bar was raised by the policeman or guard, and I, along with some score more of soldiers, peasants, ladies and gentlemen, stepped aboard, and was soon sailing merrily down the stream. We crossed to Buda, re-crossed to the near end of the Island, where I had been warned *not* to get off, then back to the baths, then finally back to the Island, and here, on being assured it was all right by a lady who divined my doubt, I "followed the crowd," and disembarked on to the prettiest summer resort I've ever seen! Ah, "Margit-Szigetre," as you are called on the funny little square grey ticket that lies on my Davenport as I write! When I came home from the first evening

I spent there, my landlord met me with his goodnatured smile and enquired "Did Madame enjoy the Island?" I had no words to describe my delight, and after I'd exhausted my stock of superlatives, he said very much pleased at my enjoyment. "But you have Islands at home in Toronto?" I thought of the sand bar which we guard from wind and wave, and call "our Island," and said nothing, what could a Toronto woman say? But I thought a great many things that I dare not record in a book.

And now, for the Margaret Island, it stretches its wooded sides along the river for what seemed to me a long distance, but I never remembered to enquire its size. Nearest the city is a brilliant park and baths, and I heard of caves to be explored, but had not time to look for them. A rattling Military Band played there, whenever we passed en route to the other landing, where was the outdoor restaurant and the Gypsy band. It was one of those gracious golden evenings, when the sunlight and moonlight almost met in the calm warm air, and the cool breeze up the river was just enough to keep the atmosphere delightful. I walked slowly on the neat path under the wide spread forest trees, and felt my heart full with the beauty of the surroundings, the broad beds of vivid geraniums and delicately blue plumbago, the fine velvet sward, the peaceful happy quiet place, that was like the fulfilment of some dream of the "golden land." Presently I came upon the band pagoda, and the snowy tablecloths of an outdoor restaurant. I sent in a waiter with my letter, which speedily brought out the maitre d'hotel, a large solemn looking bearded man, who introduced himself to me, and smiled at my enthusiasm. He ordered me a dinner to be ready in half an hour, and recommended me to walk about and view the land in the interval. So I started off again, past the handsome houses and hotels, and watched the peasants sweeping the fine turf with twig brooms, and carrying the short grass away in "creels" upon their backs, catching sight now and then through the bushes of the unfamiliar Hungarian shores, or coming suddenly upon a pair strolling up from the water, he lean and brown, in flash "blazer" and flannels, she plump and smiling in lace and soft summer silk, with the low evening sunlight lying on her raven braids, and blushing on her clear fair cheeks.

There was a large building, a concert hall, or theatre, or museum, (I have forgotten,) with fine stained windows, and there were scores of stout Mamas with books and fancy work, and crowds of pretty maids leading brown wee mites of

children, in low-necked dresses and short clipped hair, and graceful well-born demoiselles clinging arm in arm, in brilliant red or cream gowns, so stylish, so apropos under the deep shade, as they flitted here and there like tropical birds. And by and by, there was a hurrying back on my part, and a finding my dinner awaiting me, and as I ate, signs of preparation for the music in which my soul delighted. A consumptive man and a light footed peasant woman with a bright yellow handkerchief on her head, came brushing and dusting, and uncovering the instruments which lay swathed in black wrappers, the cello, the base viols and the Hungarian cymbalos; and when they were all unclothed and made ready, one by one came the performers. The Cappelle-meister, a portly swarthy, easy-going fellow, whose great shoulders and powerful neck looked more like the arena than the concert platform. They were nearly all *very* dark, though the cello player was, I think, part German; being lighter in comparison, and when I spoke to him afterwards, intelligible in speech. Shades of Johann Strauss! how those Hungarians played, waltzes, quadrilles, operas and popular songs, everything idealized as only a Zegeuner band can idealize them. And presently, the leader drew his bow across the strings with that peculiar wierd sound that one learns to know, and I grinned openly at him, and said to myself "NOW!" As he swayed his great body to and fro, and played, the instruments followed gently after him, and the tap of the cymbalos, the whistles of the flutes, the consumptive moan of the cello, the deep voices of the gruff bass viols upheld the wierd sighing of the violins in that mystical, poetical, soul stirring harmony, and, *my dinner got cold!* As I sat listening, it seemed to me that he was describing the scene before him, the quiet evening sunset, the low late gleam through the trees, and the cool green shadows gradually mounting, mounting,—and as he played and swayed dreamily to his playing, that poem of Hungary filled my soul, and its voice went deeper than ever voice had gone before. And I knew, without taking thought to know, that the pretty nurses and little brown children had gathered round, and that the groups of bright robed maidens stood a little apart, and that the plump busy fingers had dropped the needle, and the faces were raised from the books, and that not a jarring sound broke the silence that listened to those subtle harmonies, until, one long quivering, soul exhausting note floated out and caught my breath from me, and just when the charm had worked its utmost, the capelle meister suddenly straightened himself up, and began the most wonderful dance on

strings I ever heard ! The nursemaids clapped their hands, and pirouetted before the excited children, who patted their tiny feet in vain effort to keep time, the men laughed, the women cried "good," the waiters flitted about like birds let loose, the glasses clinked and a hundred merry voices rose and chimed with that mad dance.

It was a scene to dream of in prosaic days at home !

And when it was over, that wonderful syren song, that mad blood stirring dance, and my portly friend came solemnly out to know if I had enjoyed my dinner and liked the music, I think my face must have quite satisfied him, for his serious visage widened into a responsive grin, and he bade me come again and often, and said it was something to have a lady come all the way from America to hear the Magyar music in the Magyar's home. I boarded the pretty little steamer at half past nine, and sat in a dream, as we merrily sped back to Pesthe, watching the full August moon flooding the rushing waters with silver glory, watching the grand pile of the Fortress at Buda growing clearer and nearer, with the lights of its terraced sides twinkling over many a Hungarian supper table, watching the low lying Pesthe with its ranks of massive buildings, its churches and its theatres, its palatial Hotels "Hungaria" and "Queen of England," its casernes teeming with swarthy soldiers, and its wine vaults rich with nectar, all the thousand and one strange and charming things that made it to me a "surprising city," and here, in matter of fact Toronto, the dream is upon me as I write, and I long for Budapest as for no other city, and the music that sweeps over the ripples of the beautiful blue Danube woos me back with subtle syren melodies, that haunt me ever more. "Tis a far cry to Hungary," says my Scotch gossip to me ! Ah, no ! I close my eyes and I am there, under the spreading trees, with the silvered water rushing around me, and the music of the Csardas in my ears !



An Austrian Episode.

IT was arranged on my round trip ticket, that I should return to Vienna by the same route from Budapest as had conducted me to the latter city. There was the choice of boat or rail, part of the way, but I had not time for the long trip on the river, and concluded to return as I had come. After one last lingering drive which landed me at the station, I bade "Adieu" to the city of my dreams, hardly daring to venture to echo the kind "au revoir," of the good landlord, who really seemed to share in all the pleasure I had enjoyed in visiting the Hungarian Capital. He presented me with an insane looking Hungarian newspaper of the day's issue, and a German one for a souvenir, also a map and picture of the Twin Cities, and some Hungarian postage stamps, and little odds and ends. I tried to get some photographs of the Schlossberg and the Andrassy Street, the Island and the Quai, the great Suspension Bridge and the fine Theatre, but somehow, in that last drive, though I set out on purpose to find the pictures, I came foolishly home without them, and cannot give you them to help to make you see the beauty and the strength of Pesthe and Buda. The black-eyed porter put me into the comfortable coupe; the train slowly hid from me, his swarthy smiling face; one by one the landmarks fell behind, until I sat looking seriously out on the graceful terraced fields of grapes, where among the vines were the women and men who plucked and bore away the ripened fruit in great baskets, or judiciously overlooked and tended and pruned the laden vines. I could see Minna's yellow or pink cotton head-kerchief as she moved slowly up and down the paths, to and from the vinedresser's hut, and sometimes Jahn's little hat, and lonesome nether-garments would flash bobbing and flapping by, and picturesque groups were standing burdened with their luscious spoils at the railway crossings, and here and there were little stations, where as soon as the train stopped, came queer disjointed mocking strains of Magyar music, proving to be the effort of some wondering gypsy band, that opened my heart and my purse till a gulden would come flying from a car window in their astonished midst. It was fun to

the people in my coupe, I am sure, when I would bounce up and lean out to hear the rickety music and beam upon the lean swarthy faces, as they rushed through the rattling strains of the "Rakoczy" march, (they always played *that*,) and queer little disjointed fragments of some weird and musical csardas or merry little tune, which I had heard the city peasants whistle as they raked and clipped and swept the beautiful parks of Budapest.

Hungary did not strike me as being a pretty country, it was too bare and brown, though where things *do* grow, they seem to try and make up, by their luxuriance for the barrenness elsewhere. "You shall come in the vineyards with me, and as you go up the hills, shall eat the different kinds of grapes, and then come back to the city and drink the different kinds of wine," said a sweet Hungarian friend to me, sketching a picnic that never took place. "Yes," said I with a long face. "And have the different kinds of pains." I can see her round laughing eyes, and reproachful look, as she called upon all her friends to refute my statement, as Hungarian fruit and Hungarian wine would always "make the pains *go*, not *come*." But, barren or fruitful, the love of the Hungarian patriot for his country is too well known to need a mention here. His life blood waters her fruitful plains, and his tears for her, fall on her barren rocks, and his devotion to her shines through the ages, a beacon and a pattern to the weak backed patriots of to-day, who say one country is as good as another, and that the wild enthusiasm of the heroes of other days was suited to an age when common sense wasn't as common as it is now. They reverence their pretty flag, and look with adoring eyes at their leaders, dead and vanished, but living in the hearts of some who have not forgotten "48," and yet, these same people are the ones who could calmly lock their king up in prison for six months, because he was not doing his duty by the state! They are gentle and quiet, and easy-going, until some real or fancied wrong rouses them, to lengths to which few are capable of going safely, and their friendships are firm and lasting, they seem to love or hate with all their hearts. One can but hope, that a century of peace and quietness will give the country its fair chance to develop, since the main reason of its backwardness seems to be, that it has been a squabbling ground for the nations on every side of it. But in the last thirty years, the "devil horse" as the Indians on the C. P. R. line called the locomotive, has carried "light and sweetness" and travellers (like me!) far into the land of the Magyar, and as fair experience convinced me,

Hungary has it in her to hold her own with the loveliest and the most luxurious of the earth !

But Hungary was fading away from me, that lovely summer afternoon, and presently we left the Danube to continue its westerly course, and struck up in a northerly curve to busy Pressburg, and soon after steamed into the Austro-Hungary station at Vienna. Once more I greeted my French friend Moossoo, and was escorted by "Course-o-course" to my comfortable room. On descending to the dining room, I was amazed to find it full of people, men and women, young and old, having barely standing room for the great crowd, and the tobacco smoke from a hundred cigars and cigarettes making blue the air. "What is all this," I asked Moossoo, "and how am I to get my supper?" "*Madame!*" he said with an accent of comic despair. "It is Messieurs et Mesdames the Restaurateurs of Vienna, who have a convention, a soiree, here this evening, but Madame shall come with me to the "cafe next," and have a fine souper." Accordingly he took me through his office into a dining hall looking upon the street, and where, feeling very bold and strong minded, I ordered my supper. No one was there but gentlemen, but they did not take the least notice of me, and I wished before I'd finished that "Messieurs et Mesdames" had held their conversazione on the *first* night of my arrival in Vienna, and so introduced me to the grand dining room, for everything was so much brighter and fresher and *cheaper* than in the more private "speise-saal" of the hotel. Moossoo was much amused at my expressions, and assured me that I could have had all my meals there, only he was always afraid to suggest doing so to Americans, they never liked it.

What a pity it is, that we will carry our uncomfortably secluded ideas of propriety into this land of freedom and comfort! An elderly Austrian passed me, with a long stare, and then handed me a London Times! I said "*Koszonom,*" in my surprise, and he immediately began something in Hungarian, when I explained that my knowledge of Hungarian was confined to about a dozen words. However, he spoke French and German, and a little English, and he wanted to know something about—*What* do you think? the famous Maybrick trial of which a long account was in the Times! I assured him that I did not know anything about it, not having even heard of it, and such ghastly details not being interesting to me, so he gravely sat down and gave me his opinion about it. He was a professor in some university, and seemed a sort of crank, as, when I told Moossoo

about his strange behaviour he laughed and said, "Do not think anything of it, Madame. He did not intend to be rude, Madame had good sense not to resent the Herr Professor's talking to her, he is the queerest man in Vienna! I shall put this in our newspaper, and perhaps he will see it." And he did, making quite an item, in a style that convinced me he had misplaced his genius when he caged it down to the hotel business. You see what good a sound scolding had done this polite Frenchman. I often laugh when I think of the saucy way I interviewed him after my night's sojourn "over the machinery of the lift," and the wonderful effect a good rating had on his manners. I really do flatter myself that he was a little tiny bit afraid of me! There is a great deal in being goodnatured after giving a scolding, and I was always very polite and gracious to "Moossoo" after he'd done as I required.

I had to leave Vienna very early in the morning, and was rather put out thereat, expressing my dislike to going so early to the station and being quite sure that I should miss the Salzburg train after all, and have my early start for nothing. However, I was overheard by the night concierge, a serious looking young man, who looked such a swell, that it was sometime before I realized that he was at my beck and call, for "a consideration." He followed me to the elevator, and said with the air of a Marquis, "Pardon Madame, my duties take me to the station to-morrow morning. If by going a little earlier, and accompanying Madame I could set her mind at ease, that would give me great satisfaction." I decided to have my mind set at ease, by this polite young Austrian, and when I came out from my breakfast, (which was flavoured with stale tobacco smoke) I glanced into the little office where the Concierge always sat, with his rack of keys beside him, and his book of bills, his railroad timetables and all the powers of setting minds at ease, spread on his gas lit table. But no natty gold-laced cap hung on the peg, no goodlooking fellow in blue and gold uniform, sat in the leather armchair, no one at all was to be seen, only a tray of coffee and rolls half consumed showed where the Concierge had lately breakfasted. "Course-o-course" was hurrying up with the breakfast of some less punctual traveller. Moossoo was not out of bed, and I walked to the door to see who could get me a cab, in a very bad humor. There to my amazement stood a gentleman in a light overcoat, with my carryall in his hand, and before him a swell coupe with two horses! "Well, Madame!" he remarked with a polite flourish of his hat, "You shall catch your

train, I've only been waiting five minutes." It was the concierge, with a fine hat and cane, a red necktie, and altogether the appearance of a young person about to embark on a wedding-trip. I was quite proud of my escort, and of the stylish turn-out he had engaged to catch the Salzburg train! As we drove to the station, he asked if I wanted any money changed or tickets bought, highly approved of my "rund-riese" ticket, and congratulated me on the fine trip I'd made, was politely admiring to my carryall, and on my informing him of my not having known him in his unofficial garb, and paying him what I am afraid was rather a patronizing compliment, he laid all his trials and troubles and affairs generally before my eyes. He was not content, this good-looking fellow, and what could he do? he must support himself, and he had been seven years, ever since twenty-one, in the hotel we had left. He got *about two hundred dollars a year* and his fees, (I nearly laughed when he mentioned his munificent salary!) "And what fees do you generally get?" I asked, in a direct and business-like way, that really I sometimes blush to think of. "From one voyageur," he said calmly "from half a gulden up, from parties, at the rate of half a gulden each. From Americans, sometimes nothing at all, I suppose they forget, as the salaries are in America deducted from the profits on travellers by the host, I am told. Sometimes the Americans are very liberal, the lady friend of Madame gave me a gulden, Monsieur two, I think!" So this simple-minded genius answered my questions, with truth shining in his honest brown eyes, and when I thought of his life afterwards, I felt sorry that ten years had been practically wasted, three in the compulsory barrack life, and seven in the gas lit room in the hotel.

"I should wish to marry and range myself, but I have not the chance yet," he said presently. "I have tried for many situations, but I have no friends of influence to help me. Is it true, Madame, that in America a man like me could live well and save money? I speak five languages, no English, truly, but I can understand it a little, I am good accountant, and write well. See, Madame," and he pulled out a bundle of papers and handed me one like copperplate, in its even exactness. "I have no bad habits, and could I find a suitable demoiselle would be ever "bon garcon."—"

"But you wouldn't be bon garcon for an American girl," I said, shaking my head. "You'd expect her always to do just as you ordered, and buy just what you liked, and dress just as you pleased, and be "small girl," generally. Is it

not so?" "But, *certainly!*" said this large salaried man, with the air of an Emperor. "Always comes the man first, and the Holy church says the husband is the head!" "Chut!" said I in wicked delight at upsetting his complacency, "In America it is not so! There, the man does everything to please his wife; there the women are first; the men, where they can! I tell you, I just wish you people over here could attend a meeting of women, in America when they assemble to discuss whether they have all they should have in comparison with what they deserve. They call the American men *tyrants*. I wonder *what* they would call the Austrians! Why even in England, where a woman is head of all things, they have such meetings. Oh, my good concierge you'd better not come to America!" He took it all as seriously as a church sermon, and said quite convinced. "No, I do not wish to live in any such country!" He and Max O'Rell ought to have a little talk together, I fancy it would be worth listening to.

He got me small change for a hundred gulden, and out of the hundred I left one little paper on his knee, (I think if he hadn't been so anxious to "boss" the future Madame Concierge, I'd have given him two.) He was so pleased and polite, that I forgave him for charging me his cab fare back to the hotel, which I was just cute enough to catch him at. But I suppose he thought "setting minds at ease" was worth *that*, and I am sure the funny conversation we had was, at all events, I think I crushed the American fever in his Austrian mind, and that he will work more contentedly night in and night out, for two hundred dollars a year, until his luck shall find him some bonny Austrian girl with enough money to stock a little shop, where he can help her sell laces and tapes when he has had his daily sleep out!



"Tyrol."



SALZBURG was the only Tyrolese Town on my ticket, but the said ticket was of that accommodating nature that I could lay over anywhere, and make any excursion into the country I wished ; my fat friend the agent in Hamburg, had advised me with longheaded earnestness, to take the route direct from Vienna to Salzburg, and from Salzburg to Munich, "for," said he "it might be bad weather, when Madame visits the Tyrol, rainy weather, the Tyrol is no good," and as with all other of his sage remarks, I lived to bear witness to its truth. It was a hazy morning as we sped through the mountains, and misty curtains hid their topmost peaks, but what one could see was lovely and romantic and to anyone who takes a pleasure in looking at mountains, the continual succession of towering mysterious peaks and dark foggy chasm would be very fascinating. Seeing me so wrapt up in the scenery, one of my fellow travellers, a fair, red bearded man, with a look of "artist" about him, busied himself in raising the blind as high as he could, and then politely asked me to take his seat, next the window, where I could see without craning my neck. That is the worst of the English and Continental railway carriages, unless one has the "window seat," one can see very little. I need not say I always contrived to have a window seat, when at all possible, but though my mind was at ease, my body wasn't, on this early morning ride, in fact, I was so sleepy that I could scarcely keep my eyes open. Not in the enchanted Hungarian land could I spend my Sunday dozing on the sofa, after a hot bath, as in pretty Dresden or solid old busy Hamburg, and I was suffering accordingly !

I looked and looked at the sullen gloomy peaks of the grand Alps, and my head nodded wearily now and then. The gentleman who had given me his seat watched me with evident amusement, for some time, and then remarked : "The Fraulein is very tired and sleepy !" "Ja-wohl," I said. "Let me try what I can do !" he said vaguely, and he fished out a large soft plaid from the netting overhead, and moving one seat further away from me, folded it into a pillow and placed it

beside him. "So can you sleep, my fraulein" he said and with a weary "Oh, thank you!" I drew my travelling cloak about me and laid down. "I know all the country here, it is my birth place," he said. "Close your eyes and sleep, when we come to the fine views I will wake you!" He had the gentlest kindest voice, and looked so benignly at me, that I at once appointed him my guardian angel, and sank quietly into the sleep of the unaccustomed early-riser. I was awakened by a "hungry" feeling and on opening my eyes, found that our coupe had filled completely, since I had lain down, there being nine people in it beside myself, and my dear artist patiently standing in the centre, loth to disturb me to secure his place! With a red cheeked apology, I sat dizzily up, and he secured the plaid in the shawl strap and sat beside me. "How could you let me sleep," I said regretfully. "It was for only a moment" he said. "Does the Fraulein understand French?" "A great deal better than German!" I said in that language, and from that out we spoke in French. "They don't understand it," said the Tyrolese. "They are peasants and are not going far." The peasant woman who sat opposite to me had a peculiar greasy-looking parcel in her hands, in shape like a small side of bacon, and in smell very good, (I knew now what had awakened me with the "hungry feeling,) and presently she undid it after spreading a clean towel over her dress, and it proved to be provision for "lunch" for the party. She had some nice Vienna bread, and some cakes, and she began to carve the long piece of bacon or salt "goat" or whatever it was, into large square slabs, with a huge clasp knife. She looked benignly over at me, and prodding up a monstrous stringy chunk, handed it over. My artist came to my rescue, "Danke sehr!" he said diverting the chunk to himself. "It is fine flesh, you have cured it well. The fraulein is not well enough to eat the meat, but would thankfully have a brotchen," and he helped me himself, with the greatest coolness, before the fat Tyrolese could bestir herself, to plunge her greasy fingers into the basket of rolls. How I blessed him, and pretended to be daintily hungry, and how I tried not to see those awful peasants tearing the nameless "creature" in shreds, as they heartily enjoyed their "mittag-essen."

Under my breath, in stealthy French, I returned him my thanks, for rescuing me from the "*gaucherie*" of offending these simple kindly souls, "I could never have eaten it!" I said. "How can you?" "Oh, it's very good indeed" he said bravely. "I am going to pitch it out presently," which he did, in such a cute

way, smuggled up in a paper in which he had received it, that the simple peasants never suspected him, but pressed more "fleisch" and "brotschens" on him, and we were all the best of friends!

Presently we came upon some charming views and my "artist" as I persisted in thinking him to be, pointed out and named various places of interest and amazed me by informing me that he was a professor in the Vienna University, and was on his way to his childhood's home, for his health, which had suffered from over-study. "And the home, where is it?" I asked, with great interest. "Away south from here, at Gmunden," he said. "A spot of beauty, on a charming little lake, Mademoiselle should not go through the Tyrol without seeing Gmunden, and Ebensee and Ischl!" "How do you get there?" I asked, determined to take advantage of the charming weather, and see what was my artist's, no, professor's idea of beauty, if it were at all possible to do so. "Quite easily, if Mademoiselle has the time, one can change from this coupe at Attnung, into a through coupe to Ischl, and have a couple hours at Ischl, if one goes so far, and still be in Salzburg to-night," he said, after studying my "rund-reise" in which study he was aided by the greasy fingered Tyrolese women and men. "It was a fine journey for a young lady, this!" He said in German, to the frau, politely presenting the ticket for her inspection, in a corner of his handkerchief. She eyed me, with increased respect. "Your sister? No!" she said, nodding at me. "No, a friend only," he said, "In my charge for this little way to Attnung. The fraulein wishes to see Gmunden and Ischl, and I tell her it is possible, and still to sleep in the City of Salzburg to-night." "Oh, Ja-ja-ja," said everybody at once, and so, when the guard came round again I invested in a return ticket to Ischl, greedy for the beauties of Tyrol's lovely dell, and anxious, like "Baby" to see more! The Herr Professor laughingly prophesied to our humble companions, that the Fraulein would like their country best of all, and the Fraulein prudently kept her mouth shut, you may be sure, while the peasants with hearty "Good-byes" saw me and my carryall and my professor alight and enter the Ischl coupe.

A queer cry came upon my ears, when I was comfortably settled, "Ein Diner, Bit-te!" and without a moment's thought I called out the window "Ja-hier!" A neat garcon ran to the coupe, carrying the neatest and cutest little dinner, on a silver tray. "There is not time," I said doubtfully. "Ja-ja, eat and give the

service at the next station. Ein gulden, meine dame! danke," and we were off. I sitting gazing at my dainty "Diner" and my professor quietly laughing at me! "I can't help it," I said, "I am so surprised. This is really the best thing yet." Let me describe the "dinner"! A silver cup of delicious soup, a little decanter of wine and one of water, a fresh Vienna roll, a silver bowl, which being uncovered disclosed a slice of stuffed veal, cauliflower and potatoes, hot and well-cooked. The cover of the bowl, was two plates reversed on each other, and containing a wedge of strawberry tart, made with the peculiar thick rich short-cake instead of pastry, which is the fashion in these parts. Knife, forks and spoon, paper serviette and the funniest little wooden salt and pepper boxes, all, Messieurs et Mesdames, for forty cents.

And wasn't I hungry? though I did not eat until I had poured out a glass of wine for the good professor, who had secured some sandwiches, no doubt to share with me, not expecting me to find a "Diner" so easily. I think our dinner together, (with each one-half a serviette!) and our happy talk of Vienna and the Prater and the Belvedere; and the lovely lovely Gmunden, and the Lake, that looked to me like Paradise, was the most delightful episode in the whole summer! Suddenly the Professor jumped up and seized his plaid. "I am here, farewell, may your path be all sunshine. Dieu vous benit!" he exclaimed, and descended from the coupe just in time. I leaned out and waved my hand to him, as he stood looking after the train, one of nature's gentlemen, in as fair a spot as nature could contrive! Soon I had finished my dinner, and after handing out my tray to a waiter who was packing a lot of similar trays in a sort of crate, at the next station, I found I had done my first careless thing, and was rewarded accordingly. As I ate, my lace fichu had been in the way of my tiny tray and I had taken the oxidized silver brooch out that fastened it, and laid it on the tray, throwing back the fichu out of danger of my soup; I had moreover carelessly handed out the tray, brooch and all, to the waiter. This did not dawn upon me, so busy was I in gazing out upon the lovely peaceful scene of lake and mountain that spread before me, until just as I began to get ready for Ischl, I missed my brooch. It was a unique design, the souvenir of another happy holiday, in the "Royal City" of lower Canada; and, so far away from the kind heart that had given it to me, with the simple monosyllable, "There!" as is the fashion with the "married animal,"—I felt its loss more than if it had been a much more costly purchase of my own.

"*Can't I get it back!*" I asked the guard earnestly. "My *mann* in Canada gave it to me. I must not go home without it!" Thus did I impress this good Tyrolese with an idea of the abject submission of the ordinary Canadian frau! (I wonder something didn't happen me!) "We will get it back, certainly!" said he, in the most matter-of-fact tone. "Madame is *sure* she left it on the tray." "Perfectly sure!" I said, after a nervous glance round the coupe. "Then on the return to Attnung, where will be a rest of quarter of an hour, Madame must go to the office of the chief, make her statement, leave her address, and in due time receive her *bijouterie*!" "Are you *sure*?" "*Absolument*" he said, smiling encouragingly, and the train dashed into Ischl. I left my carryall in the charge of the Station Master, and passing the cabs and busses, trotted briskly up the green lanes that lead from the station to the dear little village nestling at the bottom of a "Cup" of lovely hills. I had determined to have a mountain walk, if I got lost, it would be only a new excitement, and if I missed the train it would make no difference really, whether I slept at Ischl or Salzburg, I was free to stay where I pleased, and accordingly away I went, sure of a good two hours to explore the enchanting environs of quaint little Ischl. It was a walk to be remembered, romantic and interesting, past the pretty little hotels, the old-old-fashioned houses, the funny antiquated postoffice, where I went to enquire the address of my Vienna friend, but failed to find her; out into the green of the lower mountains, over the rushing waters of the Traun River, which finds a gorge to tear through just above the town, past the Cafe Imperial, the Emperor Francis Joseph's summer residence, with its vine covered verandahs and awninged windows, and beautiful little garden, on and on, delighting in my escapade, until little Ischl lay below, and the mysterious mountains loomed overhead.

I found my way to the station by another road, and arrived rather weary and with just five minutes to spare. The old station master was looking out for me, with his eye-glasses on his nose, and his bristling white moustache standing out like the old Crimean moustache that it was!

While he was checking my carryall, on my arrival, he had given me some directions about my walk, and informed me that he had fought and been wounded *long* before I was born! How nice to *look* younger than one *is*! On the inspiration of the moment I told *him* about my loss, and he thoroughly entered into my "terror!" of going home without my little brooch. "Give *me* the description"

he said, hurriedly, and I will see about it! All this fuss had made me feel rather impressed with the chances in favour of finding my jewellery, and I gave him all particulars of my carelessness, also even sketching him the design (an old man's head, in the act of sneezing,) and then, just as the train came slowly panting up, receiving from his careful old hands my worthy carryall, and paying two cents for the custody thereof. Perhaps it would surprise my readers to hear that two days after my arrival in Toronto, I received my little brooch, by mail, accompanied by the following letter, from a swiss friend who had promised to look out for it at the Dom Hotel, Cologne (the address I had given) and who received it from the hands of my childlike concierge with the wide smile, on my written order.—“I return you your little man, who has made so long a journey by himself. That he is brave man! Is it not so? Your good friend in Ischl searched heaven and earth to find him, and the expense of return has been one franc. The other franc you left with me, in case of necessity, shall it be for some poor one, or is there not something you'd like for it?” I answered not long ago, after receiving a second letter from my kind Suisse, that I should like a photo of Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne, and lo! as I write, this very day, the postman brings me my photo, and it lies before me! This is a little like a “coincidence,” is it not?

And, on leaving Ischl, I went back by the road I had come, with this advantage, that the clouds had all cleared away, and the evening sun gilded the peaceful lakes and touched with fire the distant mountain peaks, falling also, with tender touches athwart a carven crucifix that stood on a tiny bit of rock away out in the water. There were four Tyrolese in the coupe, an old man and his frau, and two young fellows, the woman with her headgear of black silk bound across her forehead and hanging down in kerchief ends behind. She evidently regarded me as an intruder on the family party, and expressed herself to that effect. I am not a bit “meek,” so I asked her if she had *bought* the coupe, and made as if to take down my carryall, and leave! The young men assured me that I was welcome, and that they were merely passengers like myself. “Not like me!” I said earnestly, “I could not be so gauche!” And with that parthian shot I turned my attention to the beauty of the scene. Presently the old man produced a surreptitious pipe, filled with very rank tobacco, and took a long whiff. I summoned courage, looked at him mildly, and remarked, “Here is not a smoking carriage.” “Oh Jaw,” he said indifferently and gave another good whiff. The woman

laughed, and my Irish was up! "You are *not* to smoke here!" I said sternly, and looked at him in an awful way, my throat uncomfortably swelling, and my eyes brimming at the full whiff he sent in my direction. Then arose a noisy discussion, Madame taking the part of her lord and master, and the young Tyrolese evidently favouring me, until one of them volunteered to go and find the guard and leave him to settle the question. That good fellow soon sat upon the whole party, and Monsieur, finding out that he "must not do so any more" under pain of goodness only knows what of fine and imprisonment, coiled himself up and went to sleep, while Madame turned her back to me, rolled up her hands in her apron, put out her lip, just for all the world like the old frau in Cologne, and soon followed her "mann" into dreamland!

My young champion seated himself opposite me, and stared at me calmly. He was a handsome blue-eyed laddie, with a cunning little mouth and a still cunninger moustache, and he evidently wanted to make amends for the ill manners of his compatriots. I looked at him in a friendly way, and he took off his hat and began to smooth the curling black-cock feathers that nestled in his hat band, essaying presently a monosyllabic remark to his companion which made them both smile. "Are you Tyrolese?" I began valiantly. "Ja-ja," he answered, with a laugh. "Do you live in the mountains?" "Ja-ja," and he gave the other peasant a look as much as to say, "*You are nowhere!*" The friend would not be scorned thus! and took his seat beside me, remarking "English frau?" "No," I said goodnaturedly "I am an American, Can you *Yodel?*" They both burst out laughing and said "Ja-ja. Has the American frau heard the yodelling?" "No, but I should like to!" I said gravely. Then they began a string of questions, leaning forward in their eagerness. "Was it far to America?" and "is Canada in England?" and "is it like the Tyrol?" They had heard of Niagara Falls, and when I told them I lived quite near them, and described the Cibola and Chicora and their daily trips to Niagara, they were mightily interested. They evidently thought that Niagara roared and thundered in the midst of a howling wilderness. After quite an effort to enlighten their ignorance on matters Canadian, I was prepared for the next question. "How much does it cost to go there?" I had no idea, but told them in marks, how much my trip had cost, and was quite dismayed at the reception of my information. They sat back and regarded me with round eyes, and evidently made up their Tyrolese minds that they had found

a champion falsifier ! At last one of them after whispering with the other, ventured to say " What did you come to Tyrol for ? " " To see Tyrolese and hear them yodel " I said shortly, and designed to entertain them no longer. They got out at Gmunden or some small station adjacent and walked up the hill, and as I looked after them they turned back, and sent across the valley a long peculiar series of notes. They were yodelling for me !



The Rainy City.

IT was after dark and raining hard, when I reached the hotel in Salzburg, thoroughly worn out with my long happy day. To my surprise, I saw, as soon as I reached the dining room that I had chosen the favourite abiding place of the British Tourist. The hotel was full, the only room vacant was a very grand one on the first floor, looking out over a garden, but if it had been much grander and the rates much higher, I shouldn't have waited to look for another! "Only a bath and a rest" I said basely descending to English, as I found the waiter was a Cockney. Down stairs I went about nine o'clock for my "souper," and found as I have said, the room full of English people, all enraged at "*the weather*." Now, if anything makes bad weather unbearable, it is to hear the British Matron's comments thereon! The Archdeacon was there, in his leggings and apron, and Mrs. Archdeacon and four Miss Archdeacons, and the way those supposed worshippers of a Divine Ruler of the Universe, railed against the rain He had sent upon them, and the aggrieved and badly used tones they conversed in, spoiled my appetite. "Well, well. Mama and girls, perhaps this abominable rain may give over in time for our drive, but if not, you had better pack up and we will leave to-morrow." There were foreigners there too, of course, and they sat amiably munching their frugal supper, and chatting quietly together. There were two very callow young parsons, of the Ritualistic type, who were employed in eating very heartily and nervously eyeing the Misses Archdeacon who stared at them in that peculiarly repellant manner that developes nowhere but in the British Isles. When one young priest dropped his eyes and crossed himself over his dinner, the Misses Archdeacon all looked at their mother who looked at their father, who beckoned the waiter, and wrote on a slip of paper, and sent the man to the register, I fancy, for he came back with a couple of names written on a card, which Mr. Archdeacon handed to Mama to read for him, and which she read in quite audible tones, as was evident by the increased complexion of the young parsons, and their suddenly finding something interesting

in the Bill of Fare to discuss. This beginning of friendly advances made in such wellbred and charming considerateness, ended by the Archdeacon sending his card to the two young parsons with the message that he would be with his party in the drawingrooms, and I was amused at the conversation of the parsons. "Good-looking girls, Eh, old fellow?" "Ya-as." "Know the family?" "N-a-a-w." "Better hook on, they're in your county, have a pretty place. Come, coy creature!" and I nearly laughed outright as I caught his eye, and saw him realize that I had heard him. The parson who had attracted the Archdeacon, was a stupid stick, but the parson who had boldly eyed all the Misses Archdeacon, was a fair, happy-looking boy, who would have become better a suit of flannels and a tennis hat, than his present lugubrious garb.

Beside the Misses Archdeacon and their parents there were, as I am an amused chronicler, the two old fat Yankee ladies, who had gone through the interview with the Custom officer at Herbestal. I puzzled for a long time over them, but did not recognize them at first. They looked very tired, and yawned undisguisedly as I followed them to the drawing room, where the prettiest Miss Archdeacon was looking over photographs with the mischievous young parson, while the "coy creature" was being talked to by mama and papa, and was having a very serious crossquestioning about his family connections. One might as well have been in the Rectory drawing rooms in —shire! so I left them to worry each other, and gladly tumbled into bed

We had "the weather" again at breakfast, when it was arranged very audibly for everyones benefit, that the coy creature and the Archdeacon should go for a tramp, Mama write letters and the scamp amuse the girls. All to drive after the pedestrians and fetch them home, if the afternoon were fair. One might once more, have been in the Rectory! so strong a flavour of "English as she is spoke" and thought and acted did these people contrive to disseminate about them, so far from home! In the intervals of rain I started for a short drive through the city, and had the satisfaction of gazing upon Mozart's birth-place and home, which one can identify by the golden harp upon the outer wall, and of spending a short time in the fine Cathedral, and hearing its delightful peal of bells. There are salt works somewhere near, but the rain came on in torrents and I took refuge in the Cathedral while my cocher drove under a sheltering arch, so that an end was put to sightseeing for that day. The archdeacon and the coy creature came in just after

I got back, and somehow the dignitary and I had quite a smart chat, beginning with the weather and not awed by the presence of Mama, the scribe who listened, and wrote *not a word!* and ending with hearty condolences on the loss of my very nice umbrella which must have fallen from the carriage during my drive, and was probably keeping dry some portly Salzburger! It is needless to add that I never got *it* back, for I am afraid the whole human race shares in the same moral obliquity on the umbrella question. My waiter expressed disgust when I told him I was going away the same afternoon. "Why, you 'avent seen nethink my lady!" he said. I had seen signs of a rainy week (which I afterwards heard were verified) and rain and families of Archdeacons didn't make me happy, so why should I have them forced upon me? I left in a down pour at about two o'clock, so mightily glad that I'd had some sort of a glimpse of the Tyrol before I reached the Rainy City.

Salzburg must be a nice place in fair weather; all round it rise lofty mountain peaks, with old castles of venerable and picturesque appearance perched upon them. There are lots of drives and walking tours that for little expense or fatigue land one in the most rugged and charming scenery, and had I remained, and fine weather arrived, (neither of which happy events transpired,) I have no doubt that the Archdeacon would have (after duly inspecting my family tree) taken me for many a jolly tramp, and that I should have thoroughly enjoyed his venerable society. But then, I should have had to buy another umbrella!

Shall I ever forget the time I had on that trip from Salzburg to Munich? I found a non-smoker coupe, tenanted by two ladies and an old gentleman, and should the three of them read their description here, I trust they will forgive me! The ladies were more than pretty, they were beautiful, one so fair and round and demure, the other so stately in her petite dark-eyed beauty. I sketched her, as she knows, but on second thoughts I won't insult her memory by exhibiting such an unworthy attempt to produce her delicate loveliness. Suddenly, as we settled ourselves for a quiet *read*, two German students bounced into the coupe, one dark and bearded, the other immensely tall and fair and smoothfaced, with such wide long hands, and a great square "gepack" strapped upon his shoulders. I never saw two such crazy mischievous imps as those men!

Presently, I noticed the lovely graceful pose of my pretty neighbour, and began

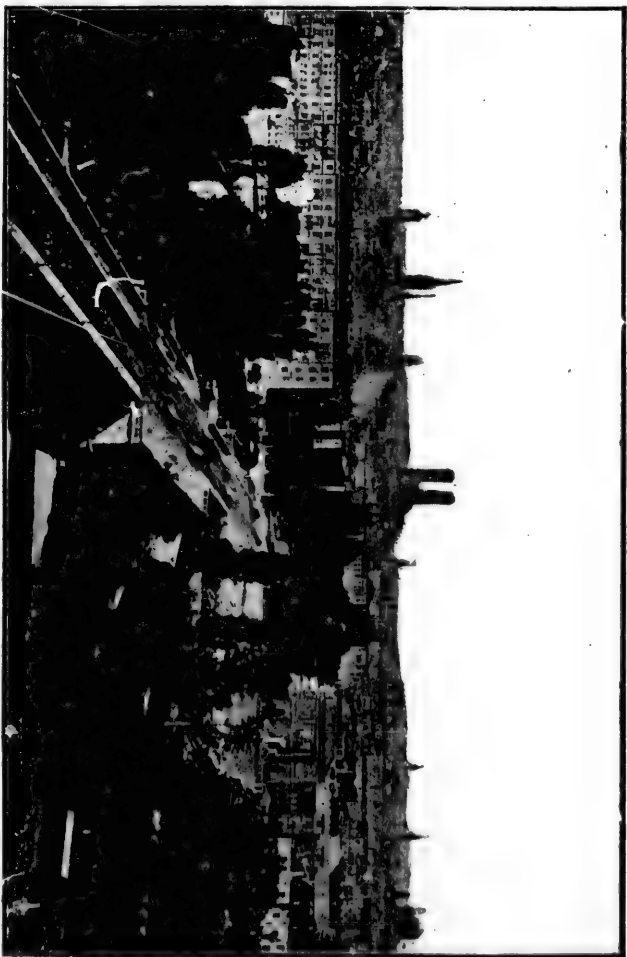
alyly to sketch her in my note book. She read on unconsciously and no one would have been the wiser, had it not been for those scamps of students. The tall one deliberately stretched his great length across the carriage to put up his gepack over my head, and looked down on my little picture. "Gut," he said quite aloud. "The beautiful fraulein," and his friend got up too to look, as I sat trying to be dignified and unconscious, but feeling horribly that the ladies and their chaperon were listening and looking suspiciously at me. Those horrible students were so delighted with their discovery, that they stared openly at the young girl who bit her lip and read studiously, while her fair companion, not so discreet peeped round the corner of my seat inquisitively. I folded the sketch up and handed it to her, saying gravely, "I should like to keep it, if Mademoiselle has no objection." I spoke in French, for the blonde was reading Dumas in the original. She leaned forward after looking at the sketch, and handed it back to me, then spoke in a low voice to the old gentleman, who smiled goodnaturedly. I was much relieved, until the bearded German seating himself between us, accosted me in very pretty French, begging to know my destination and whether I had been long in the Tyrol. "Monsieur" I said, at a venture, "my destination is Heidelberg, do you know anything of it?" Both of the "Studenten" burst into a laugh, and poured upon me a volume of information, asking how I was going? how long to stay? where? and so on. Then the long armed hauled down his "gepack," and after unstrapping many a buckle, spread out the square of oilcloth, which held his spare flannels and bath towels, and sundry and manifold other comforts, and fished out a small folding photograph album, with numerous fine views of the Rhine City. "Heinrich" was his christian name, and Heidelberg was his University, as the fly leaf told me, and I passed a very pleasant half hour, hearing the most awful stories of student life, translated in French for me by the obliging fellow on my left, until a sort of smothered giggle from the fair girl beside him made him include her also in his audience. "My friend Heinrich" he explained "is, Madame, and Mademoiselle in a sad state, he has heart disease, and I am anxious about him, (nay, nay Heinrich, I speak nothing but good of you!)" he interpolated, in German, and Heinrich amused himself by rolling a cigarette and humming a Studenten Lied. "He is so large, but he is very delicate, and if the beautiful lady opposite and the kind gentleman beside you would not object, I should so like to have him smoke for a few moments." I could not see any

thing but sheer mischief in all this nonsense. "I was a little provoked" with the others for allowing Heinrich this privilege, which they did with many compassionate glances. He lit his cigarette and took one puff, when I looked at him and began, "My friend," but he did not wait for any more, flinging it through the window with an impatient exclamation, and giving me a very wrathful look! "Madame is cruel" said my next door neighbour warmly, but I turned on him very quietly and said "I am sorry the Herr Heinrich has so little politeness as to commit such a rudeness, I don't believe he would have tried it, if you had not led him on. Remember, Monsieur, that American ladies like at least to be asked for a privilege." "I asked, you heard me!" he exclaimed. "Not a bit of it, you told a lot of stories to those young ladies and their escort, but you never asked me if I should object to my *vis-a-vis* smoking in my face! So I don't intend to have him do any such thing."

"Will you come and sit here?" said the lovely brunette, making room for me with a smile. "I have felt sorry ever since I told the young man to smoke. I began to suspect it was a humbug!" So I deserted my German Students, and received for my trouble their frowns, and assurances that "at Heidelberg I should see them smoke." Then they began a system of retaliation, which annoyed us very much for a little while. Heinrich took out his pencil and sketch book, and pretended to sketch the whole of us, then he again rolled a cigarette and standing up (which the coupe barely allowed his great inches room to do) he opened a slit at the top of the window and puffed the smoke cleverly out at it. Then his companion tried to enter into conversation with the plump lady on his left, and when she did not respond by word or look, confided to Heinrich that the poor Fraulein was dumb! How sad, and so young and beautiful. Fortunately the Fraulein did not understand him, as he soon found out, then they sang together some "Studenten Lieder" and imitated the pouring of beer and the click of beer mugs in such a natural way, that I had all I could do not to say "Bravo," but experience had taught me that there was one kind of Continental creature, beside fleas, that I could have too much of, so I mutely studied my book, and only spoke to the beauty beside me, as an occasionally fine view broke upon us.


She also was reading a French book, and she spoke always in French, so that I was more than surprised when she leaned across to the kind-looking gentleman opposite and remarked in English, "Would you ask the guard if we can't have

another carriage, I really cannot stand these Germans any longer," for by this time Heinrich and his companion had established themselves side by side in the opposite corner and were amusing themselves by staring at her with very cheeky remarks, and conjectures as to her nationality. When she spoke in very refined quiet English I was so surprised that I turned to her at once "You are American!" I said, "and so am I, Do not think of leaving the coupe, they are getting off directly." Things went swimmingly after that, and their books were put away, as we chatted and compared notes, and my pretty compatriot told me that they were going to Munich also, but not to remain, on, that same evening, to Nurnberg and to-morrow to Bayreuth to hear the last presentation of "Parsifal." "We have not gotten seats, but we are going to have them, no matter if they cost twenty dollars a piece," she said laughing. "We just happened to hear, in the Tyrol, that to-morrow was the last night, and we have been travelling ever since to get there in time. I am afraid our good guardian is quite worn out, but he's going to bear up, just for this once!" and with a sweet little penitent face, she patted the old gentleman's hand. The "studenten" were completely shut out, as they understood not English, and at the next station they bid us adieu, that great Heinrich actually, with tourist cap and alpenstock in hand, insisting upon shaking hands with me, and bidding me "*Auf Wiedersehn*" till we met at Heidelberg! I said, "You should apologize to Mademoiselle for your gaucherie," and with true German surprise he answered, "Ho, not I, how pretty she is, Eh? that Fraulein. Come now, tell me, is she Russ?" I had to laugh at him, after all, and he went off whistling a student song.



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF MUNICH.

"Munchen" to Constance.

HE rain did not follow us into Bavaria, or rather it left just as we arrived and the evening drive in the great Hotel Bus was not very awful, though we had sixteen trunks on the roof and thirteen American women in the interior of that strongly built equipage. I saw the "*Muncheners*" laughing and pointing as we rattled along the streets and squares, and drew up heavily before our hotel, and I felt like a Cook's tourist party. The "men" of the assembly had gone on ahead to secure rooms and were waiting like very seedy concierges round the hotel entry, for the "women that owned them!" Ah, if the American female is Queen over her own stoop and backyard at home, what is she when she entices her good man across the herring pond, and drags him about the continent? "A holy terror" as a slangy friend of mine would say. These people were all going to Bayreuth, next day, all had seats in the Opera House, secured by one poor wretch of a man, who had been "miserable" and so, had been shipped off to Bayreuth to arrange for these jolly females and their jaw-working escorts to enjoy "*Parsifal*," and who was now smiling in a sickly manner under the thanks and blandishments and commiserations of every woman in the party, except his wife, who took no notice of him whatever!

"*Well* Mr. Symes, *here* we all are. *Why* you look *real* well. *Did* you get our seats in the *best* places! Is your dyspepsia easier? *My!* I think the Munich air is the very best thing for you, you look *splendid*." While the dyspeptic Mr. Symes after turning to expectorate in a safe corner, and looking a wreck of everything resembling a man, subsided into the back ground, and the fat ladies bustled off to the elevator, and crowding into it, until the poor boy in attendance could barely find a square foot to stand on, went chattering like Magpies in a cage, to their flat. In the meantime, I, quite overpowered, stood waiting for a space to open between me and the concierge, who spying me out, and I am afraid, rightly interpreting the twinkle of fun in my eye, came politely and escorted me to the parlor, where I waited until I was summoned to inspect my room. As the Ameri-

can party had gone higher up, for the comfort of having rooms all in a row, I was not the worse for their onslaught, and soon found myself established in a cosy apartment, with a pretty chambermaid smilingly initiating me into the mysteries of the two electric light buttons, and wanting to know if Madame was of the party or alone.

At dinner in the evening all the talk was of the opera, and anticipations of enjoyment thereat, until I was almost tempted to creep under the wing of one of the stout Americans and go myself. I cannot see now why I did not ! for the dyspeptic Mr. Symes said openly that he was sure it would be a "fraud !" and offered his five dollar seat at a discount to anybody who was "German Opera crazy, for I aint." I should have certainly snapped at the offer, but for the snarling voice of Mrs. Symes, who chimed in suddenly, and reduced her recalcitrant lord to order as follows : "Now, Henry Symes, you just shut up directly, you have dragged me up here to listen to *your* Parsifal, and you are going to see it through, so don't talk like *that*." Further remark from the party revealed to me that Mr. Symes had bargained with some earlier birds for seats in a forward part of the opera house which they had secured, at his loss of one hundred per cent, but the ladies seemed mightily to enjoy this part of the bargain, laughing at him immoderately, and not a man of the party seemed to grudge ten dollars where five would have done as well.

Here it was that I met the little French lady who amused herself with my accounts of Prince Rudolph's death, and on the next afternoon, I told her of my regret for not seeing Parsifal. "Yes," she said, seriously, "You should have gone, and even if you didn't get a very good seat, no seats are bad in Madame Wagner's Opera House. And she won't have many more seasons of Wagner Opera, I am afraid. The expenses are awful, and the artists are very unmanageable. They quarrelled so, it was dreadful, and they don't mind poor Madame Wagner, as they would a Master. I am so sorry you didn't go. Why, we could have gone together, for the last night, and had a day in Nurnberg ! There is a quaint city, if you please." "Yes," I agreed. "There I was to go and see Albert Durer's house, and that funny old restaurant where are only so many chairs and tables, and where one can only have bread, sausages and beer ! just the same as it was hundreds of years ago." "O' nush !" said Madame, with her little hands uplifted "It is the horrid German beer and sausage ! You would

rather see the quaint old buildings and the queer streets. You liked Prag. Wait till you see Nurnberg, and for restaurants, you will see those in my city. Chut ! not going to Paris ! Oh, Madame ! and the Exposition on, and perhaps, God knows ! the Parisians will have another war before you come again, and destroy all the rest of the beautiful old places of Paris. The Rhine, pouf ! There it is any time ! but Paris is not so sure ! ” and she so talked to me, and upbraided me, that I began to waver in my determination to give Paris the go-by,—as I had done seven years ago—and almost promised her, to make time for a few days in her city.

The concierge told me, during the day, that there was a very good opera at the Hof Theatre just on the next block, which “went in” at seven o’clock and to which I could go alone if I wished. I commissioned him to get me a seat, stipulating for a front one, and on mentioning it to my French friend at dejeuner, she announced that she had also taken a seat and that we should go together. We did so, surrendering our cloaks and hoods to a woman in the anteroom who checked them for us, and being escorted to our seats, which were not near, Madame having gone in the second range, while my literal concierge had seated me in what we call here, “the bald-headed row.” The opera was Verdi’s Othello, and the singing and acting were fine. Iago was as clever a troubler of Love’s young dream as he could be, and Desdemona was handsome, and her liquid voice sang sweetly all her part, especially the Ave Maria, which embodies her prayer at the shrine before she lies down for her last sleep on earth. The peculiarity of the South-German pronunciation struck me very much in listening to the artists, when they softened the North-German “ich” into “ish.” It destroys the character of the language a good deal.

My little friend invited me to supper in her room, and told me of her son, a student at Zurich, and was so pretty and lady-like and entertaining that the evening passed quickly. It was quite an evening too, for we got home about twenty minutes to ten from the opera. What a sensible idea ! It is worth a little hurry over dinner to have the long after-chat !

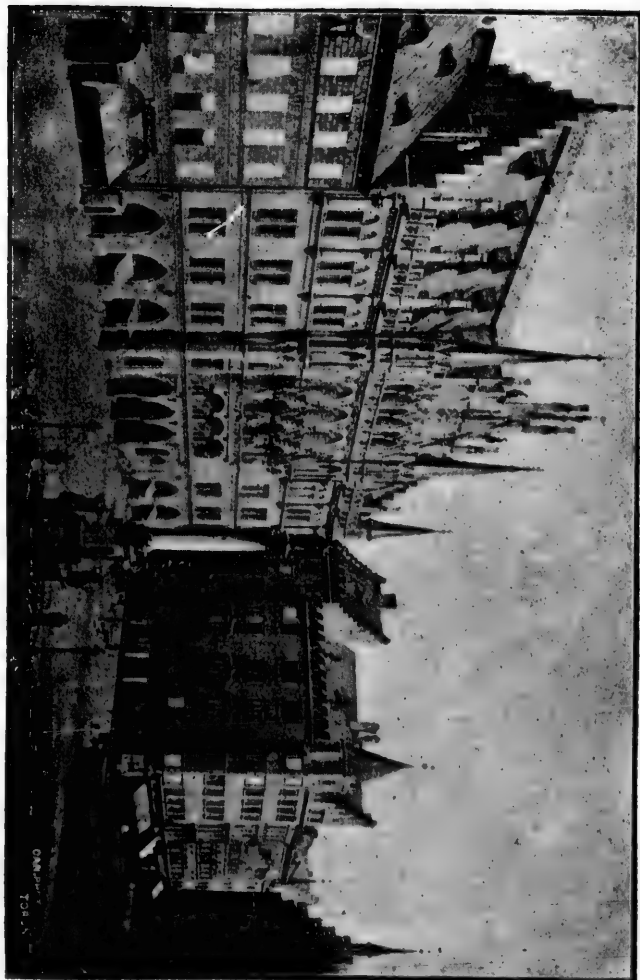
And I heaved a sigh over Heidelberg as I laid me down to sleep, for my French temptress had been at me again, and this time she did not leave me until I promised to go to Paris. “From Bale,” she said, after a look at my “rund-reise,”

"You shall sell your ticket, if you get a good chance, if not, you can sell it in Paris, discreetly, you know, for it is against the law, and even at Lucerne, begin to keep the eyes open! It were cheaper to take a ticket from Lucerne to Paris, than lose your chance of selling this great thing. All the way back to Hamburg, I declare, and *fourth-class* from Cologne to Hamburg! My child, you couldn't travel like *that*." I laughed and explained the scheme; it had been compulsory to take a ticket back to Hamburg to make the "round trip," but as I only intended going as far as Cologne, my fat agent had made it fourth class for the part I did not require. "How they are sharp! those Hamburgers!" she said, laughing, "I wonder they did not cheat you, little Canadian!" And I stood up bravely for my good tradespeople in the Metropolis of the Elbe, little wotting of the hour to come, when skimped sealskin, and a brazen fraud, slyly slipped in among a lot of pretty "*bijouterie*," that was *all* warranted "*echte geld*"—(real gold) should cause me to remember ruefully her surprise.

Yes, they *are* sharp, those Hamburgers.

The second day in Munich my companion took me for a long walk, and we had an hour's shopping; in this city are to be had the cheapest and the prettiest articles in silver "*bijoterie*" I saw anywhere. I replaced my unfortunate little brooch by a killing trio of children's faces, for a mere trifle, and I went on another expedition after the long-sought meerschaum pipe, which had been a commission hung about my neck by my lord and master on my departure for the Happy Holiday. This time I found what I wanted, in quality, price and design, and decided that Munich had the prettiest assortment of pipes of any city I had visited. A funny little cigarette holder of local association, formed of a Munchen "Krug," or beer mug, also found its way into the Carryall. I was just a little ruffled when the dignified concierge of our hotel, after an admiring look at the pretty pipe, remarked, "Madame got a good bargain for —," and named just two-thirds of what I had paid. I hastily corrected him, and a smile stole over his quiet face. "Ah, what a pity Madame had not asked *me* to buy it, after making her choice of design. The price was as I said, Madame, but the wicked fellow saw you were a stranger! Well, well, that makes us a bad name with tourists!"

In the afternoon we took a drive out on the wide clean streets, under the magnificent "Victory Gate" that spans the spacious thoroughfare, with its noble arches,



MARIEN PLATZ—MUNICH.

and which is said to be an imitation of a triumphal arch in the Forum, past the Glyptothek, or Gallery of Sculpture, and the other art galleries, whose names I shall spare you. The Glyptothek is very well worth an afternoon's visit, more lengthy than we had time for. Some stately sculptures and delightful groups and figures by Canova, Thorwaldsen and other masters of the poetry of stone, made us long to stay for an hour among them; and then the various handsome churches, the great cathedral, with its funny square towers, with "hats on," as an American described them, and the monuments more numerous here than almost anywhere else that I have noticed, and the Hof theatre, where we went last night, with its vast auditorium and five or more shallow galleries, the largest in Germany some one told us; at all events, an impressive sight, when, between the acts, those privileged people in the "front row" can face about, sit on the orchestra rail, and calmly survey the whole brilliant house. I asked my little "*Francaise*" afterwards if it had been a very bold thing to do, thus to gaze from my vantage ground into the faces of my neighbors. "Oh, no," she said carelessly. "All that other people do, why (with patience?) should not you, and if you will only do as others do, who should call you singular or bold?" Munich, although comparatively modern, (or so it struck *me*), has numbers of galleries, museums, concert rooms, and all sorts of grand buildings, for many of which it has to thank the first King Ludwig, who spent many thousands of pounds in beautifying his royal city, and also the good Maximilian, whose statue adorns the street of our hotel, and in whose honor a sort of museum has been erected at the end of the street bearing his name, called "Maximilianeum."

We walked up the Maximilian street to it, crossing the stone bridge over the river and looking down upon the raging stream which is still, as on the eve of Hohenlinden battle, "The Iser rolling rapidly," and I was amused at my little friend's indignation at the drowning of poor daft King Ludwig the second. "He never tried to drown himself," she said gravely. "The people would never have had him put under restraint, they all loved him so, but for *someone's* advancement he must be put aside. Mark you, my dear, the poor man was put in that lake, so!" and with a sphinx-like nod the funny little lady turned the conversation. Presently, however, she burst out again, "What crazy thing did the poor man do?" she demanded. "Only built palaces! and these people—*miserables!* are making showplaces of these palaces now, making *lots* of money out of them. Tut, tut,

tut!" and I burst out laughing and said, "Why, Madame, you're half a Bavarian yourself, I believe!" but she denied that, seriously, and went on, "and that poor Ludwig he was such a fine, tall, handsome man, so kind of heart, see how he took off his fur cloak and wrapped it round a poor match-seller on this very corner, how he loved the poor. Ah, Bon Dieu! these beer drinkers deserved not any such man!" I had the greatest fun out of this dear little woman, she was so comical, and I thought more than once that if all "*Parisiennes*" were like her, I should have a better chance of being happy in Paris than going up the Rhine, even with Heidelberg and Rudesheim and the students to turn the scale.

That evening our American party were back for dinner, and I enjoyed them very much. One especially, a tall, portly Jewish-looking person, sumptuously dressed, and the proprietress of the smallest husband in the crowd, whose name of "Horatio" nearly upset my gravity, entertained us during dinner with an account of the Bayreuth experience, which will do my readers perhaps as much good as if they had my own.

This lady was "*brim full*," as she informed the company, of "*semi-tones*," "Wagner ALWAYS affects me so!" she said, putting both her elbows on the table and her round little chin in her bejewelled hands. "I can't sleep for them, not for two nights. *Can I*, Horatio? There, you see, Horatio says so! I lie down thinking about a certain a-ar, (I suppose she meant *air*) and it goes sliding a semi-tone up, or a semi-tone low, and it does *nearly* set me wild before it gets *settled*!" I looked at her in amazement and she gave me a nod. "You know how 'tis," she said, confidentially. "Have you been to Bayreuth? No? Well, what a pity, you have a musical brow." Just for one little minute I had to stop, thinking what a musical brow might be! but I added to her personalities by boldly venturing, "So have you, I am sure! I wish you would tell me about the opera." And she, backed by Horatio as a reference, and applauded by Madame and all the Americans spoke as follows: "Well, when we got there it was quite early, and we had tea in the lodging that Mr. Symes had picked on. Really, if it wasn't for that man, I don't know what we'd do. He's just a *father* to us, and we had the best seats in the house. It's the queerest opera house, no orchestra that you can see, they're down cellar somewhere, I guess! and we all went in and were chatting away, when to the very second, the lights went out! Yes, *out*, not down, but *out*. I'll bet you a dollar, Horatio, I can't ever prove it, but you are wrong, they went *black*

out! Then some one, some German said "hush-h-h," (we were laughing a little) and then we all shut right up. I sat there and said "hush-h-h" just as loud as anyone! Well, we all hushed, and the music began, and the scenery, Oh, my! it was perfectly grand, and the actors and the singing and *everything*, Oh, my! When we came out I felt as if I'd been through a wringing machine. My spirit was clean gone. Just like the Queen of Sheba, for all the world! I don't believe I'll ever want to see another opera, not even in New York. It was just *Divine!*"

Even in spite of her incongruous remarks, her great earnestness impressed me, and I was anew sorry that I had missed so great a treat.

But while the stout American ecstaticed over the perfection of operatic presentation, I noticed her large full eyes become fixed and round, and she said to her husband, "Horatio! for gracious sake, do you see that?" We all turned and saw a supper party of Russians, military papa, growing up son, and young lady daughter, as dainty and piquante a little dame as one could wish to see, all leisurely smoking together. Mademoiselle had a delicate little cigarette case of cream satin, and held her cigarette in the most finished style between her first and second fingers, occasionally taking a dainty little whiff that pursed up her rosy lips in a provokingly kissable manner. Her wavy black hair was set up in the extreme of quiet style, her handsome black silk gown was perfect in fit and garniture, her little feet were crossed, and her tiny bronze slippers and silk stockings were too pretty to be hidden, but *she smoked*, and had she been discovered at table in a state of intoxication, or in the garb of Mother Eve, those women and men could not have looked upon her with more utter horror and dismay. "Why, I *never really did*," said Mrs. Symes, and she turned to the "father of the party," "Mr. Symes take me right away. I'm sure she's a bad horrid thing, I do really think so, and to brazen us all like that. I wonder could you find out who she is. Here, waiter, oh, he don't understand me. Do you see that girl, who is she? There, he's gone away. Well, I am going to look at the register. She's a disgrace, and that horrid old man and that foolish boy, backing her up!" She went, and presently came back, with a face of mystery. "I've found out," she said. "Well, go ahead and tell us, do!" said madame Semitones. "She's a Princess, a Russian Princess. What do you think of *that*." Everyone drew a breath, even I, who had been *boiling* at their impertinence was impressed. "Well," said Madame

Semitones, "I guess we'll have to let her smoke!" Her comical look made this little speech very ridiculous, and I laughed in spite of my indignation. This was the evening that the elevator got out of order, and the fat ladies had to trudge upstairs, and for the next day and evening, so it remained!

They were the most overpowering people I ever sojourned with, and they crowded out into the entry and stood about and talked, and set off in three cabs for a drive to see the Bavarian beer breweries, and the hotel seemed deserted when they went away! Their trunks stood open in the hall way, and their rich dresses were flung over the lids, and all sorts of rare and curious, and beautiful articles of apparel or "*bric-a-brac*," picked up in Florence or Milan tumbled about in confusion

Madame Semitones invited me to her room, and of course, I went. While she was out for a moment, Mrs. Symes said to me impressively; "You have met Mrs. A. before I presume." "No," I said. "Is she a native American?" "She is," said Mrs. Symes, with an exceeding decided tone. "And that lady has the most wonderful brain power, and her facility is remarkable. You could judge so, couldn't you?" A wild remembrance of poor dear Martin Chuzzlewit and his American friends, who were all "the most remarkable men in the country," gave me an internal spasm, but I mildly replied, "Oh yes! she is musical too?" "Her musical powers are remarkable," said the large Mrs. Symes. "She sings, at an enormous salary, which she spends mostly in doing good, in one of the finest churches in our city, and before she married, was intended for the stage! But Horatio, (he is my brother) threatened self-destruction if she refused him, and, he won her." She looked at me and raised her eyes, "I consider Horatio a very unusual man, but I always acknowledge that I am blessed in a sister-in-law," she said, and I made an excuse to get away, and have my laugh out, for I knew she would trot out the despised Mr. Symes for my respectful admiration, if I stayed any longer, and I felt I should get into trouble if I laughed at him, so hastily leaving my compliments for my hostess, I descended to my own room. I haven't impaled Mrs. Symes more than she deserved, she was a perfect fool!

Madame and I had another supper and a tremendous laugh at the whole thing, though the piquante Frenchwoman allowed that the description of the Wagner Opera performance was correct as far as it went. I tried to tell her of Horatio's

threat of self-destruction, and managed amid many giggles, to get it out, but Madame set me into a roar, by remarking, "Oh, what a pity, *pauvre petit mouche!* Why laugh at honest love?" She took it in the most serious way, but then, she was a Frenchwoman! She asked me to meet her in Zurich and she would go straight to Paris with me, and I longed to do so, but really, when I was with her, she so absorbed my interest, that I didn't half take in the sights about me, and I was almost glad when we somehow missed each other. And would one believe it, we parted after all this good "*camaradie*" without even having asked each others names! I have been so sorry since, for I am sure she could write charming newswy foreign letters, and my letters have been such a pleasure to me, since I came home wafting as they do, long breaths of sweetest recollection into the plain and practical air of stay-at-home! and making *real* those fair summer-day's friendships, that else would look like rain-bow visions, so far and so short, and so delightful were they!

The time I had allowed for my Munich visit had expired, even with the additional time stolen from rain dashed Salzburg, and I bid farewell to my happy little French friend, and as I have recorded elsewhere, judiciously insulted the family pride of Monsieur the Concierge, and captured a cute little bell boy to ride to the station with me, and stow my carryall into the train. This plan did not work however, as I found no servants were allowed on the platform, unless provided with train tickets. However, "Pierre," as the little fellow was called, carried the gradually increasing weight and bulk of the elastic machine into the waiting room, and standing before me with his little gold laced cap in his hand, harangued me thus: "Madame, *s'il vous plait*, from Munchen to Schaffhausen will take you about nine hours, or so, probably. You will go from here to Lindau, by train, from Lindau to Constance by *Damp schiffe*, (boat of Lake Constance) then for twenty minutes by train, to Schaffhausen. You will sleep the night at Schaffhausen, or rather the omnibus from the "Schweitzer Hof" will meet you at Schaffhausen, and drive you out to the hotel. It will not be a very long drive, and then you are at the Cataracts of the Rhine, all close by you!" "How do you know so much about these places?" I asked of the boy sceptically. "Because, *s'il vous plait*, I am Suisse, me, and I was on the railroad four years." "You? Why, how old are you?" I asked, still more sceptically (the boy looked about eighteen.) "Five and twenty last May, *s'il vous plait*, Madame. There is your train, *Merci bien*, Madame!" and I was racing for a non-smoker coupe, with a

blue bloused Bavarian after me for twopence, inside of ten seconds. I had gotten so accustomed to looking out for myself and my eyes were so sharp after "Nicht rauchen," that I was soon settled and steaming out of Munich, which held such funny memories for me, that it's very name makes me smile even now !

From Munchen to Lindau I rode alone, and uneventfully, and on alighting from the train at the latter station, caught my first glimpse of the tourists land of promise, Switzerland. A pale looking hunch-back harnessed into a great strap, ornamented with large iron hooks, swung down my heavy carryall, and having loaded up with all the baggage he could hook on to himself, until his tiny distorted body was literally covered up with valises, carryalls and shawlstraps, and his hands full of parasols umbrellas, staggered off along the dock, at the head of a procession of travellers, and led us to a neat little wharf, where lay a small pretty looking steamer, rocking on the placid bosom of the fair Lake Constance.

The customs were to be passed here, and an officer put little labels on our boxes and bags, and being duly ornamented, I paid my hunchback (in such a reckless American way, that he carried my baggage into a safe corner, and stowed it away for me,) and mounted to the open upper deck securing a campchair and a good position to gaze my utmost upon the lovely afternoon scene before me. We glided out, between two tall towers, and floated into the deeper blue, with the low sunlight falling pleasantly, and the peace of coming evening already in the air and I sat in content with all the world, because the world could be so fair ! Presently, I went below for my evening meal, and found some of the tourists ahead of me, ordering or consuming what could be ordered. A rosy little maid, in a black gown and a preposterously large apron was standing by a table at which sat a fine looking American and his wife and her face was intent and puzzled. This was what he said : "Chops for two, (holding up two fingers.) Shops, choaps, choops, chops for two, for two, one, two, chops for two." The pretty maid said once or twice "Monsieur !" and "*s'il vous plait,*" but failed to render him any more intelligible. "Monsieur wishes contetellos," I murmured, pulling up my chair, and looking the other way. She gave away my translation by turning at once, and pouring a torrent of French over me, and the lady said "I guess this lady speaks French, do stop this foolishness." I received and transmitted their order, enquiring, under the maids hint, if they wished the "Chops" *au naturel*. "Natural, why they don't make artificial ones, do they ?" enquired the gentle-

man. "This is the blamedest country, I do think, yesterday I asked for ice water at some German hotel, wife and I were almost melted, and he brings me a jug of boiling water, sure's you're there!" "He thought you said "*heiss wasser*," I suggested. Well, I didn't, "I'm no *Cockney English*!" he said carelessly, and I forebore to enlighten him further!

I ordered my brotchen and butter, or rather "petit-pain" as it had to be called here, and some meat, and then asked monsieur what he wanted to order to drink. "What are you going to order?" he enquired. "Wine? well it's not so bad, the red kind I mean. Bordeaux? Yes, that's the kind. Oh, any brand, the dearest, then it will be fit to drink. Order what you like best yourself, and then do us the favour of helping us drink it." I took him at his word, and the little maid brought us some nice red wine, and we made merry together. His wife turned out to be a very nice intelligent little woman, not above laughing at her husband's idiosyncracies, one of which was the conviction that if he only repeated a sentence often enough, in English, the inhabitants of foreign parts would be sure to understand him in due time. "I have the greatest time getting him *fed*, she said, with a mischievous glance at her husband, who was enjoying his wine, and meditating a cigar on deck. "He took a fancy for pork and beans, away up north, and he would sit and look at the waiter and say "Pork and beans," over and over. He said it was their business to understand him!" "Did he get it?" I asked curiously. No, he didn't," said the gentleman, laughing at some funny memory. "They don't grow 'em in this country, I guess," and we all went on deck. There we came upon a scene that spoiled the sweet evening sunset on Lake Constance. A large party, mother, three daughters, a big son, and a small one, a courier and a maid, had gotten themselves into trouble. It appeared that the young ladies did not like the tea the courier had brought them, and had wantonly emptied the teapot down a funnel on the floor. The funnel was a ventilator into the smoking room, and the scalding tea had descended upon the bald pate of an elderly German, who was doing no harm to any body. He rushed furiously on deck, and let loose the vials of his guttural wrath upon the prettiest of the Misses, nearly frightening her out of her senses, and quite setting her into hysterics. The courier vanished, the maid fled, the big brother came to the rescue, the teapot fell overboard, the elderly German stamped off and brought up the Captain, and the whole party were arraigned before him. The Captain spoke Swiss French, the

passenger broad, solid German, the frightened American screamed and sobbed, the big brother held her in his arms and threatened to pitch the scalded Herr professor over the side. This threat reached the Captain, through a mischief loving passenger, and two burly sailors came up and escorted the young gentleman below. The girl began to shriek anew. "They'll put him in *irons*, I know they will!" and I fled away from the turmoil, out forward among the second cabin passengers, who eagerly demanded an explanation of the fracas.

I was followed by a foreigner and her very swell maid. "I could hardly believe she was a servant, she was so grand, but she took great care of her "Comtessa" and when she found her conversing with me, she took me also under her wing. "Gusta is so good, I cannot live without her!" said the little frail delicate Italian. "I have lost all, husband, babies and parents. I live a life of loneliness, and Gusta takes care of me, as you see." Gusta came with a shawl for the Comtess, as the breeze came a little fresh in the forward part of the boat, where we sat throned on some packing cases, and when she had wrapped her up, promptly wrapped me in another, for which I ventured on a "*gracia*," which amused the Comtessa very much. She was so pale and delicate and frail, this high bred little lady, that one could scarcely wonder at the tender solicitude of Gusta, and I enjoyed her very much. She told me of her young husband's death, and the two little graves in the "God's acre" at Florence, and she was, I could not help thinking, not very far from Paradise herself. Gusta shared my opinion, confiding to me her doctor's summer plan for the Comtessa, and asking my advice about a route, as if I owned Switzerland, and the adjoining continent!

She was a tall plain woman, with the lightest of steps and the gentlest of hands, and after she had wrapped us up in the great shawls, she stood a little way off, and respectfully called our attention to the different villages and visible mountain peaks, and pointed out the beauties of the sunset in a superior manner. I made up my mind that she was Swiss, from her intimate acquaintance with the lakes and hills, and found afterwards that she had been well educated in a Convent in the Italian part of the Beautyland we were about to enjoy. "Madame agrees that the air of the mountains is good for my lady?" she asked, as the Comtessa revealed the plan of campaign, and I hoped so, though in my inner heart, as I looked pityingly at the transparent skin under which the dark veins lay plainly visible, and caught the brilliant glitter of the great beautiful black eyes, I feared me the air of Eden

would not long keep the feeble lungs and erratic heart working for the Comtessa! Still I enjoyed her! as one does a lovely priceless sevre's vase, or a cobweb of flimsy age-rotted old lace, or anything that is very frail and very fine! And perhaps my admiration and honest sympathy won her liking, for when she heard I was going on to Schaffhausen at once, she begged me to stay over the evening with her, at the grand hotel at Constance, and then we should have a long talk together, and I must tell her all about Canada.

Perhaps you think a chat with a consumptive Italian Comtessa would not be much of a compensation for the Schweitzerhof and the Rhine Cataracts, but I did, and decided to be agreeable and remain over. When we reached Constance the Americans all got sulkily ashore; the German Herr Professor, once more good-natured, and as comfortable as his burnt bald pate would allow, followed them, the "pork and beans" gentleman and his wife walked briskly off to their Hotel, while the rest of us lumbered off in the "Buss" to the grand establishment where we were to have our evening chat together.

Everyone of the party had telegraphed for rooms, the Courier and the maid were in waiting for the Americans, the Herr Professor was greeted by the maitre d'hotel as an old friend, 'Gusta and the Comtessa waited to see me located, but alas! not a room was vacant, and "Madame must go a little further on to the twin Hotel on the Lake shore, where was one vacant room."

Then it was a pretty sight to see the Italian lady, as with pleading voice and little hands folded, like an Infant Samuel, she stated pathetically the harrowing case in which we were placed! After my goodness in staying over for her pleasure, we must be separated so cruelly! However, nothing could be done, but to promise to forward me, "without charge," to the other Hotel, which after all, said the good host, was the finer of the two. Accordingly, he telephoned for the room, and in due time I was lumbered away to as beautiful an abiding-place as mortal could desire, with the most charming garden, and, just beyond, the placid lake, gleaming in the starlight. It was very late indeed, but my host was expecting me, and kindly hoping that I would be happy away from my (friends?) by whose rank and wealth I was for the nonce rated and treated with every deference. "Would my lady take souper in the dining-room or privately?" I thought at such a late hour the dining-room would probably be private enough, but found

several couples straying in from the charming garden, even at that eerie hour, for a glass of wine or a cup of cocoa before bed-time.

The landlord came to the door with me, and I was soon enjoying a delicious supper, (very grateful after a long day's travel, and not the best of fare) and also admiring the "salle a manger, which was immensely lofty, with wide glass doors opening on a broad verandah, all along two sides. This Constance Hotel was the ideal summer sojourning place to please me, every fitting and furnishing was chaste and costly, and the rooms so very comfortable and the surroundings so romantic and beautiful. In the morning I got resolutely out of bed, and after a glass of milk and a biscuit, took a long early walk before breakfast. Shall I ever forget the scene of silent dewy loveliness that charmed my vision—the scent of flowers, the smell of new mown hay, and the most jolly ride back with a party of Swiss farm people, who were coming into Constance with vegetables and milk and butter, as it was Market day. They wouldn't take any money, even for the morsel of "edelweiss" one of the young men gave me from his hat band. I could scarcely believe that this was the snow flower of the Alps, when the canton flannelly piece of vegetation was handed to me. I had always fancied a starry snowdrop-like flower, and wondered at its hardihood, but wondered no longer when I beheld the reality. It points are star shaped, and its petals are thick and dusty looking, and it is not snow white by many a shade! and it is rather larger than a "quarter" in circumference. One climbs after it at risk of life or limb, because it is the "proper caper" as my American friends expressed it, and the men tourists fasten it in their hats, and the women buy bouquets of it, and after a little it dries up and looks like an old seedy artificial decoration. And the guides tell one hideous stories of the daring little children of the mountain chalets, who climb and hang over precipices to pluck the Edelweiss for sale, and land themselves in small pieces in the fathomless abysses whence "no traveller returns!"

We jogged along, the farmeress and I, in the cart, and the father and tall sons marched beside, guiding the slow-moving oxen down the smooth road, and then after hearty thanks and good-byes and lifting of hats by these simply polite children of nature, I hurried round the road to the Lakeside, and through the odourous garden and into the pretty salle a manger for the breakfast I was in such good shape to appreciate. Here I saw for the first time those cute little Swiss clocks, in black walnut carved wood, with white hands and figures, and long da

ling chain and weight, and was made the happy possessor of one done up in a neat box, for the price of five marks. What funny jumps one makes socially in travelling, from my Italian Comtessa to my big Swiss farmeress in her oxcart ! I don't know which I enjoyed the more, but for a repetition, I should choose the oxcart and the Swiss peasants, and the early morning air, and the glorious summer sun drinking up the dew from roses and mignonette in the lovely garden by the fair Lakeside !



Little Niagara.

TWENTY minutes' run from Constance landed us at Schaffhausen, whence another little journey brought us to Neuhausen, and the Cataracts of the Rhine. It was a day as hot and dusty as need be, and I and my companions, two German ladies, aunt and niece respectively, plunged immediately into the cool shady path that led from the station down a steep hill, and by various little flights of stone steps, to a sort of lookout, similar to that on the American side of the Niagara Falls. Here, "Tante Anna" and niece Gertrude and I held a consultation, and decided on making ourselves into a "party" with "Tante Anna" as the leader, to explore the pretty woods and finally the Waterfall. After a rest and a look at the tumbling green water, we tramped up again to the road, which ran along the high bank and was shadeless and scorching as a desert. There we were met by a cabman, who offered to drive us to the Falls for ten francs. That is a great deal of money for a German lady to spend on a cab, and Tante Anna's face was stern as she informed him that we could walk, but my heart sank lower and lower, just in proportion as my temperature rose, under the blazing morning sun. However, there was no gainsaying the determined voice, and impassive face of Tante Anna, who wore a neat navy blue travelling gown and hat, and a cool looking dustcolored veil, and whose neat shod feet made very long strides in the yellow dust, so I took off my ulster and meekly trotted after her, patient but melting, and encouraged by the conviction that if I fared badly, niece Gertrude was faring worse behind me. Along the dusty highway, followed at an aggravating distance by the cab, we trudged into the little village, where all the cows were pastured in the front yard, and the chickens were tethered by the leg and a long string to a large stone.

Before one open door Tante Anna halted, and accosting a small boy, who was "minding" a little fat German baby, demanded his services to show us the way through the wood to the "*Laufen Schloss*," a picturesque ruin, from the courtyard of which is the entrance to the various "views" of the Cataract.

The small boy was badly deserting the baby for possible filthy lucre, when his "mutter" called him sternly back, and set his duty plainly before him.

Tante Anna turned away with an "*Ach!*" and was again accosted by the cabman who took two francs off his charge, and I begged our leader to reconsider it. But Tante Anna stood firm. "We shall walk through the wood," she said, with that peculiar square-jawed look about her that stops the coaxingest coaxing, and he flourished his whip and kicked up as much dust as he could, and drove smartly back to inveigle some less iron-female. The demure niece cast a comical look at me, of mingled awe and resignation, and we were just about to "try again" for a small boy, when a little, square, bare-headed, freckle-faced girl came up and volunteered her services. She had a humorous little face and shrewd grey eyes, and her hair was tightly "platted" in two little straw-colored tails, and Tante Anna paused to consider, remarking, "You are too small." "Ney, ney," said the mite, holding out her hands for my ulster, which she proceeded to spread out on the grass in a clean spot, and having received the jacket of Tante Anna, and the shawl of niece Gertrude, she wrapped them neatly together, and summoned her brother to hoist them upon her head. The business way she thus captured her prey was very amusing, and amid smiles and approval, the wee "*Madchen*" marched off, her little petticoats and bare feet being all that was visible, while we trailed after her, consumed with mirth.

On she tramped, Tante Anna resigning the leadership without a murmur, and we followed her through shady paths and sweet valleys and over a rustic bridge, and we conversed with the people we met, who laughed unreservedly at our little "Captain," and we gave "*Tag!*" to the peasants who sat eating their "*Mittagessen*" under the trees, while the frau or the daughter knelt beside them and held their beer mugs, and we smiled at the little German children who scampered up the banks and occasionally threw us little bouquets of faint-tinted wild flowers, pink and mauve and yellow and white, which we arranged in frames of ivy leaves and placed in our hats or brooches. Presently, we came to a bridge above the Cataract, over which a dummy engine takes passengers from Neuhausen to the foot of the Castle Hill, and which would doubtless have been my unromantic route, had I not fallen in with the German ladies. We crossed the bridge, and passing the dirty looking tunnel, stood aside to see the sooty dummy go by with its load of tourists, then climbed by a winding path, cool and flower bedecked, to the Castle

courtyard, passing under massive stone arches, and leaving behind us the Hotel restaurant, found ourselves in a queer little curiosity shop of carved paper knives, canes and the usual assortment of photographs and other rubbish.

One pays a trifling fee to the concierge, and descends by rugged rocky steps with occasional landing places to the lowest platform, where are waterproofs and the guide to take one under the Falls. A party came up as we reached the landing, and by their drenched and bedraggled appearance deterred me from trusting my neat gown to the shelter of the waterproofs, not for worlds would I have ridden from Schaffhausen to Lucerne, with what attractiveness I could have of neatness and well-dressed locks, made rakish and crushed and bedraggled by Rhine water. Beside, going under the Rhine falls was a second-rate sensation after our own noble Niagara, so I declined the trip under water, and returned to the landing where the wee girl waited with the sweat of honest toil upon her freckled little brow, and her great bundle of wrappings beside her. Solid little matter of fact child she was, but sturdy and strong and full of energy, eight years old, she confessed to being, but she didn't look it! She made me go into a sort of little octagon house with glass swinging windows, into which were set different colored panes of glass, and she made me see green falls and amber falls and rose color and blue falls, with a great deal of pride in the various astonished cries I gave voice to, for the fun of seeing her eyes twinkle with satisfaction at being able so to entertain "*die dame*." "Very beautiful, but Katerina, I'm hungry," I said presently. "Die dame can in the Schloss eat!" she said promptly hoisting her bundle, and beginning to mount the stairs. I followed the small grunting maiden to the Schloss courtyard, and she deposited me under a tree, yelled "Kellher!" and scooted back with her bundle to her post. I waited a long time, hungry and oh, so thirsty, and at last a fat man with his hat on, and three dogs after him, came over to me. "Is here no waiter?" I said, a little, no, *very* warmly. "Ja-ja," he said, returning slowly to the house, and presently, a girl came and took my order for meat and drink, with an injunction as to haste, for I did not want to keep Tante Anna and niece Gertrude waiting.

In about five minutes I heard her leisurely calling down the stair for a glass of beer and some sandwiches for a lady, and just then my friends and the small girl came up in a hurry, that we should get back to the hotel restaurant by the station

and have our lunch. I sneaked away, and left my leisurely friends to meditate on the deceptiosness of tourists, and on the way down the woodland path listened to a voice from under a mountain of wraps, and the property of the "captain," dilating on the beauty of the Rhine fall at night, when the lime lights were thrown upon it from the Schweitzer-hof. It is beautiful any time, a perfect miniature Niagara, only with an arch of rock standing full in the way of the fall, over and through which the green water dashes and foams. It is not deafening, but with quite a respectable "roar," and I liked it immensely, though of course its comparatively short leap of seventy feet has not the mighty grandeur of the Niagara, which is more than twice that depth.

Guests at the Schweitzer-hof must have a beautiful view of the cataract, as the hotel stands at right angles to the fall, and at a great height, and truly, as Katerina avowed, it were a rare sight on a dark night to see the rush of water, blood red, or blue like uncanny sulphur, or amber like streams of gold, as is the whim of the Herr who manipulates the iron shovel of precipitate before the strong reflector.

Back through the woods our staunch mite led us, our party being now augmented by two big, scampish-looking boys, at whom Katerina put out her lips with evil portent. Being safely arrived at the station, we presented the small girl with a franc and a half, making her little face flush with pleased surprise, and were about seating ourselves at our lunch, when Tante Anna suddenly seized her umbrella and dashed out into the road, followed by niece Gertrude, myself and some soldiers and maids and peasants who were in the "*speise saal*." Cries of distress guided us round a corner, where we found our poor little captain valiantly defending her hard-earned ten cent pieces from the greed of the two good-for-nothing big brothers, and yelling for "*mutter*" at the pitch of her very strong voice. Tante Anna, with a muscular power for which I had not given her credit, seized on the boys, and after generously whacking them with her umbrella and belaboring them with epithets, which were the reverse of complimentary, stood watching the flying feet of the little captain until she reached the arms of her indignant "*mutter*," when we returned to our interrupted luncheon.

Another funny diversity in travelling one finds in the place and style one "feeds" in. That morning I had breakfasted in an atmosphere of luxury and

refinement, attended by an attentive Frenchman in full dress, and supplied with every dainty—rich damask, thin china, and handsome silver. At noon I lunched off bread and meat, and drank Culmbacher beer out of a mighty beer mug in company with five peasants, three soldiers, some nondescript girls, and my two German ladies, in a small establishment on the side of the road. "Variety is the spice of life," and how highly spiced I was! Tante Anna, who was nothing if not proper, rather resented at first my delight in her onslaught on the little "captain's" persecutors, and said, in very dignified German, with very long words, that she thought I might have better rendered her some assistance. I apologised with real dismay, for I particularly wanted to keep friends with the nice pair of ladies I'd had the good fortune to attract. Were we not all going to Lucerne together, and was not Tante Anna familiar with every inch of the town, and had promised to take me and niece Gertrude round with her and show us the Lions?—no, the Lion, for there is but one Lion in that particular locality, and you shall hear about and see him presently. So I shared my best petit-pain (hun) with the offended lady, and, by means of an Irish "way I have with me," managed to divert her indignation. The soldiers were lost in admiration of the "scrapping match" they had witnessed, and regarded the demure German lady with open approval, while the peasants seemed to think she was rather interfering to chastise the youth of the village in so high-handed a manner. Presently, as Tante Anna raised her glass, the soldiers all said "*Fraulein!*" and drank her health. I noticed then that she had her ring on the "beloved" finger, and wondered what green-goggled professor had set his affections upon her. Tante Anna bowed gravely, niece Gertrude smiled, and I giggled over my beer, while the soldiers looked at niece Gertrude, said again "*Fraulein!*" and took another drink. My turn was coming, but I said "I am *frau*," and not a bit of it would they drink mine, nor care whether the property of some far-off Herr had health or had not.

The train came in while we waited, we paid our ridiculous reckoning, bid the company good-bye, and got into the train, while the soldiers leaned on the window sills and watched the new arrivals; the peasants went back to their work, and the fat madchens, lolling about, plaited their long, abundant, fair hair, and sat smiling after us, with their mouths full of hairpins. I was glad I'd sat with my back to them during lunch.

The Lantern City.

WHEN we reached the pretty Swiss Town, on the Lake of the four Cantons, Tante Anna took one handle of my carryall, in the most matter of course way, and marching up to a porter with the name of some hotel blazoned on his hat, asked could we "go through the garden?" "Oui-oui," said he, motioning to a sort of rustic gate outside the station, through which we squeezed ourselves, thereby taking a mean advantage of our caravanserie, by assaulting it in the rear. Presently, however, Tante Anna, who evidently "knew the ropes," led us round to the portico of a promising looking hotel, and we duly announced ourselves, being met by the porter, to whom we had entrusted the carryall, and by him escorted to register our names and secure rooms. "Mesdames are unfortunate, we have every room engaged," said the concierge. "Yes, I telegraphed this morning," said Tanta Anna, quietly. "Oh, ~~so~~, then a room is reserved, but only *one*." Not another was to be had until ten o'clock at night, he informed me, with polite regret. Who cared for a room before that, with the wide, busy promenades teeming with tourists, the music of half a dozen bands sounding through the town, and the thermometer somewhere very near the eighties? I made myself neat, in Tante Anna's fine apartment, was promised the next one at ten o'clock, and having heard the German ladies remark that they were tired and were going at once to bed after supper, I strolled out on the busy streets, hungry and in search of some nice place to dine, but almost too much interested in the crowds of passersby to feel like leaving them, and longing for some Hungarian or Austrian Cafe, encroaching on the street, where I might use my eyes and ears and enjoy my dinner to the fullest advantage.

As I walked under the dense shadow of the fine rows of horsechestnuts which beautify the Lakeside promenade. I came upon the brilliantly illuminated "Schweitzer-hof," the finest hotel in Lucerne, where a band was gaily rattling out the marches and gallops of the day, and not seeing anywhere the sort of Cafe I

was in search of, I was just about returning homewards to patronize our own pretty hostelry, when suddenly came a little strain of well remembered Hungarian music, from round a corner on a side street, not the rickety squealing of the vagrant orchestras of the railway stations, but a clear, sweet, well-timed and "well-tuned cymbal," and its fellows. It took but a little time to locate the gypsy band, behind a screen of greenery, and I stood in three minutes before the entrance where an unmistakably Hungarian person of the male persuasion politely admitted me, on payment of a franc, to a garden where I could hear the concert and dine sumptuously. It was a very fine concert, and a very good dinner, and only for the crowd, which was mainly composed of tourists, and cared more for their own fun than the music, it would have been better still, but I had come to the land of the festive American, and the bloom was rubbed off my peach! They swarmed through the handsome Schweitzer-hof, and all the other good hotels, they rowed on the Lake and talked very loudly under the chestnut shade, they invaded the quietest nooks, and dispelled the most delightful illusions, and why should they not? They lay their money down royally, and destroy what no money can pay for, but they are no more conscious of "the mischief they have done," than the little dog of Sir Isaac Newton's reminiscence.

I came to Lucerne at the very worst time possible, when the returning tide of American travel had set in Paris-ward or homeward, and I look back upon my Swiss sojourn with a sort of rueful mirth. For instance, as we (Tante Anna, niece Gertrude and I) journeyed down the well-travelled zig zag on the railroad from Schaffhausen to Lucerne, my sight of the Alps, and my impression of them was beclouded in the following manner: A party of American ladies, five young girls, under the charge of a lady of forty odd, one of those old stagers, who "conduct" Continental parties, were the occupants of the coupe we entered. These Swiss carriages are on the American plan, passages down the centre, entrance at either end, and plenty of "window seats." The chaperone stood in the centre of the car, with a guide book, from which she proclaimed the "sights," loud and constant, as a foghorn in a spring thaw, and we endured our torments dumbly, though the nasal intonation and the pointing finger were enough to drive one distracted. Who wanted such an accompaniment as *this* to the first good look at the Alpine peaks that stand about the independent Swiss, in protecting and magnificent grandeur? "Young ladies, you will now perceive the peaks of (oh ain't he

just a beauty, Oh you dear love ! Oh don't talk to me, I just want to gaze on the sweet old thing !) And, just behind rises the most distant visible, (Oh, girls, I'm so hot, I just would give a dollar for a good ice cream.) You are now about to see the grand (Ice cream, Oh, pshaw, I'd rather have a cup of buttermilk, I just *adore* buttermilk." "So do I, and Prussian officers—buttermilk and Prussian officers divide my devotions !" "Hush, do, those ladies are laughing at you." "Pshaw, they don't understand English." I looked around over the arm of my seat and all my forbearance could not prevent my remarking with a regretful sigh. "Unfortunately, young ladies, we *do* !"

The only effect my remark had was to bring the prettiest of them into my seat, where she wheedled and coaxed the rage out of my heart, and made the prettiest apologies, calling me "just wonderfully clever and lovely," to be able to speak any language but her native patois, which she was pleased to call *English*, desiring to know "who I was and whither tending," and laying before me delicious propitiatory offerings of chocolates and jujubes. I utterly refused to listen to the voice of the "sweeties," but yielded to the sweet girl graduate, whose lovely eyes were fixed upon me, and whose penitence was so pretty. She unloaded her abominable chaperone on me too, but I rebelled at that, and, turning to my window, sulkily stared at the Alps, that were all besmirched with American slang and jujube paste, and were no Alps to me. I can forgive those girls their unconscious vulgarity, their hideous candy gnawing and gum chewing, their inane chatter and their profane mention of the Matterhorn and Jung-frau and Pilatus, as "dear old daisies," or "cunning old things," but I shall never forgive that little wheedling fiend the innate "cussedness" that made her trot up her thin and spectacled chaperone, with the remark, "This lady is so clever, dear. She quite awes me, and so I'm just going to leave you two awfully clever people to have a real good time together. Have a jujube, do."

It was with rather different feelings that, as I was returning from the delightful Hungarian concert (where, after having unwarily told a young Hungarian who had collected the tickets that I was lately from Budapest, I was nearly "mobbed" by the band), I heard a well-known, pleasant American voice saying just in front of me, in the dark, "*I wonder where Mrs. Denison is now ?*"

It was delightful to step quietly up and say "Just here !" and laugh, and

shake hands, and talk, and look kindly into the faces of some very pleasant ship-mates, who had been on another route, and thus so happily encountered me. Unfortunately their plans were made to leave in an hour or so, and we only had a glimpse of each other, but nothing proves how friendships grow at sea better than the pleasure we had in being together. I should not have been half so glad to see any land acquaintance. "And it was *you* the musicians went down to speak to," said the "beau" of the party. "You told us on the Noordland, I remember, about how you loved Hungarian music." And would you credit that I restrained myself, nor raved a single rave about the land of beauty where the Danube flows? The swarthy bandsmen had come in twos and threes and asked eager questions about the island, the people and the capital, and I'd done my raving in appreciative ears.

We all trooped up to the Schweitzer-hof, my friend's abiding place, and afterwards down to my less pretentious hotel, where Tante Anna and niece Gertrude slept the sleep of Teutonic indifference, and I should have done likewise only for the fleas. When I showed my Katerina the little black fiends, dead and drowned in a basin of water, next morning, she snapped her black eyes at me, and said, with dignity, "Non, non, madame, it is not possible; no fleas in this hotel. They are the little 'black flies' that come in the night through the jalousies." "But these flies have no wings," I said, sarcastically, fishing one up in my warm hands. "See, my girl." And as she looked askance at him, that miserable flea came to life, and with one leap was gone. "So he flies without wings," she said, in indescribable tones, and I sent her away unconvinced. I think I minded that maiden's ironical tone worse than any legion of fleas—Swiss or Saxon.

Sunday dawned hot and close over the pretty town, and, rather later than usual, I descended to the breakfast that was nothing if not good. I ate *cheese* for my breakfast, and went warily, expecting awful results, but one can eat Swiss cheese any time. It is so good, so good.

The Germans had coffee and rolls brought up to them, and afterwards we all set out, as I think I mentioned before, to see the Lion of Lucerne. Past the post office (where the peasants were spending a Sabbath hour in writing letters, standing at desks, carrying their too burdensome coats over one shoulder, and with hats pushed back from perspiring foreheads and wonderful facial contortions

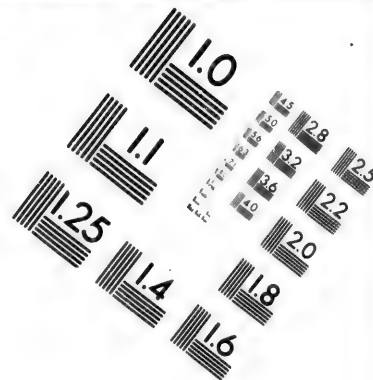
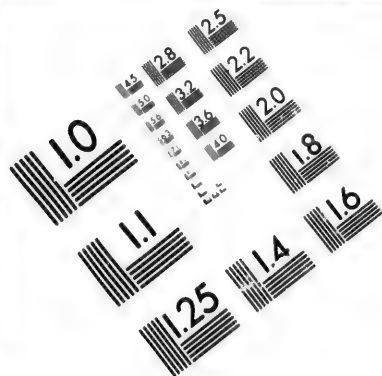
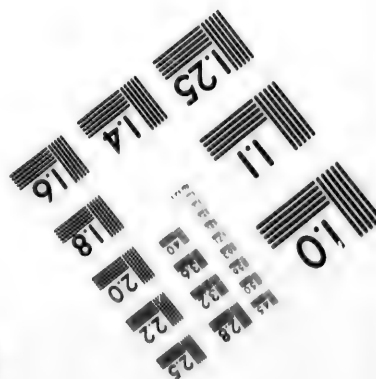
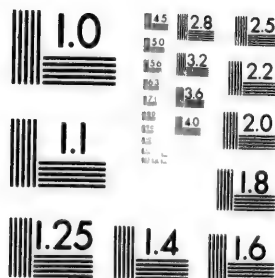


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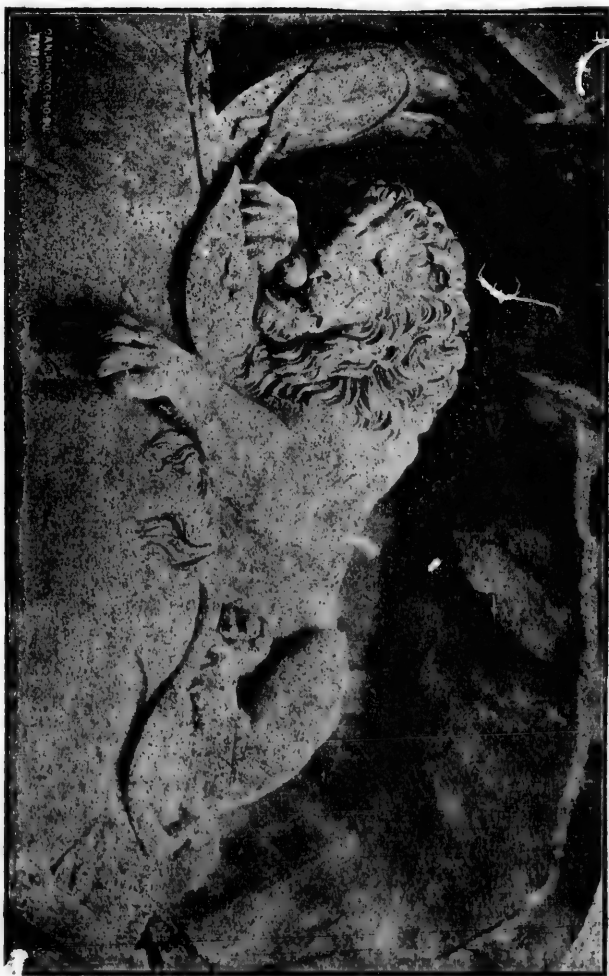
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were laboriously forming their sentences), over the hot stone bridge, whereunder the water shone and glittered, through the "avenue of chestnuts" that made a blessed deep shade from the hot morning sun, past the glaring Schweitzer-hof, and round a corner, and then up the ascending street to a sort of grove, where mountain springs made spongy footing, and a great high wall of rock shut out the sky and water. Half way up this cliff, as we saw in sudden admiration and wonder, slept the Lion of Lucerne. He is the memorial designed by Thorwaldsen to perpetuate the memory of those staunch giants, the "Swiss Guard," who loyally laid down their lives under the mad rule of the Reign of Terror, in the dark days at the close of the reign of Louis Seize, and whose Royal Master, even in his own imminent peril, had a woful cry of pity for "my guards, my brave guards." Magnificent in death sleeps the Lion of Lucerne, type of those brave men, with his royal heart pierced by the spear, but his paw still shielding the "Lilies of France." I did admire him so heartily. He is hewn out of the solid rock, and lies in a sort of rough recess, so strong and leal and faithful in his mighty proportions, and withal a fitting memorial in the eyes of the descendants of the old Swiss guard. We looked at him for a long, long time before we explored further the glacier gardens and the wonderful "pots" formed by the friction of the stones during the glacial period. Then we came back to the city, and, under Tante Anna's guidance, passed by the stone bridge, and walked on to a curious-looking covered way over the river, which contains in the triangle formed by each arch of its roof two pictures, *dos a dos*, and which is called the bridge of 'he "Dance of Death." My friends who have travelled in Europe are familiar with this gruesome subject, no doubt, as it crops up here and there on convents or church walls, or even on palaces; but here I first saw it on a bridge. I think the design is by Holbein, but at all events Death dances with all sorts and conditions of men and women in these fantastic old paintings, from the tiny babe in its white wrapper to the tottering old man—merchant, sailor, soldier, king or priest—and some of them look decidedly uncomfortable. On the shady bridge I encountered some sonsy Swiss lassies in all the bravery of holiday costume—white blouses, black velvet peasant bodices, hung with numerous silver chains, and wide-brimmed, yellow straw hats, dark skirts and neat-buckled shoes. Each damsel carried her prayer book, and was on her way to church, which suggested to us the propriety of finding our way to a place of worship. A large church just near



LION OF LUCERNE.

was crowding up with people—nearly all men, and a few female tourists. We found ourselves soon inside, but the place looked very little like a place of worship, for the men were standing about chatting, some of them with their hats on, and where the altar should be was a kind of stage, a green baize-covered table and three armchairs. "Take your places, messieurs," called a tall man, ringing a small bell; and the men crowded up to the front, and filled the pews. "What do they mean?" I asked an intelligent-looking Swiss, who was eyeing us. "They elect officers to-day for the Council; these are the voters," he said, pointing to the crowd of men. "Come away," said Tante Anna; "I remember, this is the Jesuit church. They are holding an election," and she marched us out, just as the tall man began to read a circular, and the various officials filled the dais. "I am afraid we shall be late for the English church, where you would prefer worshipping," said Tante Anna. "Suppose we go home, and have a good sleep." That seemed a good idea, so hot and tired were we, and we soon found our cool apartments, locked ourselves in, and were sound asleep. A rapping on my door aroused me, and the voice of the "*femme de chambrée*" with a message from the concierge that "if Madame wished to go up very high, away from all the Americans, now was her chance, for that the steamer for Alpnach would start in half an hour, and lunch was ready in five minutes. Should he telephone for a room for Madame to stay over night?"

"Where?" I asked, completely mystified, "Very high up, madame, on the top of 'Pilatus.' The great Pilatus out there," and she drew aside the blinds and showed me the hoary Alp that I had been admiring all the morning. "How can I go? Tell him 'yes,' send for a room and come back to help me dress!" I said all in a flutter, not comprehending anything, but that I was going to the top of Pilatus! by balloon, by telephone, by any way at all, so long as I could get brushed and dressed and fed in twenty minutes! Katerina entered into my excitement, put on my skirts and bundled up my ulster and fur cape in a parcel, while I twisted up my hair and scuffled into my slippers, and when I said "stop, what in the world are you touching my furs for?" She smiled gaily and said "Madame is going to Pilatus Kulm, it makes cold there. Madame!" Before I could think of anything, she had whipped the straps off my carryall, and neatly bundled up my toilet articles with my wraps, and strapped all firm, and with a final "I will take care of everything for Madame until her return," she fairly

pushed me out of the room, and gave me in charge to the maitre d'hotel, who was laughing at the idea of Madame being routed out of bed to go up the Alps, and quite delighted at the celerity with which I had robed myself decently. The lunch was ready in the dining room, and in very little time I was on my way to the boat, panting under the weight of my small gepack, and melting in the warm gown and jacket wherein Katerina had clothed me, but fairly wild with the fun of the unexpected rise in the world that threatened me!

The boat rocked at the wharf, on the bosom of the Lac des Quatre-Cantons and I deposited my bundle in a safe corner, and sat down to watch the heated mass of tourists who were hurrying down the wharf. We soon sailed off to Alpnach, and by and by bought our tickets for the ascent of mount Pilatus by the new cog



THE ROAD.

wheel railway that climbs and burrows and creeps over hair raising viaducts and gruesome tunnels and awful grades till it deposits the unnerved traveller near enough to the summit to complete the ascent by a not too toilsome climb. I sat in a coupe with a lawyer from Algiers, and his uncle; a railroad engineer from Vienna, with his friend, an "ober-lieutenant" from the same delight-

ful city; an artist from Hamburg, and his fat frau. Could one have selected a more delightfully diverse company? The engineer talked French to me, and enlightened me as to the true inwardness of this marvellous railroad, which was only opened a few weeks before. (An engineer might happen to read this volume, and want to hear what he said, so, here goes.)

The road took some three years to build, and the road bed is solid masonry throughout, faced with granite blocks; the mountain streams, gorges, &c., are traversed by stone bridges. Seven tunnels occur on the ascent, and are from nine to ninety-seven metres in length. (I can answer for the ninety-seven metre one being full length, for what with the heat, and the coal gas, and the darkness, and the paralyzing thud-thud of the cog-wheels, I should not have been a bit surprised to have heard it was a mile long, so awful and exhausting was it!) The Algerian lawyer, who was French, and named "Etienne," remarked "Monsieur the devil inhabits there!" as we emerged from and looked back upon its smoky sulphurous mouth, on our return trip.

The engineer explained the centre rack rail to me, it lies midway between, and somewhat higher than the track, is of wrought steel, and has a double row of vertical steel cogs, milled out of solid steel bars. The carriage contains thirty two seats, in four compartments, each a grade higher than its preceding one, like steps of a stair, the locomotive is always *down*, of course, and seems to push the train up, and unwillingly let it slide back on the return trip. The length of the road is four thousand six hundred and eighteen metres, and the height above the sea, of the upper station is two thousand and seventy metres, (a metre is about one yard four inches.) The trip occupies about an hour and a quarter, but no one dares to say "go faster!" Every few moments the awful thought would come to me, "If one cog should slip," or really sometimes "If we should topple over!" as my scared eyes searched down the cruel abysses over which we seemed to be tight-rope walking. The viaduct over the Wolfort torrent, just before one enters the tunnel is the most exciting piece of road I ever travelled over, not excepting a few yards I once had the pleasure of doing *altogether off the track*, on a well known American line.

Then I was frightened and shaken, but that was nothing to the cold horror of awful possibilities that raised each individual hair, going up Pilatus! In due time

we reached the landing, and struck a bevy of Americans, alpenstocks in hand and chewing gum in mouth, making ready to descend. Pilatus was not so attractive to them as the shortened Continental Sabbath afternoon below, where the "drums did beat and the trumpets blow," and where their summer gowns would be more wearable and bearable. We found a small hostelrie nestled in a little square, guarded on either side by towering heights, zig-zagged in a tortuous path of steps to the summit, and my room being engaged, I calmly surveyed the scene, while the rest of the party rushed to the Register. The engineer and the ober-lieutenant were disgusted to find that there was no room for *them*. Every tiny sleeping place was full, every seat at table d'hote engaged, but there was a sort of basement eating room behind, where they got their tea, and were afterwards started off by the host to find another hotel, away round on another mountain, which *wasn't there!* At least so they avowed, when about ten o'clock they came back, worn out and raging. However, urged by some of us, and persuaded by gifts of our spare bed-clothes and mattresses, they petitioned the landlord for permission to sleep on the basement floor, and afterwards made some arrangement with two of the servants, securing their hammocks and having such weary bones that they slept like tops.

The Hamburg Artist held forth to me, about the gems in the Hamburg Gallery and took a sketch of the sunset, his faithful frau holding an umbrella beside him to keep the breeze off him as he sketched, until she was livid and frozen.

I was glad of my ulster and furs and warm cap, before we could tear ourselves away from the summit, where the lime light fiends were making the mountain top red and green and blue in turn, for the edification of the far-far-off tourists in the streets of Lucerne, and doing their best to destroy what of beauty and majesty remains to the tourist-cursed Alps. I am afraid I am bitter and un-American whenever I think of Switzerland, but I cannot help it.

We wanted a good long sleep, for everyone was anxious to see the sun rise, and now comes the hardest part of this truthful narrative that has met me yet. For after being routed out by the waiter at four o'clock, and blindly huddling on all the clothes I could carry and struggling shivering and miserable to the mountain top, and crouching for nearly an hour in the searching early air, and wiping the tears from my eyes, as the breeze blew into them, and saying "Oh!" when a

sickly crimson stain or two appeared, and really trying hard not to be cross, when the crimson stain faded to pink and the deceptious clouds turned pale once more, it *was* disgusting to be obliged to own up that the sun hadn't risen, so far as we could see, and to go trooping back to bed. However, hot coffee awaited us, and we were soon asleep again, the warm beds and iron shuttered wee bedrooms feeling like heaven, after the airy hour we had spent in being made fools of, by the God of Day! I remember realizing the utter unsophisticated truthfulness of Mark Twain's narrated experience, as I gazed upon the hideous group of swathed and shivering voyageurs, only they did not take the blankets to keep them warm, for in the Hotel Pilatus such a proceeding is strictly forbidden.

The first thing that caught my eye was a notice to that effect.

They are building a fine hotel on the same level as Pilatus Kulm, and we heard the dull boom of the blasting powder now and then (Max O'Rell would dub me the typical American, wouldn't he? for talking so much about hotels, which he avers *take the place of scenery* with brother and sister "Jonathan.") But hotels are a serious consideration, and a great deal of the happiness of a summer holiday rests on their being comfortable or the reverse, as anyone is willing to acknowledge. When we had made our descent on Monday, the engineer and the ober-lieutenant presented me with their cards—promised to send me some views of Vienna, and politely took their leave, and their way further down the "lac" to Fluellen. And so, should the kind fates send me Eastward ever again, I shall find two good friends, Herr Ludwig and Herr Lieutenant, more than ready to show the American frau the beauties of their Capital. They were very gently mannered, well read young fellows, and muscular pedestrians to boot, as their long venturesome two hours tramp after the mythical hotel proved. The host complimented them on their prowess, when they recounted the landmarks they had passed, and filled them with rage by telling them that if they had only kept on five moments longer, the hotel would have blocked their path!

I can see them now, with their soft grey "rowdy" hats, pointed brown beards and tall slight figures, as they marched off, knapsacks on shoulder and sticks in hand, to hunt for the hotel that wasn't there!

We saw some ugly mountain goats and cattle, and we had a heavenly view of the "Lac des Quatre Cantons" or Lake Lucerne, and the four cantons that border its placid waters,—weary, and resting after their mad race down the rocks



HEHON'S BATH, LAKE LUCERNE.

and crags of Neuhausen—and we had the satisfaction of spending twenty-four hours on fine old Pilatus, the weathercock of the boatmen on Lake Lucerne. If Pilatus has his “cap of cloud” on, though Lucerne lies panting below, no boatman will take his tourist party for the charming row across the lake point, for well *he* knows that the devil takes very few moments to emerge from his sulphurous tunnel and make a fine drowning on pretty Lake Lucerne. The rapidity and strength of a real Alpine thunderstorm, and the sudden fury of Lucerne’s peaceful waters, should be seen to be believed. I did *not* see; but heard a piteous tale from a young Englishman in scant costume, who rowed an outrigger to and fro on the placid lake, one morning—of the drowning of his young brother, and the peasant who was rowing him home, but who lingered too late, when Pilatus had his cap on! of the blackness of the water, and the blinding flashes of lightning that played in wild deviltry down Pilatus sides, and dashed across the inky sky. Hearing was enough, I felt happy that seeing was denied me, for I should have surely died of nervous terror!

I have rather a peaceful memory of the Lantern City! the good Hungarian music, the Swiss maidens in gala dress, the noble Lion on the Cliff, the peasants at Alpnach, who brought us twig rustic baskets lined with vine-leaves, and filled with Alpine fruit, the prim Tante Anna and the neat niece Gertrude, and on Monday, the train for Bale, en route to Paris! I made no mountain excursion, for one cannot do that alone, and I am too lazy and too easily wearied to go scrambling and sprawling over loose stones and down slippery grades and bravely call it fun! I admired the many windowed chalets, which recalled memories of cherished toys of my very juvenile days (a Swiss chalet, away up in a crevice of the Cliff, looks just like child’s toy put up out of the way!) and I distrustfully viewed the big brigandish looking guides, and would not have trusted my precious neck to any one of them! though I dare say they were good honest citizens, and I went “through the garden” to the train, after a little kind good-bye to Tante Anna and niece Gertrude, and found an immense crowd at the station, mainly composed of—, I need not say, I am sure!

Two young persons, in tall hats and high collars, who seemed in distress about something attracted my attention, and I gathered from their few words that the guard couldn’t understand that they had lost their hat-boxes, containing brand

new hats, intended for *Parisian wear*! Any one who has "big-brothers" at home could not coldly pass by such a dilemma as this, and I boldly offered to find the missing hat-boxes, and did it too! The gratitude of these young men was confined to rather spasmodic exclamations, for the train started at once, and I had forgotten all about them when I saw them looking for me at Bale, and presently coming impulsively up to know if there wasn't anything they could do for *me*. "If you can tell me where to engage a sleeping car berth I'd be obliged," I said, with a comical idea of the blind leading the blind. "Just down here," said one of them. "Its not far, I've been there before," and sure enough, he piloted me safely to the "Bureau," where we were alike dismayed to find that not a berth was to be had. This was Monday at six p.m. The steamer by which I was to return to New York sailed on the next Saturday. Paris was so near and yet, so far, and we consulted together whether we could not sit up all night for once, and so save one day of the precious four, in the beautiful city. "Of course we can," was the verdict, "you can always do that *once* in a season!" and so we pocketed our cash and left the "*Bureau*" in search of a supper or dinner.

The train did not leave until nine, the evening was of the fairest, and my countrymen begged me to accompany them in a drive about Bale while dinner was being prepared for the three of us, in a pretty vine-covered cafe attached to the leading hotel. "We didn't have a chance to say much about those hats," they said when we were comfortably seated in a cab, and bowling along the quiet Swiss thoroughfare. "But you just got there in time! We had decided they must go amongst the "lost baggage," and our old tiles disgrace us in the fashion city." Then they explained to me with earnest interest, the peculiar nattiness and stylishness of those new hats, and how much they had paid for them and I listened with becoming gravity, as befitted the subject, and as one learns to do, who has "big brothers" at home, for it is another popular illusion of the uninitiated that the male animal doesn't care about discussing his clothes and their cost and style, just as much, or even more than his female relatives. Some day, just set them at it and you will be convinced! And in this one peculiarity all nations are verily alike, proving conclusively the universal brotherhood, as all great things are best proved, by very small matters! However, we had more to discuss than "hats" on our pleasant drive. There was a very pretty park, and the bridge over the omnipresent Rhine, which comes along here to divide the Town into

Great and Little Bale, and the quaintest old Churches and Cathedral, the University and the Grand Library. Bale is eminently a protestant city, in fact its protestantism was ever of the Rampant order, and the opinions expressed regarding the head of the church of Rome which have emanated from Bale, on occasion of public councils or assemblies have been enough to make the long line of "St. Peter's successors" turn in their graves. Baelites are, like all the Swiss, an outspoken, independent, fearless lot of people, and impressed me much with their peculiar amount of back-bone. I like them so much, and I do think the most perfect specimen of a parish clergyman is the Swiss "*pasteur*." I had the pleasure of travelling or rambling several times in company with the good *pasteur*, or his gentle mannered helpmeet, and I have seen them reading a scrap of the Psalms of David, bareheaded, among the "hills, from whence cometh my help" with that simple loving belief and heartfelt reverence that so few know how to offer to the inspired Word. A Scottish mother, or father, in a "hielan' shielin'," used to be to my mind a picture of simple reverential worship, but I got a better type, (perhaps they may thank their "Alps" for my opinion) when I saw the dear good men and women with reverent voices and overflowing hearts, on that Sunday trip of mine, repeating those grand psalms, wherein the mountains and the hills, and the thousand and one voices of nature are made to help and beautify man's tribute of praise to God. So the hundred and twenty-first psalm will always bring before me the exquisitely clear summer morning, the everlasting hills, and the group of Alpine men and women, with their *pasteur* in their midst repeating the verses of David's trusting poetry, and with closed eyes and reverend white head bent down, softly leading his little flock in the Lord's prayer. And if there is a purer christian on God's earth than the Swiss *pasteur*, or his gentle meek womanly wife, I should much delight in seeing them!

"The Festive City."



MY "big brothers" and I had a merry dinner together, for which I found it quite impossible to get a chance to pay, in spite of my earnest request to be allowed to be independent. "Why those hats and boxes cost twenty dollars, and we should never have gotten them, but for you!" said American number one, and I was thus compelled to accept a very small quid for a very evident quo, nor was my dinner and my drive the end of their kindness. They secured a first-class coupe to themselves, by judicious francs, and fetched me and my carryall from the abominable society of four French tradesmen bound to Paris and who insisted upon invading my solitude, and were moreover armed with flasks of "*eau-de-vie*," and boxes of cigars. On finding my remonstrances only politely laughed at, I was about to descend and run the risk of being left behind when one of those shiny hats came in the doorway, a long arm gripped the carryall, a strong hand helped me down, and a delighted voice chuckled "That was a *nice* kind of ladies carriage. You'd rather be with *us* than the Moosoos, wouldn't you? No use in saying anything to the guard. Every other carriages is chuckfull, and he just told them to get in there. We've got this one reserved." And they had a good laugh at me, and my independence, for I had selected the only ladies coupe, and declined to share their superior carriage, on the idea that perhaps I should be a bother to them. I suppose the guard either did not see me, (so he assured me) or did not know what to do with his over plus of excursionists, when he turned in those abominable creatures on me, with their netted sacks of fruit and bread and clothes all jammed in together, and their appalling cases of brandy and cigars. After I was comfortably settled in my new quarters, I had the delightful satisfaction of seeing the "gang" ejected from the coupe, on the tardy arrival of my Alpine girl graduates and their chaperone. I was really glad to see them, even the thin spectacled visage I had refused to face on the way from Neuhausen to Lucerne, and gloated over the dancing furious excited Frenchmen, who were forced to spend the night here or

there, where a place could be found. They actually made a rush at the door of our coupe, to the dismay of the "boys," but the guard stepped up on the platform and remarked "*pas de place*," and we saw no more of them. It was a good riddance! We bivouaced on the wide lounges, and when I was comfortably settled, the young cavaliers asked if I thought I could let them have a little smoke, but that if I objected to "speak right out."

I spoke as follows:—"I never refuse any one to smoke, if they have *bought the coupe*," and I told them my little Tyrolese story, and they told me lots of funny incidents anent the smoking question, and I remember one remark just as I was going to sleep, that amused me, "Say, did you ever see so much smoking without any spittoons, or any necessity for them." (Wherein lies perhaps the secret of the different effect smoking seems to have on the American male animal's constitution, from other nationalities.) Certainly, I hadn't noticed it, not having ever looked upon the operation of smoking with friendly or interested eyes, but as the question was not addressed to me, I fell into dreamland, unheeding the answer thereto. And along toward two o'clock, I awoke, and had a great scare!

We were just leaving the station when I saw a dark face, with gleaming eyes, and a look *indescribable* of hunted alertness, peering in through the window and as I looked, the door swung open, and a cadaverous looking object slipped in and closed the door after him. My two American boys slept peacefully, one at my feet, opposite the "shape" that had suddenly slipped into our midst, and the other on the same seat with him, and my heart beat rapidly, as I lay watchful and still, my eyes half closed, but ready at the slightest movement on the intruder's part to shriek, and my hand ready to press the button of the guards's electric bell. He sat still enough, poor hungry-looking wretch, and I noticed that he drew his grimy coat close around him, to avoid touching the superfine melton that lay across the limbs of the slumbering traveller beside him. And somehow, as I lay watching him, my terror vanished and my sympathy grew, and I quite calmly raised myself up and enquired, "Are you French?" "Oui," he answered, and nodded his head. "You should not come into this coupe; let me see your ticket," I said, with a bravery that I was afterwards surprised at, but who could be afraid of this poor, humble, shrinking object? "*Je n'en ai pas!*" he said, with an upward motion of his hands. "Only a little way I go, madam;" and so I

calmly sat down before him and decided to wait a "little while" before I summoned the guard. Sure enough, as we neared a station he slipped out and away as quickly as he had come, and you may be sure I had the guard lock that coupe door before we went once more to sleep. The Americans took the adventure very coolly, remarking that it was a good thing I was awake or he might have made off with the precious hat boxes after all.

The flat country gradually grew into sight in the lifting of the night, and the grey gleams of morning. There were the rows of tall poplars, the flat fields and the winding river, the early stations, where we rushed past groups of tired-looking excursionists with no room to accommodate them, for all our second and third class compartments appeared to be overflowing. The boys raced off once or twice, returning with bottles of milk and lemonade, which we drank according to preference out of the dainty china cups from Dresden, which happened to be comfortable in the carryall. And I decided that it behooved me to arrange my hair and bonnet a little from the rakish air they had acquired during the night, and had great laughter over my shaky attempts at the operation. However, I was cheered by the approval of the boys, who declared I didn't look a bit as if I had sat up all night, and so I entered Paris as prim and composed as was possible under the circumstances. I had telegraphed from Lucerne for a room, and was tolerably sure of it, but it was a relief to find it really at my disposal, if I would wait until the gentleman who occupied it was up and dressed. This quite according with my own ideas of propriety (!) I waited the arising and robing of monsieur, saw him safely out to his cab, and then discovered that the "boys" were homeless, for that not another apartment in the grand hotel would be vacant for another twenty-four hours. In fact, two telegrams had come simultaneously with mine for a room, but, as the concierge explained, "they were from gentlemen, and madame's was preferred." I was sorry to say "Au revoir" to my good young men, but we arranged a great expedition to buy presents for the sisters in America, wherein my superior knowledge and taste would be of service to them, and they promised to call at seven (table d'hôte time) and see how I had spent the day, and make arrangements for our shopping morning.

I presently found my room, redolent of the lately arisen's good cigar, and flinging wide the window, freshened myself up by a bath for a Parisian dejeuner.

"Nothing but coffee and rolls " said I to myself, as I descended in search of the dining-room; "that is what one may expect in Paris." But lo! a table full of dainties, with meat, fish and pancakes for substantials, greeted my astonished eyes. I seated myself beside a tall, unmistakably Scotch gentleman, and said, pleasantly, "Good morning." "Ah—er—er—*what?*" he stammered, so startled that I felt quite sorry for him, and regretted my continental manners extremely; but I was not going to be discouraged, and said, quietly, "I beg your pardon; I only said good morning." "Oh—ah—er—good morning—I'm sure—yes—fine day—certainly—to be sure," he said, nervously, and, with an impatient sigh, lifted his right hand with his left, and disclosed a very inflamed member indeed.

"You have a bad hand," I ventured presently; "let me cut up that chop for you while I am waiting—no, don't mind at all letting me; I can't sit and see you trying, and do nothing. How did you hurt your hand?" and in a quiet way I soothed his nervous, startled, British reserve, and soon had him chatting in a way that showed he was only shy and not disagreeable. "My sister would attend to that, only she's late this morning, and I was so precious near starved that I couldn't wait any longer," he said, between his mouthfuls, and I fed him with chops and potatoes and toast and butter until my own breakfast arrived, and with it a like tall and sandy haired lady, who gazed at us in utter surprise, and who was greeted airily with, "Oh, I've done waiting for *you*, and if you don't come in time you lose your place." I realized that I was the cuckoo, and quietly moved a seat further away, looking up at the amazed lassie with as demure a face as ever you saw, and keeping my mouth shut, as it is best sometimes to do. •

She seated herself stiffly, and blushing with annoyance, in my vacated place, and I waited for her too to "get over it," and when I thought she had done so, I ventured a remark on some marmalade, and soon had her as friendly as her brother, apologising for taking my seat, which she did to look after her "cripple," but soon found the animal was fed and ready to go out for a cigar. "Will you show me that hand after breakfast?" I asked. "I think it's going to give you trouble if you don't mind," and he stared very hard, but promised, and left us to improve our acquaintance, which, having acquitted herself in the ordinary repellant British manner to begin with, the lassie was now quite willing to do. We had a great talk, and agreed to go for a walk to the Madeleine after breakfast, the

lassie being "weel acquainted" with the immediate vicinity of the hotel. I inspected the wounded hand first though, and after a little voyage for linseed meal to the chemists and a small chat with a garcon, who told me I must not make "potage" in the bedrooms, and was immensely amused when I told him it was for the Scotch gentleman, who hadn't enough at breakfast, I succeeded in coaxing him to bring me a little boiling water, and made my potage in a soap dish, and scientifically poulticed the angry hand.

We had great subsequent fun with that hand, and a triumphant healing up, and a genuine Scotch gratitude that made me two firm and useful friends. "Jessie," as the lassie was called, chaperoned me to the Madeleine, which was all draped over the wide doors with black, and from whence the music of funeral services proceeded, and afterwards we drove out to the Exposition, the Scotch gentleman having secured another brother Scot from Edinburgh to make up the party. We took in the building of the Pantheon on our way, and descended to the vaults, where lie the bodies of that prince of French story tellers, Victor Hugo, and many older and more famous men. I had grown to love Victor Hugo through his stories, and I looked long at the site of his last rest, with the heavy, stiff wreaths of immortelles hung about it, and then we followed the guide who escorted us "*en bas*" to a dark, gloomy-looking corridor to hear the subterranean echo, which is a stock show of the visit. We ranged ourselves along the wall, in a row, under his directions, and he laughed. All the spirits of the dead sages and heroes seemed to be "struck comical," and peals of laughter rang through the silent avenues of the crypt, startling and distinct, and gradually dying away into silence. Then he gave us a short sketch of the building and its dedication to the great men of France, and every sentence echoed faithfully from some eerie corner, the two voices seeming almost like one, and reminding me of the "calling off" in a bank or commercial establishment, which perhaps has been heard by some of my busy readers. Then he asked us to listen for the tap of the drum, and the march past of the regiment, and suddenly arose a tumult of footfalls, rolling drums and general pandemonium, which was nothing less than deafening. It was a fine effect to be produced by one or two taps on a gong and a couple of stamps of the foot, and we expressed ourselves accordingly.

From the Pantheon we drove to the Exposition, that grand holiday ground of

the gay city, where the "*Tour Eiffel*" reared its iron framework—three hundred metres above our dwarfed and diminished heads. It took our friends from one o'clock till six to make the ascent and descent in the slow-going elevators, so great was the crowd on the summit, and it being necessary to wait one's turn by numbered ticket to reach the ground again. There was a buffet on the landings, that one need not starve to death upon the tour, but I utterly refused to spend five hours going up and coming down. "Go, you," I said, "and I will have a chair and be wheeled about the principal sights, for I am weary, and want to be rested for the *real* Paris, which is to be seen only by gaslight." I waited until a bright-looking chairman appeared, for I needed a good cicerone for such a lengthened tour, and finally settled on one, who was all my fancy painted him, probably because I stated my requirement thus: "So many francs for the whole afternoon? Well, I will give you two more if I have a pleasant tour." That was a bargain, and the good man was indefatigable; he knew where everything was and the best point to see it from, and though exhibitions have all a great sameness, there were some new things here that took my fancy. One was a street, down one side of which ran what was called "The History of Habitations," and embraced all styles of abiding places, from the first three unhewn stones set in a sheltering angle against the winds of the earliest known ages, and not even roofed in, to the luxurious mansions of the Eastern Monarch of the ages of prodigal splendor. A spotless Hindoo house took my fancy greatly, and a queer square etruscan one also pleased my eyes. There was the flat-roofed Jewish home, of which the Bible often speaks, and the giddy Chinese pagoda, and the curtained Persian or Moorish building, in which odalisques, with sequin chains in their hair, sold perfumery and carved knick-nacks. The raised dwelling of the tree people (in which sat grotesque creatures), reached by a slat ladder of interlaced, tough vines, and the mud villa of the aborigine, the wigwam and the tent, the thatched cottage and the tiled mansion, all in proper sequence, formed a vista of surpassing interest, bringing really before one's eyes things read of and imagined. It was worth going to the Exposition only to see this one street; one brought away a queer, uncanny memory of gaunt creatures in the "stone age," huddled under a faded canopy of leaves and upright slabs of stone, almost naked, in their wrappings of leather and hair, with unshaven beards and unkempt locks. If they were Parisians gotten up for the occasion, it was a splendid disguise, for they only looked half human, (but some Parisians are not even *that*!)

I went back twice to this interesting quarter, and still could not fix it on my mind strongly enough to satisfy myself. Then my chair went sliding easily along to "Spiers & Pond's" famous restaurant, where I got very little to eat and paid a great deal for it. (English restaurants and English waiters are horrid, after the delightful service of the continent, but I must say their English patrons were just as bad). "Twenty minutes I've wyted for that styke," said an irate Cockney, as I timidly slid into a seat beside him; "and ten maw for this bloomin' coffee. I'd have ordered pyle eyle, only you nyver know what you may be drinkin' in this bloomin' plyce."

"How long are you going to be over your lunch?" I asked, good-naturedly. "Oh, arf an hour, just to pye them for keepin' me wyetin'," he said, viciously. "Then," said I, getting up, "I'll be back for my lunch in twenty minutes; just you look after it for me, like a good man, when it comes. I've ordered steak and coffee too." And he actually *did*, while I rode round the statuary gallery and had a feast of beauty and grotesqueries and every other thing, and returned to find my lunch guarded vigilantly by this awful individual, who greeted me with, "Ere you are, Miss; styke done to a turn, and pipin' 'ot, which is maw than mine was. Charge the 'ighest and give the lowest, is *their* motto." This was accompanied by a vicious sneer at the waiter, who received it with a scowl, and took the gentleman's (?) change like a cross dog, doing everything but snap at him. I was presently left in peace by his growling "good dye," and enjoyed a very excellent lunch, and paid a very terrible price for it; but I'd have paid it cheerfully for a smile or a gentle "Bitte," or insinuating "S'il vous plait," instead of the glum, unmitigated sourness or the cocknosed familiarity that were the Scylla and Charybdis of this charming restauration! When I handed the change to the waiter, with the small tip I'd been accustomed to, he handed me back the extra money, as he said he could not take it. "Do you smoke?" I asked. He stared at me, and said, "I do, Miss." "Then take that money and pick me out a good cigar," I said, gravely. He did so, and I made my exit in a hurry in my chair, saying, as he hastened after me, "Smoke it, and try and be pleasant." He did actually smile as he tucked it behind his belt, and I thought ten cents was cheap to get that smile to the surface—it was such a treat.

I invested in a little picture of a very good group I saw while I waited for my



GROUP IN PARIS EXPOSITION.

lunch in the statuary gallery. The vikings are fine, I think, in their attitude of intent and eager watching. Another group that struck me was a pair of gladiators in the exciting contest of the net and trident, which Whyte Melville so graphically describes in his grand story, "The Gladiators." The victim lies on his back, bound and helpless in the clinging meshes that all his fleetness was not

able to evade, and the victor stands over him with trident raised, and cruel, un-pitying eyes searching the vital spot wherein to bury it; the doomed man raises his head from the ground with hissing hatred, and the awful grimness of death hovering over him. I felt a terrible fascination in gazing at this life-like growth, and the spell was over me for a long time.

Edison was in his pavillion that afternoon, and he was quite a man among men in the Exposition, with his improved phonograph and various other clever devices; and sundry other old Canadian and American friends I came across, among the machines and cute things, and I found that Canada is "looking up" among the nations, who sometimes think of and look at her, as the old German thought of his young Kaiser. "Waiting to see what he would do!" There are still many well informed old stagers who think that bears are found in the suburbs of Toronto, and buffalo roam on the plains of Abraham, but the new generation don't often ask, with the unsophisticated Tyrolese peasant, "Is Canada in England," nor think the Canadian Pacific Railway is an overland route from British Columbia to China! as I was informed in a very far village during my happy holiday. Let Miss Canada only be true to herself and remember the good training of her mother, and there is no doubt she will do herself credit in time.

After table d'hote that warm evening, we three new-made friends, who were quite intimate and happy, were reinforced by the young Edinburgher and started on a round of gaping. We had chocolate on the boulevard at the Cafe de la Paix, and by and by a glass of lemonade at some other grand resort, and by and by again a water-ice at a third, and we drove to the head of L'Avenue de l'Alma to see the electric illumination of the "Tour Eiffel," and heard the clapping of hands in the great hippodrome, and made plans to enter therein on the morrow, and finally at twelve o'clock got back thoroughly tired of the gaslight and the crowds, and ready for the soundest kind of sleep. My kind lassie said as she bade me "gude night," "To-morrow morn we must go to the shops, and after lunch to Versailles. You will like that, *fine*," and with this programme on hand we parted. As arranged, my lassie and I started for the shops in the morning, not, however, before we had seen the "Cook's tourist party" go away to Versailles in a 'bus, four horses and very uncomfortable looking seats, not at all like the smart, dashing, four-seated wagonette of the advertisements. The chaperone was there, and the school girls, and they went rattling off in the clumsy covered van, and I was

glad not to go with them. The very climbing in and out of the concern was a day's hard work, but it is a great convenience to ladies—alone, or who cannot speak the language—and gives them a day of unworried sightseeing.

We made a straight line for the Bon Marche, that great shop of all sorts, which has its hundreds of clerks, its free lunch counter, its hoards of precious bales of every imaginable fabric in every conceivable line. Here we began a delightful search for some little trifling matters, and ended by investing more heavily than we at all intended, or rather I did, egged on by my Scotch lassie, who seemed determined I should buy a trunk and fill it beside. She had her way, for who could withstand the fascinations of a Paris shop when seen for the first time? So the trunk was bought, and the silks and the velvet and the knick-nacks, and I felt ashamed to look my honest carryall in the face! It was tiresome work after all, and when I suggested that we should go and have lunch and so be in time for the Versailles trip, which we were to take in company with the two Scotch gentlemen, Jessie was quite willing. We gained the street after many admiring lingerings, and I said, "My watch has stopped; look at yours, please." She looked, started, and looked again. "What does yours say?" she said, faintly. "Oh, mine has stopped; it says half-past five." "*So does mine,*" she said, solemnly, and our weariness and hunger did not prevent us from laughing as we realized that we had spent the whole day in that tempting shop. I could scarcely believe it, but the anxious faces that waited for us on our hurried return to the hotel quite convinced us, and we made a clean breast of our ill doings, much to the Scotchmen's amusement.



By Day and Gaslight.



I came to breakfast on the morrow's morn, my Scotch friends accosted me thus: "Do you feel able for a long day?" and I answered heartily, "Yes, indeed; I've slept so soundly and so long that I am only half awake yet."

"Well, we've been wanting a good day, and we'll just take advantage of this fine one, and start a *nurse's* party," (holding up the bandaged hand) "instead of a 'Cook's' party, and we'll go to Sevres and St. Cloud by the Bois de Boulogne, and have luncheon in some real old French place, and then Jock and I will go and pay our calls, and you two can have the carriage until seven o'clock, but don't be later, for we are going to take in the hippodrome this evening." "And you'll have *that* man?" said Jessie, with a coaxing voice. "I don't care to go else!" "Here we is!" the invalid answered, with a laugh, and as we came along the entry I looked out and saw "that man," the cheekiest looking English cocher you could imagine, attired in a suit of large brown and white plaid, with buff gaiters over his natty shoes, a red necktie and tan gloves, and a Marshall Niel rosebud in his buttonhole, the crowning touch being a dandy tall hat over one of the most humorous faces I ever looked at, the very stiff erectness and impassive look of an English "William," with the air of thinking Paris and Parisians a huge joke, but otherwise beneath his notice. What a fund of anecdote and instruction that Englishman was, and how he made us "see Paris" I am about to relate. He scrambled down lightly from his high seat, and touched his hat and respectfully listened to Jessie's harangue. "Ye are to show us all those places over again that we went before, and see we get in this time to the Sevres workrooms, and that ye get in time back for dinner." "Certainly, mem; start directly, I suppose." Here the gentlemen interposed, and sent us hurrying for our bonnets, (Jessie's bonnet was a hat of black straw, of the mushroom shape, British and hideous!) and presently we set out, surely as happy and contented a party of tourists as ever chummed together on short notice. First we drove to the Trocadero, the entrance to the Exposition, then past the busy "*Place*" to the Bois

de Boulogne, glancing at the Egyptian obelisk and the Arc de Triomphe on the route. In the Bois de Boulogne one sees comical moossoos "acting English" with dog carts and bangtailed horses, and once in a very long time a man with enough of dignity not to make one laugh. But really, the general run of Frenchmen were to me purely and unadulteratedly funny, and my risibles were always on the qui vive. Even in my most serious moments a moossoo with terribly fierce moustachios, and terribly groggy legs, or evidently padded frock coat, or excruciatingly narrow boots, would make me smile—funny man! The way they ride is simply execrable, but I hope the horses' mouths are hard and their nervous system under full control, for the erratic checkings and spurrings and whippings and parlez vousings would drive an English high-strung steed into a fury. Our William was delighted on overhearing my remarks, and turned with a "Beg pardon, mem," to coincide in my views. "The 'orses of Paree are much to be pitied; h'even the quality, h'unless they get a h'English coachman, 'as their h'animals h'abused like that. Look *h'out* now, will yer?" to a French cabby who was in his way. Jessie was perfectly delighted whenever "yon coachman" talked to us, and safely giggled under her broad hat, while poor I, in pitiless little cap-bonnet, had to watch her and "still be grave."

In our drive through the Bois, William pointed out the staunch little fort from whence the French poured shot and shell upon their own fair palaces, to dislodge the Prussian soldiery, and presently, after a happy drive, we arrived at the scene of the shelling, the ruined chateau of St. Cloud, heading off the Cook's tourists party just in time. As we left they came, in four great vans, scrambling out and straggling up the hill to the pretty garden and the ruined castle, in the great ball-room of which grow trees ten feet or more in height, making one realize that it is nearly twenty years since the Franco-Prussian war.

"William" knew every vendor of bric-a-brac and photos and ale and cognac, and gravely answered their grinning salutes, or, if they ventured audible comment, promptly shut them up in the most superior manner. "A h'ignorant lot o' beasts," he said, scornfully, in answer to a jeering enquiry as to the date of his costume. Then he took us to see the Sevres potteries, and explained that he had arranged with the workman to give us a private view of the potter's magic skill, and we were shown down into a basement, where a very tall, broad Frenchman

was waiting, attired in a suit of white linen and tall cap, with a mass of white clay on the tray beside him, and his potter's wheel before him.

He seated himself with a polite "*Bonjour, mesdames et messieurs*," and began working his feet as on a sewing machine. The circular board on a stand before him spun rapidly round, and he cut off a portion of clay—a "gob," as our William expressed it—and slapped it down on the little rotating board. Then with moistened hands he formed and coaxed the yielding mass until a dainty jar spun round before our eyes; then his broad palm flattened it all down, and he coaxed it up into a graceful vase; down again, and there grew a water flask, and a queer etruscan bowl, and a flower-pot holder, and a pitcher. We were perfectly amazed and delighted at his magical skill, and finally he formed a cup, the beginning of one of the delicate lace-like wonders up stairs in the cabinets, and set it, hardening and complete, before our round and wondering eyes. A lady who had come down with our party impulsively seized it, and lo! it fell apart in her grasping hands. The "*ouvrier*" laughed and rose. "*C'est fini!*" he said, very politely, and, undeterred by the frowns of William, I gave him a franc, with very awed expressions of wonder at his skill. "Beg pardon, mem, but h't won't do," said William, confidentially, as we remounted the stairs, after viewing the furnaces and the ware in every stage, from the frail, fresh moulded to the glazed and painted beauty. "These 'ere fellers don't h'expect nothink. H'its only the h'Americans throws money round h'unnecessary. Just you 'ave your 'arf franc 'andy, and look h'at me when to tip. *H'I'll* see you h'aren't h'imposed h'on by these beggars. H'only just look to me—you'll be victimised h'otherwise."

On emerging we found the tourist party prowling about outside, their itinerary only embracing an outside view of the handsome specimens and museum. Inside are the tiny lace-covered cups and saucers, the delicate openwork surface of which is done by women, who with tiny chisels pick out the scraps that are between the interstices, and leave the fine pattern on the outer layer of porcelain; then it is glazed, gilded and baked, and for from seven to twenty dollars one may carry away a specimen. It is the china of the millionaire, and was too frail and too dear to find a place among my curiosities. Exquisite painted vases, tall gray and white jars, with dainty draped figures and pure looking medallion faces, went away up into the hundreds and thousands, but one realizes that they are beyond one's reach, and just admires. It is only very little people who long for

possession, as the children cry for that "shiny round thing up there," on a clear moonlit night. We dropped our Scotchmen at the first omnibus line to the Madeleine, and continued our tour. I had to call at the Bon Marche and order a robe which I had not decided on the day before, and with the precaution of leaving Jessie behind I rushed up the stairs almost with my eyes shut, ordered my robe and came down, making one little pause, however, where a box of very pretty felt travelling hats, of the style known as "mountaineer," were selling off at about ten cents apiece. I hastily picked out one, of finest felt and first-class finish, and descended with it in my hand to find Jessie and the coachman discussing the best thoroughly French place to take luncheon in. "I've h'only *one* place," said William, with a "that settles it" tone, "where I h'always recommend my ladies. The waiters know me, h'and you're sure of h'everything served proper." Accordingly, after a few moments at "Les Invalides," where Napoleon's magnificent tomb and his very wrecks of old soldiers "divided my devotions" (and where I had the doubtful pleasure of shaking the palsied hand of the oldest living veteran), we drove through the old real Paris to a low, clean-looking restaurant, wherein our William disported himself like a Lord of the Admiralty at the very least, patronizing the waiters, and, I shrewdly suspect, getting his dinner for nothing in the outer cafe, while we paid the piper within. They gave us all sorts of queer little things for lunch—a salad that I would not have eaten for twenty francs, it looked so very suspicious, and a capital bottle of wine, which Jessie drank sparingly, as if it had been old port instead of innocent "native" at two francs the bottle, and a perfectly delicious chicken with macaroni. We lunched royally for very small money, and William demanded to know the amount from me before we left the place. When I told him, he said, "Ham, chicken and l'Italian, bottle of wine, bread and cheese. Did you have potage and salad? Didn't eat the salad? I'm sorry, me'n, for the salads are a *chief do over* of my good people here!" Finally he signified his satisfaction at the charge, and begged pardon for appearing inquisitive. "But ladies 'ave no h'idea of values. H'I'm bound they sharn't h'impose h'on you." I was awfully afraid he would ask me how much I gave the waiter, and was prepared to get another lecture, but he did not, and I was amused to see the way he feed *his* waiter, handing him a cigar with a lordly "'Ere's a smoke, John," and not apparently seeing the twinkle of fun in the demure Frenchman's eye. He took us next

through the gardens of the Tuileries, past the ruins of the palace, and in answer to my enquiry, "What do you think of this result of the Commune?" he raised his eyebrows, pursed his lips, shook his head, and remarked, emphatically, "Nothink, mem. It's *purely Parisian*—'Louvre'—not to-day, mem. We shall just 'ave time, as h'I think, to do Not-a-Dame and Saint Chapelle, and wasn't it a *Hospital*, you said?" and so we drove past the Louvre, and turned away to the 'Island of the City,' and suddenly William remarked to himself, "Oh, *by* the way!" and turned down a side street, and stopped before a building into which people seemed to be going in at one end and presently coming out at the other: "H'enter by this door, pass h'along and h'out h'of the far door, where you will find me waiting," said William, and we stepped down and "h'entered"—what do you think?—*the Morgue!* Innocently wondering, we followed the crowd, and presently I saw Jessie stop, and exclaim, "For mercy's sake!" I pushed past her, and came face to face with—a corpse! The poor man was perched behind a glass refrigerator door, in a sitting posture, his hands folded on his lap, and his poor white head propped back against a rest. Next to him, in another little compartment, sat a young, handsome fellow, with a cruel wound over his temple, his little felt hat set rakishly on his clustering curls, and a sad sort of smile on his white face. There were no more, thank heaven, and we hurried past the row of glazed compartments with shrinking horror, and emerged to find our carriage with white cheeks and faint hearts. Jessie seated herself silently, and William remarked, "H'I'm sorry this good feller tells me there's h'only two h'in to-day; yesterday there was h'eight, five h'of 'em females." I was too much overcome to speak to him, and he drove away from the awful place, probably fearing that "h'only two" had not pleased us, and hence our silence.

Over the bridge and across the square to the grand old cathedral of Notre Dame we proceeded, and after an admiring tour round its vast interior, and an examination of the great doorway with its wise and foolish virgins standing on each other's heads up and down the side frames, and a hoard of dates and guide book items from William, and a distinct memory of the lovely old rose windows, and others more modern, and the evidence of the dripping square and William's natty green silk umbrella to make us believe that a shower had taken place during our tour, which only seemed to us to have occupied five minutes, but must have been

a half hour at the least, we drove across to the Hotel Dieu, the oldest and largest, and I fancied the one which would interest me most, of all the Paris hospitals.

But a different rule prevails here, and we were refused admittance, much to William's chagrin, who hated to be "done" in the presence of strangers. "If madame will go to the office of the '*chef des charites*,'" said the white-capped concierge, "and receive an admission, I shall be most happy to show everything that can interest, but without, it is contrary to the rule." "Give me the address," I said, "and I will see what I can do." So he wrote on a slip of paper, "Avenue Victoria, 3, Assistance publique," and I drove off to try what I could do in the way of persuading Moossoo.

William knew the place perfectly, and presently deposited me before the doors of a massive old place, where I crossed a courtyard and rambled up several flights of stairs to a little office, where the legend on the door told me I was at my destination. A concierge sat on a little oak bench, and him I took into my confidence. "I am American, and have only one day more in Paris," I said, in my most winning manner. "I wish to see monsieur the directeur, to get an admission to Hotel Dieu, no, I am not ill, my friend, in very good health, but I am interested in hospitals and I wish so much to see a *french* one." "Madame is a nurse?" "Not by profession." "But a nurse?" "Yes, I'm a good nurse," I said laughing. "At least my patients say so!" "And Madame has attended lectures?" "On nursing, oh yes!" "Well! allow me to present the case to Monsieur the Directeur, say not a word, understand not, if it be possible, and Madame shall have the admission." He was bright and pleasant, and evidently a favorite with the awfully tall military looking Moossoo, in the grey tweed suit and lengthy white mustache, who rose deliberately from his chair and stood with his hands spread out upon his desk and his steel grey eyes blazing at me from under their thatch of white hair, waiting for the purport of my visit. As I did not speak, according to orders, he turned quickly to the concierge "what does the lady want?" he asked, and my hair raised up at the glib little lies with which monsieur the concierge stated my case. Madame was famous nurse from America, Canada and United States, she was abroad to visit various hospitals, desired to learn something also in Paris, had but a few hours to stay, and came to beg of the kindness of Monsieur the Directeur permission to go over the French hospitals, creches and institutions that she might study certain new methods." "To-

day it is late !” said the generalissimo, with an awful frown, “Madame can visit but one or two at most.” “Hotel Dieu, then, monsieur,” I said quickly, and he glowered at me and sat down at his desk. The concierge withdrew and the director went on writing, and I thought I’d put my foot in it now, surely. But, no ! in another anxious moment he had finished filling out a card of admission to all the public charities of Paris under control of the department, and he handed it to me with a sudden spasmodic smile. “It needs you to hurry,” he said, as I began to thank him. “There is yet time for gratitude, monsieur,” I said, laughing. “I thank you very much. You are the first Paris gentleman I’ve had the pleasure of meeting. I shall hold you in happy memory.” “But the Canadians can speak well,” he said, coming out of his corner. “I fancied madame did not understand and Antoine interpreted.” “Non, non,” I said, quickly. “I was too much afraid of monsieur, who looked like a fierce warrior to speak to him.” He laughed heartily. “Very well said. Now, can I do any more for you? Stay, take my own card, give it to your cicerone, and you will be well attended. Adieu, no thanks, adieu,” and he opened the door for me himself, like a flattered old gentleman as he was. So I rushed back to patient Jessie with my permit to visit *forty-one* different hospitals, charities, and establishments in the city, and William had the satisfaction of seeing his ladies received with great politeness and escorted out of his sight. I guarded carefully my permit, and it lies before me as I write, filled in with Monsieur the Director’s own cramped foreign handwriting. If all Frenchmen were like him, now !

We went all over that hospital, Jessie occasionally looking at her watch, and warning me, only an hour, only forty minutes, and in the men’s accident wards, giving up the case as hopeless. “A hundred accidents in a day,” I said, doubtfully. “Oh, not so many, surely.” “Yes, madame, quite as many,” said the strapping “ouvrier,” who was chatting to me, the very picture of comfort, with the boat-shaped “bonnet” on his head, his case of cigarettes on his bedside table, and his decanter of red wine in easy reach. “Moi, I have the leg broken—yes, it hurts, but one must expect that,” and he laughed a jolly little laugh. The name of Hotel Dieu always gives me back the face of this big workman, with his great merry eyes and fine powerful frame, and the interested but uncomprehending Scotch lassie, whose blue eyes travelled from his face to mine and back as we talked. I had quite a crowd of beaux to open the door, and many a happy smile

and hearty "Au revoir" from these Frenchmen, who had as good and pleasant a time as illness would permit, and who were so neat and clean. It would weary you to go over all the interesting creatures, from whom Jessie ruthlessly dragged me away, and I am sorry to say I stayed so late that William was quite *displeased* with me. "No time for anythink *now* but Sainte Chapelle," he said, in an injured tone, as if we had been *nowhere*, and drove crossly away, while I sat in a vision of sisters of charity, jolly patients, ghastly wounds, and emaciated men and women and children, and suddenly appearing now and then the grandest bath on wheels, with a hose for hot and cold water and a thermometer and a douche, and altogether the completest and most convenient thing, which I don't think we have in our hospitals in Canada—at least I've never seen one.

The Sainte Chapelle is a very old church indeed, restored lately, and originally built by Louis IX. in the middle of the thirteenth century to receive the relics of the Holy Land, which were placed in a little shrine. It is a queer, gaudy little church, with a pointed arched ceiling of blue studded with gold stars, and long stained glass windows forming nearly the whole of the walls, and one gets up to it from the ground floor by a breakneck stone stairs. There must be some other entrance, as the royal marriages were once celebrated there, but so we came into it. "Over six hundred years old, eh, and what good is it?" asked an American lady who joined us at the entrance. "Just fancy having to climb up here to say one's prayers! My, but it's bright and pretty though." And so it is, in blue and gold and fleur de lys and stained glass, and its glittering spire shines golden bright over the dingy roof-tops, while under foot, as one walks up the "*Haute Chapelle*" to the shrine where were once the thorny crown and the other relics which the king brought back from Palestine, one treads upon the most beautiful designs in marble mosaic, or, rather, one is conjured not to tread upon them, but to walk upon the strips of carpet spread down either side of the chapel. Statues of the twelve Apostles (I think) stand on pedestals down either side, and it is more a memorial of the pious king who built it, and was deemed worthy of canonization by a certain pope, than anything else. We hurried over the guide's description of the various things about, and returned to the hotel very late and very penitent, though, as William sententiously remarked to the Scotchmen, "H't wasn't shops this time, but a hospital."

Jessie was quite excited and eloquent during the table d'hôte to her two friends

over the Hotel Dieu. "It I could only make them understand me I'd go again before I leave," she said, heartily. "How would you get in?" I asked, mischievously. "Oh, I'd go on an open day. Yon driver found out that to-day was a closed day, but some days are open days," said Jessie, knowingly, and I suppose she was right. "You can go in Aberdeen when you get home. There are sick men there too." "I will that," she said, earnestly, and when Jessie said it I knew she meant it. My other neighbor at table was very interesting—a young Turk, who was with some diplomats in Paris on some secret mission, and always wore his fez. We had sundry and manifold talks together, and got quite friendly, and Scotch Jessie and her brother teased me about my impolite admirer, saying they would not be civil to a young man who sat with his hat on. They dared me to ask him why he did it, and I immediately begged for enlightenment. "It is my religion," he said, smiling away my apologies for the question. "Musselmen must not go with the head uncovered. If I wished to express my contempt for you I should raise my hat in your presence." I translated his explanation to Jessie, and she looked hard at him. "Do you believe it?" she said, incredulously. "Yes, indeed I do, and I'm glad you speak English, for my small friend would be enraged if he fancied you doubted him." "Puir daft boddy!" she said, in such serious compassion that I laughed heartily, only glad that she did not realize the very small opinion held of her and me and all females by this quiet effendi. He was such a gentle, grave, polite fellow that I liked him very much, and once in a while forgot he was a Turk; once I was again reminded of it though, when, on the last dinner before I left, Jessie's brother ordered a bottle of choice wine as a sort of farewell "cup," and asked me to pour a glass for my "bashaw" as well. He looked at me smilingly and put back my hand stretched out for his glass. "I may not," he said, gently. "Your religion?" I asked in a like low tone. "Yes, madame guesses," and he laughed and made some remark to his friend, the head diplomat, who was also the head of the table. I saw their names in "Galignani," the great English paper there, but forget who they were, though their dignified, grave, quiet manners impressed me very much indeed. One of my nice American boys called while I was chatting with the young Musselman, and I caught sight of him peeping from the door of the dining-room, and hurried out to greet him with effusion. "Why didn't you leave word as we asked, when we could find you in?" he enquired. "I've never heard anything more of you,

and thought you'd forgotten me," I said. "What, didn't you get our cards or the note?" "Not a thing," I assured him. "Well, we called and you were at dinner, and I found some friends evidently, so we left a note asking you to drive out to Versailles or somewhere, or go to the shops. My sister wanted a *silk petticoat*, and how the mischief could I go and ask for it? Besides I wouldn't know if I'd got it, anyway. And we did so want you—you said you'd come, you know." "And so I would. How did it happen I never had your note?" Because, it turned out, I had not *asked* for it, for it lay in the box numbered for my room; but how can one know when notes come to go and ask for them? I was so sorry, for those young people had a long claim on my grateful services, but one had already crossed the channel to catch his ship and return home, and the other, feeling lonely, had turned in at the hotel to try and find a friend, and fortunately I caught sight of him. He was leaving in a few hours, and though I offered to remain over and take a night train to Antwerp to catch my boat, sooner than that sister should lack a *silk petticoat* (I can hear the disgusted tone the boy spoke those words with), it was all of no avail. Fortunately, I could even then put him on the track of "pretties," which I knew would please an American girl, and which he eagerly loaded himself with. "And you will stay with us this evening; we're going to the hippodrome," I asked, after we had taken our race to the shop of Exposition knick-nacks, and regained our friends. "Well, no, I am going somewhere else until it's train time. In fact (I hope you'll not be shocked) I am going to the student's ball, at the *Jardin Mabille*!" (His air of deprecation was too funny as he produced his ticket for this very larky resort, and informed me of his desperate intentions.) "Oh, you shocking bad boy. Well, I think you can take care of yourself," and with a hearty handshake I left as nice an American as ever travelled over the continent with his native language and a hat box!

Jessie was eager to be gone to her circus, and we drove quickly off through the merry boulevards to Alma Avenue, where we were disgusted to find "no place." "Can one not *stand*?" I asked, ruefully regarding the tickets which we had purchased. "Come to-morrow," said the gentleman in the box, shortly. "It's all very fine for you to say 'come to-morrow,'" I said, laughing. "To-morrow I shall be on my way back to America," and then I tried my old plan. "Do you think we could not get in, just to see the place—it is so fine a circus?" For answer he pointed with a smile up the stairs. "Entrez," he said, simply, and we

did, and stood gazing our fill at the ten thousand excited spectators of a miserable silly circus as ever you saw, and rending the air with their plaudits of the female riders, who were like pigmies, so immense was the distance between them and us. My friends pressed forward along the front of the gallery, and were greeted with cries of "Sit down," which being fired at them in French they neither heard nor heeded. A smart gendarme came up and promptly turned us all out, they remonstrating and indignant and I nearly convulsed with laughter. My elderly friend in the box gravely received back our tickets, and I explained the joke to the three uncomprehending Scots, and after duly turning it over in their minds, as is the Gaelic habit, they enjoyed it immensely. But we had not come to the end of our fun yet. A party of French people, two men and two women, evidently a pair of provincials in charge of their Parisian friends, seeing us mount the stairs to the gallery, had boldly pushed their way in some other way, and as was evident by the noises and pretty language which we heard behind the swinging doors, were being incontinently "fired" by some guardian of the place. They came protesting and sputtering out from the swinging doors, and attacked the ticket agent for selling them tickets when he knew there was no room. "No harm done, monsieur," said the man, politely. "Here is your money back, or, better, I will give you tickets, good place, for to-morrow. "I want not the money; I thus treat your wretched tickets," roared the infuriated Frenchman, his face as white as death, and his eyes gleaming, "thus and thus!" and he rent the unoffending tickets into bits, and flinging them on the pavement, danced on them. "I will have satisfaction for this insult," he screamed, while we got out of his way, and thought the circus outside was far ahead of the ring performance. "Monsieur, no insult was given," said the box keeper, calmly, but with an appreciative look in our direction. "You make me liar, do you, a-h-h-h?" and the little spitfire rushed from the building, leaving us to finish our laugh in almost hysterics, but in another minute came tearing back, and began all over again, this time calm and terrible, wanting the name and address of his insulter, not to fight, oh, no, but to have him arrested!

Then seeing our unrestrained and aggravated hilarity, he raised his hat in white sarcasm, and suddenly losing control of himself once more dashed it on the ground and danced on it. Absinthe may have been at the bottom of his speech-

less rage, but awful as it was to see a human creature so possessed, I laughed till my sides ached.

When we had finally summoned up sufficient decorum among us to venture again upon the boulevard, we decided not to try any more amusements, but to wander about among the brilliantly lighted cafes, and watch the streets, which were always an interesting study to me. As we sat outside the Cafe de la Paix, on its grand boulevard, I was attracted by an awful looking figure, in a ragged surtout, with unkempt hair and glittering eyes, and as evil a look as one fancies one of Victor Hugo's terrible story people might wear. "A sewer rat," said the Scot, and I watched him with a great interest as he crept along in the gutter, his frowsy head covered with the tattered remains of a black fur cap, and in his claw-like fingers a long stick, with a little hook at the end. He paused near me, and his practised eye saw something shining under a little table near us. He came creeping nearer, and with his stick sent the wee coin flying into the street, where he picked it up and put it directly into his cavernous mouth. Ugh! a horrible, horrible sight, this more than half savage creature, who had no home, and no friend but the Death that would some day end his hideous existence. We went to a music hall, proper enough, but a noisy place, where we stood to hear a popular song of the boulevards, in which the Parisians all joined as the band played. There was one note which they did *not* play, but instead all the people gave one loud hand-clap, or rapped once on the little tables with great precision and violence, and which perfectly delighted me. It was *so* French. Then we strolled round to see the new Grand Hotel of Paris—a sumptuous and spacious edifice indeed, where "princes and fools," to quote my Hamburger, can spend an awful amount of money in a very short time. The entrance was lovely, with its garden and wide plate glass partitions, and we felt very small fry indeed as we bravely promenaded along its corridor. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and I suddenly remembered that I had neglected one thing, which was a luxury I had promised myself in Paris. I confided to Jessie that I had not had a "shampoo," and bemoaned my treacherous memory and my dusty hair. "Oh, come on then; you can have one now," she said, and led me to a little barber's shop near the Grand Opera House, where we were received with the coolness of perfect preparation, which made it seem the most natural thing in the world for a lady to arrive at eleven o'clock at night and have a yard or more of hair shampooed.

The Scot being informed that the business would take twenty minutes, at which I sceptically smiled, the hairdresser got ready his lather, his basins, his brushes, and his drying apparatus. It took less than fifteen minutes with the splendid contrivance for drying heavy locks, which the Parisians have, and we were all in waiting, clean and smooth and shiny, when our escort returned. We ended this long, busy, interesting day by inspecting my purchases and having our suppers sent up to my room, where we made merry in very uncomfortable confusion, but with the kindest of feelings to one another. We laughed over the Frenchman at the hippodrome, and had a good chat until twelve o'clock, when we bid good-night for the last time. One more thing I lacked, but I was almost afraid to demand it at so late an hour. However, I took courage, and ringing for "Marie," asked her could I not have a hot bath. "Certainly," she said, politely. "In five minutes I will show madame the way—the bath will then be ready." She was as good as her word, and showed me to a handsome bathroom, where I found a snowy bath robe and soft slippers waiting for me, and where I had a delightful bath, while Marie carried off my clothes and neatly folded them up, and arranged my disorderly room. "I wish I'd remembered to give those things to the wash," I said, as I came hurrying in and found her folding up sundry tossed and tumbled garments. "Would madame send them to-night?" she said. "Oh, I'm afraid to risk it," I said, hesitatingly. "I should want them before noon to-morrow." "Madame can have them," Marie said, confidently. "Shall I do them up?" and she did, and had them back in time, too.



"With Faces Homeward Turning."

AND so the time came to bid adieu to the merry boulevards, the bright cafes, the lighthearted, careless holiday makers in the wide Rue de Rivoli or the crowded ways of the Exposition. By the way, I should have written of the pictures I saw there one other day when I had three hours to spare; of the hideous "Question by fire," with its tortured wretch bound on the grate, under which the flames slowly grew and crept; of the sad awfulness of the execution of the Spanish rebels, bound and waiting in abject terror or scornful contempt the hail of lead that should blot them from the land of the living. One tall, handsome, daring fellow, with flashing eyes and red sailor's cap, I can see as I write, so speaking and so strongly drawn was his pictured face, and Death was no foe to him and Fear wasn't in his dictionary. And the wonderful "Aurora," rising nude and pink and pure with upstretched arms and little feet clinging together, a startling sight enough in her undisguised loveliness to many an American eye (I wonder what my Vienna friend would have thought of *her*?) and the sweet face of the painter's love picture, "My wife," and Courtois' lovely dark-eyed Madonna pressing her black-eyed, merry baby's cheek to hers, with the foreshadowing on her serious face of the legend written underneath, "A sword shall pierce thine own heart also," and again Deschamp's touching "Folle," where the vacant-eyed idiot sits huddling up her pet rabbit, dressed in dolly's discarded garments, and a wise, solemn-looking nanny-goat regards her almost with human pity in her soft brown eyes. One picture which has been extensively engraved through America and which I longed to see was Bougereau's "First Grief," where swarthy, gigantic Adam holds the dead body of the youth Abel across his knees, pressing one powerful hand on his aching father heart, and kissing comfortingly the golden locks of the weeping Eve, who kneels beside him and hides her face against his breast. It is such a wonderful creation, even in the meagre black and white of the engraving, that I looked forward to seeing it with great pleasure, but somehow I missed it.

There is such a wonderful realism in all the French pictures, sometimes delight-

fully pleasing and sometimes repulsive, but I had a grand morning among them, and have kept some beautiful, and I confess some very uncomfortable, memories of them. Of the portraits M. Carnot, the president of the Republic, took my fancy, in his plain evening dress, with the star decoration half hidden by his coat flap, and the ribbon crossed modestly between his low waistcoat and plain shirt front. He is a dignified, bearded, good-looking foreigner, with a fine forehead and heavy lidded but intelligent eyes. "Lunch hour" was the funniest little study of a dozen little school boys. And I had also to see the last (thank goodness) of "Tour Eiffel," that *bete-noir* of my existence, which was thrust under my nose in every street and shop and restaurant, modelled in cake, in jelly, in candy, in iron, in wood, in gold and in silver—yea, verily, and even in macaroni paste, and floated into the clear consommee as you unsuspectingly spooned it into your hungry maw. I never was so sick of anything as of the Eiffel Tower, and yet I had to buy one, for had I not promised my blue-eyed Katerina at Antwerp weeks and weeks ago that I should fetch her one on my return? And not for worlds would I have missed her stammering, blushing delight at her present. One sight more, on the "seamy side" of the gay city, will I tell about before I leave it. One sees it in a small square in early morning, and it's a *sir'!* Certain thrifty people, of the respectable poorer classes, make it their business to go about to green grocers, restaurants, butcher shops, and abbatoirs, and for a few sous, here and there, after the shops are closed to the public, purchase such scraps of meat, portions of vegetables as will not be fresh enough for the market on the morrow's morn, and odds and ends of provisions cooked or raw, suitable for potage, half a roast chicken here, a ham or marrow bone there, and to fetch them carefully and cleanly to a certain part of the city, where are hung immense iron kettles over charcoal ovens, and into which are poured the various contributions of meat or vegetables, and the whole slowly simmered for two or three hours, tended by practical cooks and carefully seasoned. In the early dawn queer shapes come stealing into the dim square, and crouch upon the benches, and hungrily eye the iron kettles and their attendant cooks. Gaunt, hungry, famished wretches, the very lowest of those sixty thousand criminals known to the police, who lurk in the dark places of the merry city—creatures whose only thought is for food for their marred and abject bodies; whose souls—God knows where they are—give no sign of their inhabiting these hideous frames, and whose wretched, wolfish eyes

gleam from caverns of grimy misery that breaks one's heart, powerless to aid or succor them. Monsieur, the gendarme, keeps his watchful eye upon them, even as they crouch quietly, and presently the covers are lifted from the kettles, and the good hungry smell reaches the dilating nostrils and "*messieurs et mesdames*," the army of the homeless, gather round. "In your turn, if you please," says the brawny cook, handing the cover to his satellite, and one famished wretch, with a great iron pronged fork, hands over his ten centimes and plunges the fork into the pot. As with the priest's servant and the seething sacrifice in the old Jewish dispensation, all that he can take up on it is his, and he retires jubilant, with half a good chicken, dripping savory sauce into his outstretched hand. Madame fishes next, and receives a large loaf of bread soaked in gravy, which she carries on her iron platter to a bench where a wretch, more gaunt and sick and weary than herself, awaits her coming. "*No meat*," he says, whiningly. "No, but blessed strong soup, and a great large loaf," and the two set at it with their fingers, like wild beasts.

When all the larger portions are fished out, and ten centimes (a penny) are dwindled to five, and five to one, then come the loafers with their metal cans, and the good steaming soup is ladled out in quarts or pints, as the finances are high or low, and finally "*C'est fini*," and the crowd melts slowly away, some lingering yet to gnaw the bones thrown aside by the wealthy creatures or lucky ones who fished more than they wanted, and were too utterly shiftless and reckless to think of where the next meal should come from. Truly the merry city is fair, if one only looks on the fair side, but there is another side, and nowhere is the contrast more awful, nowhere is the dark side more dark, than in the gayest of all gay cities, Paris. When William was gently taken to task by the Scot for showing us the morgue, he defended himself thus: "Well, sir, you 'ad told me to try h'and give my ladies a good h'idear of Paree, h'and no one can 'ave that h'unless they see somethink 'orrible. Why, sir, Paree is the wonderfulest city h'on h'earth, for that very reason one sees the 'ole h'of life, good *h'and* bad, so to speak—the living *h'or* the dying, h'all h'in public. The ladies must be h'up h'early to see the bummers breakfast." And it's this queer Parisian sight I've tried to describe to you. I promised William when he left me at the train, and in English style saluted my departing figure, that I'd recommend him to my American friends, but as he forgot to give me his name and I forgot to take his

address, I'm afraid my promise was vain. He was as queer a character in his impudent, self-satisfied, respectful, knowing absurdity as ever I met in my life, and I only hope he will pilot many a compatriot as cleverly and as zealously as he did Miss Jessie and me! I wonder if the very comical law which he said existed in Paris, to the effect that a person run over in the streets, and making complaint, is promptly fined for getting in the horses way, was a creation of his own coachman's brain or a fact? Certainly the cabbies drive as if it were the latter, and the way they belabour their horses is a feature of their driving certain to strike a foreigner. Coming home from the Hippodrome that evening I spoke of, I was really quite miserable to hear the savage way our cocher lashed his tired horses, and when I mentioned it to Jessie, in "William's" observant hearing, he said with indignation, "miserable lot o' h'asses the cochers 'ere!" and chirruped to his brisk nag, and flourished his long stiff whip in the air, in a startling manner, passing with scornfully elevated chin half a dozen portly cochers, with blue shaven chins and white glazed hats, lustily beating their horses, and turning upon him faces that made one quite understand the progress of the Commune.

"God knows," as my clever little French friend in Munich said, "how long they will leave their city alone," and the day I left, I heard prophesies that the coming elections would paint Paris red, with the awful paint that flows so freely and cannot be washed out! But nothing terrible happened after all. It never does when Paris says it will!

And I pondered over all these things, as I rode up to Antwerp, with one of the pleasantest of women, a Swiss pasteur's wife, who naively told me of her good husband in Neuchatel, her kind son, the watchmaker in Brussels, whom she was going to visit, and her prodigal over whom she prayed night and day, a musician in a military band, in a town away out in the Western States! She has written to me several times, that sweet mother, and her letters, in their dainty french are the very echoes of her pure and womanly nature, and I know she hopes that her Canadian friend who has travelled so far, may yet travel westward, with her loving message to the prodigal, how I should enjoy doing it, too!

At Brussels she left me, with blessings and prayers for my safe keeping on the stormy ocean, and I came back soberly, over my first trip of all, between Brussels and Antwerp, mightily amused to find "my nephew" a travelling companion,

and to receive the news that some of my friends were already at the Hotel awaiting me. The long, black 'bus was at the station, the gaunt porter, the rattling drive, the Place Verte, the statue of Peter Paul Rubens, and last, not least, Baby, who met me with the exciting information that we were "going home on the big boat to-morrow." And surely to-morrow it was a farewell to the dear, quaint Belgian city, and a hurrying to the "good ship Noordland," and a merry greeting



FAREWELL.

from the great captain, and a little triangular smile and warm handshake from the Doctor, and the fading of the busy wharf and the blue-bloused peasants, and the red tiled houses and the green dykes, into the beautiful lands of memory. And once wrenched away from it all, and knowing that only twelve days of holiday time remained, what fun we had, that voyage home!

That much-maligned Lady who once was nominated for the office of chief magistrate in the neighboring republic was one of our passengers, and perhaps the one I most admired. So quaint, so kind-hearted to the sick women, and so patient with the vilest squalling babies, who ever kept un-

happy passengers awake in the wee small hours, when sleep is so sweet; so strong-minded, when minds and bodies were alike limp and demoralized; so strong, in other ways, we will say, when weaker sisters dare not risk the effects of seeing other's misery, and basely left them to suffer alone, only for that kindly woman's care. Calm and serene, she used to sit, with her pretty little curls on her forehead, and her glasses on her nose (while round her on the sofas ghastly wretches wished only for death to end their internal miseries), and write out some lectures she was pledged to deliver as soon as she landed. Fancy thinking and writing in that stuffy cabin, after a disturbed night, when two hours' squalling only brought

from her the mild remark, "You'd better give *me* that girl, and see if *I* can't quiet her." And I, who had been hammering with my slipper, in impotent rage on the other side of the wall, lay down rebuked and ashamed, and quite sure that the woman who could rule her tongue and her temper under such circumstances was *all too good for the presidential chair*. Then we had again our comical Doctor from Chicago, and several others of the outgoing party whom I have not introduced you to, and a sweet piquante Neapolitan, and a ruddy, happy, musical young Swede, who played the song of the boulevards, while I and Baby clapped

our hands on that stray note, and enjoyed it infinitely.

One day as I sat dreamily in my deck chair, living over again the pleasant days and scenes and people I have tried to bring before you, I heard from three females, who I presume were medical students, the following conversation: "Well, I did enjoy the vivisection classes more than anything. I think they were fine. Do you remember the day the Professor showed us the cat's brain? Wasn't it



MITTAG-ESSEN.

lovely? And that day we had the dog?" "Ye-e-s," said a lazy-looking blonde. "His heart beat five times, plainly, I saw it." "I think that rabbit was good,

too; his—" but here my nerves gave way and I bounced upon the group with sudden wrath.

"If you must talk about such disgusting things," I said, hotly, "please don't do it where less hardened people can hear you. You have put me nearly into a fit with your cat's brains and dog's hearts." They all glared at me till a quaint "hear, hear," from a wise old Professor, who was the admired of all three, made them subside and presently take themselves and their gruesome reminiscences afar off. I don't know whether it was more masculine and repulsive and sad to see the fair little Russ of Munich smoke her cigarette than to hear these young girls calmly talking like second year medical students, but I think *not*.

Among other kinds of fun, I had a good deal of fun listening to two parrots, one in the steerage and one in the second cabin, who were bitter foes, though as far as I know they had never seen each other. It was too comical to hear our nearest neighbor, who happened to be the second cabin bird, call in its nasal twang, "*Johannah*," and straightway to hear the steerage bird scream back defiantly, "*Emmah*," and after several repetitions of these remarks, increasing in loudness and shrillness, to watch for the disgusted ultimatum of our bird (as we called it, because we could hear it the most distinctly), which was always as follows, "Oh, damn!" And then it would subside into mutterings and croakings, until in a moment of absent mindedness it would scream for its far away mistress and be jeered at anew by the steerage parrot, until it relapsed once more into profanity and subsequent sulks. I enjoyed on both trips the sail along the English Channel, where one could see, with sudden remembrance of happy holidays in other years, the white cliffs of Dover and the high banks of Devon, and the rocky points of Cornwall; and many were the travellers' tales told those Sundays, going and coming, while we sat and gazed upon those green and grey banks, the sandy strip of the Isle of Wight, or the landing and tiny buildings of Folkestone. And we had a laugh at the disapprobation of our sailors when they saw the Sunday services posted up "There will be dirty weather to-morrow," they growled, and the queerest thing was that the dirty weather came, with rain and cold. When I found my room mates were two Vassar College teachers, I grew pale in anticipation of the way I should be laid low in my grammar and humiliated in my terms of speech. But they were music teachers, and one had a fair voice, and sang with sweetness and power; and though she had occasionally to make a

bolt from the piano to her room, and lie quiet for some time after, she came gamely out some other time and sang her sweet songs again. And we had also that never-failing object of interest, a "gentleman," among the steerage passengers, who crept miserably about until he grew hardened, and marched boldly up and down before our curious eyes, and whose cognomen of "Jones" was very plainly assumed, as he never seemed to recognize it. And we had a French peasant who sat in the midst of her friends and sang sweet songs of Normandy—so sweet that the signorina and I went over to hear her more than once—and the French peasants had a wheezy accordion and a flute, while the German peasants had a clarionette; and one evening they had a national falling out, which gave us no end of amusement. Our first intimation of it was hearing the young French-woman lead off in a very loud voice the "Marsellaise," accompanied by the accordeon and flute. This was interrupted by a blast from the clarionette and two large German "Herr's" droning out "Die Wacht am Rhein," in the chorus of which a goodly number of emigrants joined solidly. Presently by some bribery and corruption the accordion player was enticed over to the German side, and in spite of the Normandy girl's unfailing lung power the combine was too much for her, and she descended sulkily to bed. We had our own little music parties on deck, and sang the song of the Boulevards and another French song, a sort of catch on the name of the latest Lion of Paris, our worthy friend "Buffalo Bill." "Boeuf a'l'eau, boeuf a'l'eau, boeuf a'l'huile," sang the "*chanteurs*" in the cafes, and we had some of us secured a copy of it, and startled the flying fish with it. And while we lingered gratefully in the balmy atmosphere above the gulf stream a timid new moon rose upon us, and the scene was perfect. It was a wonderfully calm passage all through, and I fancy more than I will look back upon it with happy memories and subtle regret. "*Weren't you glad to get home?*" asked of me a scandalized acquaintance, as I remarked, "It was such a lovely voyage, only it was too short!" And yet, had it been one day longer, no doubt we should have grumbled and anathematized the fog. But there was no fog, and we began presently to watch for the little pilot boats that lie along the track of incoming steamers and capture them if they can. Our first fellow steered wide on his final tack, and we left him far behind, to be more canny another time. And we took our last evening walk together, in a group, in threes, and at last in pairs, for even in such short days one has a preferred friend to whom one dedicates the last and most unwilling farewell!

"I do think," writes my friend the Neapolitan to me, "that one meets the loveliest people travelling. Is it not because when one is free from the ties and cares of home associations one has a chance to develop and show one's true self?" Yea, verily! The mean man at home is the meanest man on the ship, but the merry heart that cannot burst its leading strings amid the cares and conventionalities of home laughs and carols like any bird in the bracing salt sea breezes.

"But the seasickness?" Nonsense; *be* seasick, if you *must*, in private, prithee, that you offend not a fellow man or woman who has done you no harm, and get gamely well again, and learn the beauty and the poetry of those wide wastes of water that lie in the Almighty palm. For the land may grow tame and the scenery tiresome and the days slow, but on the sea is ever mystery, variety, possible tragedy, and never ceasing interest, and it is wise to learn to love it. How happy I was, lounging on the lee side, in the golden sunlight, while the sweet foreign accents of my Neapolitan friend told me tales of the flower land and the peerless Bay of Naples, and gently hinted of what might be if I could venture back with her, to see and enjoy for myself. Or when the fresh breezes blew deeper red into the ruddy cheeks of the young Swede, careering about with Baby on his shoulder, and putting that interesting youngster up to deeds of daring congenial to his fearless Canadian-German mind, I joined in the fun, and aided and abetted the climbing and the laughing and the scampering, and felt ten years younger and half a lifetime stronger. And it was *lovely* to watch a growing flirtation between the exquisite of the ship and the daughter of "a certain rich man," who was more generous than Dives and the model of a good father, and on that last balmy evening, to take wicked cognizance of the fact, that away in a secluded corner of the deck the flirtation had progressed to decided love-making, and that the white Tam O'Shanter and the brown one were confidentially intermingling, while unsuspected and unseen, three yards away, papa sat calmly biding his time! And what papa said and what mademoiselle answered, very subsequently, is it not the property of the whole grinning boat full of passengers before long? These things will happen, and happy the maiden who has such a kind and watchful paterfamilias to guard her from the wiles of sea-going adventurers, and with hard, practical Yankee common sense, to dispel the glamour that youth and inexperience cast over a handsome face and well-cut clothes. Perhaps the funniest of all funny episodes was the preparation, on the part of the con-

science-smitten passengers, to face the ordeal of the New York customs. What stowing away of silk and sealskin, what wrapping up of knick-nacks and planning and contriving, and what awful tales by hoary headed prevaricators, who should have been ashamed of themselves, about scenes of pillage and discovery and dismay and ruin, that fairly drove distracted the unwary. One woman I shall never cease to laugh at. She had invested in a mammoth inkstand in imitation of the everlasting Eiffel Tower. It was heavy and vulgar and ugly, and good for nothing but to chuck overboard, and disgust the small fish of the harbor, but she did it up in a box, and tied a rope round it and anchored it under her skirts, and went limping uneasily about with it for hours before we landed, its great undisguisable bulk thumping her unmercifully and bulging out in unexpected angles all over her. Oh, she was a perfect sight! Nine custom houses passed in triumph with the carryall had made me almost oblivious of the little Paris trunk, but it and the steamer box got safely through, the little gentle female who searched them being very easily convinced that there lurked neither brandy nor cigars among my pretty belongings.

And so ended the Happy Holiday, with a kiss for the sweet Neapolitan who stood smiling on her Americanized brother, and snuffing the spray of charming roses with which he had not forgotten to welcome her, with a hearty "Good-bye—you're a good sailor—come over again," from the hale big Heligolander, whose kind heart had entered into all our happiness; with many laughing farewells and pretty reunions, and scenes that cannot be described, and last of all, at the foot of the "elevated" road stair at Courtland street, a regretful Swedish good-bye from the merry yellow-haired laddie, and the last link in the chain fell apart. But into the fair Memory Land, where flowers never fade and clouds never lower, I go sometimes, from the plain, dear, homely, practical life of every day, and hear anew the clatter of the "wooden shoon," the wide German vowels, and the click of the beer-mug lids, the yodel of the laughing Tyrolese, the chanson of the boulevards, the tinkle of the bells on the kine, in Alpine valleys, and sweeter and softer and farthest off, alas! of all, the enchanted music of the Magyar songs, as they floated on the balmy moonlit breeze.

THE END.